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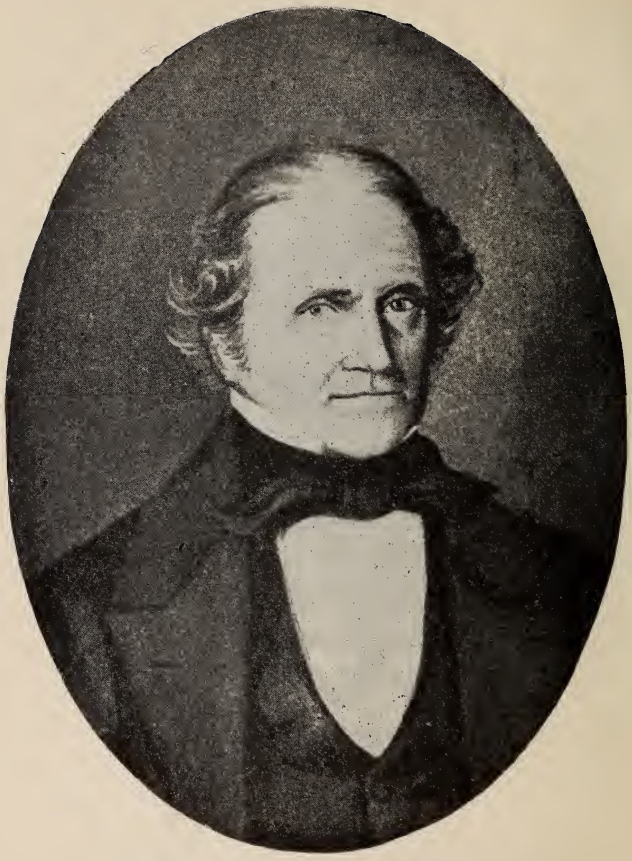

George Flower

Wainborough
Illinois

M. Birkbeck

CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S COLLECTION.—VOL. I.

HISTORY

OF THE

English Settlement in Edwards County

ILLINOIS,

FOUNDED IN 1817 AND 1818, BY

MORRIS BIRKBECK AND GEORGE FLOWER.

BY

GEORGE FLOWER.

WITH PREFACE AND FOOT-NOTES

BY

E. B. WASHBURNE,

MEMBER OF THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY; HONORARY MEMBER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS AND VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETIES; CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY;
AUTHOR OF THE
"SKETCH OF EDWARD COLES, AND THE SLAVERY STRUGGLE IN ILLINOIS IN 1823-4."
ETC., ETC,

SECOND EDITION.

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INTRODUCTORY.

Hon. ISAAC N. ARNOLD, President of the Chicago Historical Society.

Dear Sir:—Twenty-two years ago there was presented to our Society a manuscript History of the English Settlement in Edwards County in this State, from its commencement in 1817, by GEORGE FLOWER. From a cursory examination of it myself, and what is said of it by those who have carefully read it, I am satisfied it is a valuable contribution to the history of our State.

It is replete with incidents in the lives of Governor Edward Coles, Morris Birkbeck, George Flower, and others of that noble band who fought out the battle of freedom in our State in 1823–4. In the interest of the history of the State, and in justice to the memory of Mr. Flower, who so generously presented it to the Society, I think it should be published. I will cheerfully defray the expense. Yours, very truly,

CHICAGO, *August 30, 1882.* L. Z. LEITER.

L. Z. LEITER, Esq.

Dear Sir:—I have received your note of the 30th of August, authorizing the publication at your expense of the History of the English Settlement in Edwards County in 1817-18, by GEORGE FLOWER. For this act of liberality and appreciation of a valuable and extremely interesting contribution to the history of our State, you are entitled to the thanks, not only of our Society, but of all lovers and students of history. Your generosity enables us to publish a manuscript which would long ago have been given to the public, had not the means and resources of this Society been crippled by the Great Fire of 1871.

I desire to add to the thanks of the Society my own, not only for this liberal act, but for the example which I hope and believe will be the beginning of a series of contributions through the agency of our Society, to the history of our State and the North-West. Very truly yours, ISAAC N. ARNOLD,

CHICAGO, *September 4, 1882.* President of the Chicago Historical Society.

CONTENTS.

Introductory, - - - - - - - - 3

Preface, - - - - - - - - - 11

CHAPTER I.

Prefatory Remarks—The Founders of the English Colony in Illinois, Morris Birkbeck and George Flower—Sketch of Morris Birkbeck —His Father a Quaker—His Education and Early Life in England—Travels of Birkbeck and Flower through France—Edward Coles visits Mr. Birkbeck and Family at Wanborough, England —Coles afterward becomes Governor of Illinois, and Birkbeck his Secretary-of-State—Characteristics of Birkbeck—Embarks for the United States in April, 1817—Richard Flower, father of George Flower—Reflections on the United States—George Flower in the United States a year before Birkbeck. - - 19

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Flower sails for America—Reflections on the Voyage—Arrives in New York and visits Philadelphia—Invited to Monticello by Mr. Jefferson—Journey Westward—Visits Dr. Priestly, on the Susquehanna—Lost in the Journey to Pittsburgh—From thence to Cincinnati—The Town as he found it, and the People—The Neave Family—Crosses the Ohio River and visits Lexington, and also Gov. Shelby, in Lincoln County—Fording of Dick's River—Hears of the Illinois Prairies for the first time—Visits Nashville, Tenn.—Meets Gen. Jackson at a Horse-Race—Returning East, visits Mr. Jefferson at Poplar Forest, South-western Virginia—Description of his House and his Personal Appearance, Dress, etc.—Visits Col. John Coles, father of Edward Coles, in Albemarle County—Passes the Winter with Mr. Jefferson at Monticello—At the Inauguration of Mr. Monroe, and meets Edward Coles for the first time—Mr. Birkbeck and his Family arrive at Richmond, from England. - - - 29

CHAPTER XIII.

The Emigration to the Settlement Recommences—The Character of the New Emigrants—The Crackles Brothers—Mr. Joseph Applegath—The Good Farms about Albion—The Courts at Albion—Attended by Eminent Men—Judge Wilson, Edwin B. Webb, Col. Wm. H. Davidson, Gen. John M. Robinson, John McLean, and Henry Eddy—Their Visits to Mr. Flower—"A Good Supper and a Bowl of Punch"—Dreary Travel to Vandalia—Bear-Meat and Venison—An Enormous Elk, the Patriarch of the Prairies—The Wrestling-Match between Indians and White Men—The Indians "Down" the Pale Faces—Perilous Ride from the Wabash to Vandalia—Judges Wilson and Lockwood and Henry Eddy out all Night in a Dreadful Storm—Horseback the only Mode of Conveyance—Its Fatigues and Dangers. - - - 220

CHAPTER XIV.

Long Horseback Excursions—The Cabin Found—Island Grove—The Tempest—A Horrible Night—John Ganaway's Roadside-Cabin—A Good Breakfast—Hugh Ronalds' Adventure—Narrowly Escapes Death—Long Journey by Wagon—The Delights of that Mode of Travel—Health and Spirits Renewed—Travel of that Day and the Present Day Contrasted—Mr. Hulme's Journey—Mr. Applegath, Bishop Whitehouse, and Mr. Kleinworth's—The First Crops and Cabins—The Progress Year by Year—The Peach-Orchard—A Happy Life—Children Growing Up—"Edward's Orchard"—The Herding of Sheep—The Boys and Girls—A Charming Picture of Rural Life—The Hospitable Home—Lingering on the Porch—The Welcome Guests—The Lost Child—The Finding and the Rejoicings—The Wild Animals, Wolves, Bears, and Panthers—The Panther—The Wolf-Chase—Savage Fight between Man and Wolf. - - - - - 227

CHAPTER XV.

Marriage Certificates—Average Cost of Marriage—Erecting Log-Houses—Farmers Trading down the Mississippi—English Farm-Laborers become Substantial Farmers and Merchants in the English Settlement—Death of Richard Flower—His Characteristics—Frequent Festivities and Family Reunions at his House—The Ancestors of the Flowers—Mrs. Richard Flower—The Buckinghamshire Party of Emigrants Arrive—German Families Come in—The Yorkshire Men—Good Pork and Beef at Albion—The Last Ship's-Party Arrive—Travelers Visiting the Settle-

ment—Mr. Hulme—Mr. Welby writes an Abusive Book—Mr. Fearon writes about the Settlement, but never saw It—The Thompsons—Mr. Stewart an Edinboro' Man—Mr. D. Constable, the Man with a Knapsack and a Cane—An Admirable Character—Good accomplished by Mr. Constable—Sir Thomas Beevoir and Lady Beevoir visit Albion—The Beevoir Family in England—The Aristocracy of England not a Degenerate Race—Lord Frederick's Sermon—The American Clock-Peddler—Defamatory Books Published in England—Constitution for a Library—Albion in 1822 and 1860—Its Peculiar Characteristics—No Printing-Press, no Bank, no Lawyer for Thirty Years—Log-Cabins give way to Comfortable Dwellings—Town and County Affairs—The Steady March of Improvement in the Settlement—A Bank Established in Albion—Two Lawyers settle there—The Doctors—Joel Churchill, the "Poor Man's Friend"—Cotton grown in the Settlement at one Time—Limits of the English Settlement—Never any Quarrels between the English and Americans—Projected Railroads—The Southern Cross Railroad bought by Gen. Pickering—Solid Prosperity enjoyed by the Settlement—Annoyances by Insects—The "Tires." - - - - - - 238

CHAPTER XVI.

Difficulty in Establishing Schools—A certain Density of Population Necessary—In Town or Village of Spontaneous Growth—Oswald Warrington keeps School at Albion in its Earliest Days—Englishmen and New Englanders build a School-House near Albion—A Colored Man Assists, but his Children are not Allowed to go to School—Another School-House—The Scene at a Country School—The Little Urchin at School—The Older Scholars—The Log School-House on the Frontier an Interesting Object—Contrasts with the Crowded City-School—Permanent Brick School-House at Albion—Influences of the School on the Backwoodsmen—The Free-School System in Illinois—Statistics of Education in Edwards County—Agricultural Fair at Albion in 1858—Splendid Display. - - - - - - 257

CHAPTER XVII.

Success of the English Settlement—What Contributed to it—Absence of Land-Speculation—Happy Adaptation of the Country to Settlers—Prairie-Land a Source of National Wealth—Sterling Qualities of the English Laborers and Farmers—Solid Prosperity of the English Settlement in Illinois—The First Annoyances of the Early Settlers—The Prairie-Fires—First-Founders of Settle-

ments rarely attain Material Advantages—What they are Compelled to Do—The Fate of William Penn—The Compensations—Striking Incidents in the History of the State—First-Settlers Accounted for—The Destiny which Befell the First-Founders—The Remains of Morris Birkbeck Repose in the Graveyard at New Harmony, Ind.—What became of his Children—The Pecuniary Difficulties and Disasters of George Flower—Leaves Illinois with his Family in 1849, never to Return to Live—Cross the Great Wabash—Begin the World Anew in New Harmony—Removes to Mt. Vernon, Ind., in 1860—The Last Stage of Life's Journey—Ready to Lie Down to Sleep. - - - 266

Appendix, - - - - - - - - - 275

Index of Subjects, - - - - - - - 287

Index of Persons, - - - - - - - 303

PREFACE.

AT a regular meeting of the Chicago Historical Society, held on the 18th day of September, 1860, there was presented to the Society, through its Secretary, a manuscript History of the English Colony, founded by Morris Birkbeck and George Flower, in Edwards County, Illinois, in 1817-18. This valuable and interesting manuscript was a contribution to the Society by the author, George Flower, who was then seventy-four years of age, and residing at Mount Vernon, Posey County, Indiana. In connection with this History was received a numerous collection of autograph letters written to Mr. Flower by Lafayette, Jefferson, Cobbett, the Abbé Gaultier, Count de Lasteyrie, Madam O'Connor, D. Macdonald, then of New Harmony, Indiana, since Lord of the Isles and Earl of Skye, and other distinguished correspondents. Many of these letters are published in the Appendix. Most fortunately, both the manuscript and the letters had been borrowed from the Society a few days before the Great Fire in October, 1871, and thus saved from destruction.

Mr. Flower revised his History several times, but finally completed it when spending some time with his son, the Rev. Alfred Flower, at his residence on the prairie, about two miles south of Albion. In the latter part of the month of December, 1861, Mr. and Mrs. Flower made a visit to their daughter, Mrs. Agniel, at Grayville, White County, Ill. Early in January, 1862, they were both taken sick on the same day. After

an illness of one week they both died on the same day, Jan. 15, 1862. What is somewhat remarkable, they had often expressed to each other, and to their family and friends, the desire that they might pass away together. Mrs. Flower died at dawn, and Mr. Flower breathed his last at twilight in the evening. At ten o'clock of the last day the attending-physician pronounced Mr. Flower out of danger, and there seemed to be every appearance of his speedy recovery. It was not till the afternoon that the family ventured to announce to him the death of his wife. Listening to the announcement with the utmost composure, there was soon noticed a sad change for the worse, and although his bedside was surrounded by his family, he passed away so quietly and peacefully that no on was aware of the exact moment he expired. They were buried in the same grave at Grayville. Mr. Flower was greatly exercised in regard to the condition of the country at the breaking out of the rebellion, and was intensely loyal to the Government. His fourth son, Richard Flower, was among the first to enlist in the First Indiana Cavalry, at Mount Vernon, Indiana, and he fell in the battle of Fredericktown, Missouri, in the fall of 1861. *

The English Colony was located in Edwards County. The following letter from the Hon. Henry Dodge Dement, secretary-of-state, gives information as to the organization of the County in 1814, and of the extent of country it then embraced. Edwards County was cut off from Gallatin, and then White County in 1818 was taken off from the south part of Edwards. In its original organization Edwards County embraced an immense area of territory—extending practically from the Ohio river, (for its southern boundary, Gallatin County, was but relatively a short distance from the river,) to *Upper Canada*, including what is now a portion of the State of Wisconsin. The following counties, or parts of counties, in Illinois, have been formed out of the territory originally included in Edwards County:

* The battle of Fredericktown was fought on October 18, 1861, by Col. J. B. Plummer (afterward Brigadier-General), of the 11th Missouri volunteers. The rebels were commanded by Jeff. Thompson, called the "Swamp Fox," and Col. Lowe. The latter was killed.

Wabash,	Wayne,	Jefferson,	Marion,
Clay,	Richland,	Lawrence,	Crawford,
Jasper,	Effingham,	Fayette,	Shelby,
Coles,	Cumberland,	Edgar,	Clark,
Macon,	Piatt,	Champaign,	Vermillion,
DeWitt,	McLean,	Livingston,	Iroquois,
Kankakee,	Grundy,	LaSalle,	Will,
Kendall,	DuPage,	Cook,	Kane,
DeKalb,	Boone,	McHenry,	Lake.

In the presence of the stupendous changes in this State, it is hard to imagine that sixty-eight years ago, when Edwards County was organized, neither Cook County nor Chicago had any existence, but that the present Cook County was in the jurisdiction of Edwards County, and its county-seat at Palmyra, at the Falls of the Big Wabash, a town which has long since ceased to be.

"SPRINGFIELD, *August 12, 1882.*

"Hon. E. B. WASHBURNE, Chicago, Ill.

"*My Dear Sir:*—Replying to your favor of the 9th inst., it affords me pleasure to furnish you the following information concerning the formation of Edwards County, which would seem to answer your inquiries and put you in possession of the desired information. I begin by giving you the original boundaries of the County, as described in the act creating the County:

"'Edwards County—organized Nov. 28th, 1814.

"'All that tract of country within the following boundaries, to wit: Beginning at the mouth of Bon Pas creek, on the Big Wabash, and running thence due west to the meridian line, (3d P. M.) which runs north from the mouth of the Ohio river; thence with said meridian line and due north till it strikes the line of Upper Canada; thence with the line of Upper Canada to the line that separates this territory from the Indiana Territory; and thence with the said dividing line to the beginning.'

"The south boundary line of the County was about the middle of Township three (3) south. The territory out of which Edwards was formed comprised the northern portion of Gallatin,

and the eastern portion of Madison County. You will notice that Edwards not only embraced all the counties in eastern Illinois, as at present organized, north of Town three (3), south, but a large portion of Wisconsin as well.

"If you will take a map of the State of Illinois and draw a line east and west from the 3d P. M. to the Wabash river, on the southern boundaries of the present counties of Edwards and Wayne, a glance from this line to the northern line of the State, and east of the 3d meridian, will disclose the present counties, embraced in the original county of Edwards.

"The county-seat was located at Palmyra. If you so desire, I can send you a copy of the law forming the county.

"Very truly yours,

"HENRY DODGE DEMENT."

The History of the English Settlement of Edwards County, presented in this volume, can not fail to be read with avidity by all interested in the history of Illinois. The author, George Flower, was no ordinary man. He has left the impress of his character and his services upon the State, and his name will always be honorably associated with the colony he helped to found. Very few abler men than Morris Birkbeck and George Flower have illustrated the history of our Commonwealth. Mr. Birkbeck died before his work was accomplished, but not before he had acquired a name and a fame for the great service he had rendered in saving the State of his adoption from the curse of slavery. The services of George Flower, and his father, Richard Flower, in the same connection, entitle them, as well as Mr. Birkbeck, to the lasting gratitude of the people of Illinois. The narrative of Mr. Flower is simple and unpretending in its recitals, and it bears the impress of sincerity and truth. The story of the struggles, the labors, and the sufferings of the early colonists, the picturesque descriptions of scenes and events, give to the work all the interest of a romance.

The following notice by Dr. Barry, the then librarian of the Chicago Historical Society, and which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* of March 22, 1862, is appropriately inserted in this Preface, as a just tribute to the character of George Flower:

A great and good man has recently passed from us. English by birth, American by choice, for near half a century he has lived among us—so long that the tide of events and the rush of adventurers had buried from general notice the silver-haired veteran who once was known, esteemed, and loved in both hemispheres—the honored founder of a prosperous colony, the enterprising agriculturist, the philanthropist of large and noble aims, the strong, true-hearted, and upright man.

Born in Hertfordshire, England, in affluent circumstances, after gaining some distinction in his native land, by continental travel for the benefit of British husbandry, he came to America in 1817 (about thirty years of age) as the associate of Morris Birkbeck in founding the English Colony at Albion, Edwards County, in Illinois.

It was no mere sordid impulse that moved either of these noble-hearted men in their scheme of colonization. Republicans from deep-seated sentiment and conviction, the Great American Republic drew them hither as to a congenial home; and here they jointly established a thrifty and successful colony, transplanting on our virgin prairies the arts and improvements of the old mother-country. The large wealth possessed by Mr. Flower gave him a commanding, a responsible, and, we may add, a laborious position in the new Colony. His spacious mansion, of rare extent and furnish in a new settlement, was the scene of frank and elegant hospitality. Strangers of distinction sought it from afar. Improved husbandry, with the importation of the finest fleeces of England and Spain, followed the guiding hand of the master-mind. When the history of the Albion Colony is made known, it will form the truest and best eulogium of its founders.

The calm and philosophic wisdom of Mr. Flower, united with a rare benevolence, has left bright traces upon our Western history. In the eventful strife which accompanied the daring attempt in 1823 to legalize African slavery in Illinois, no one enlisted with a truer heroism than he. We, of the present day, and amidst the dire commotions of civil war, can but poorly comprehend the ferocity, and the gloomy portents of that struggle. So nearly balanced were the contending parties of the State, that the vote of the English Colony, ever true to the instincts of freedom, turned the scale—a handful of sturdy Britons being the forlorn hope to stay the triumph of wrong and oppression, whose success might have sealed forever the doom of republican and constitutional liberty in America.

The failure of that nefarious plot against our young and noble

State, led to an outburst of persecution and wrong against free negroes, and their humane protectors, transcending even the invidious hostility of our so-called Black Laws, and Constitutional Conventions. This wanton and vindictive display of inhumanity, it was, which gave birth to Mr. Flower's plan for the colonization of free negroes in Hayti, in which he had the confidence and coöperation of President Boyer, and which attracted an approving notice throughout the Free-states of the North. Although but partially successful, its necessity being from the pressure of subsequent events less urgent, its conception and management reflect the highest honor upon its author, whose name will merit a place among the benefactors of mankind.

Mr. Flower was one of that class of men whose fine insight, large views, and calm force raised him above all claimants to popular favor. In his early maturity, he numbered among his friends and correspondents such personages as our American Jefferson, Lafayette and the Comte de Lasteyrie of France, Madame O'Connor (the daughter of Condorcet) of Ireland, and Cobbett of England. By these, and such as these, his superior tone of mind and character was held in true esteem. In the depths of our yet unfurrowed prairies, and amidst the struggle and hardship of a new settlement, a mind and heart like his might fail of a just appreciation by his cotemporaries. This sad realization he doubtless felt. But now that he has passed from the scenes of his voluntary exile, let it not be said that a true and gifted manhood was here, and we knew it not. There are those, now and to come, who will keep green his memory, and take pleasure in recovering the traces of a noble mind, that lived, thought, and acted only for human good.

Mr. Flower met with the reverses which are the prescribed lot of the colonizers of the world. The wealth and position which he commanded, amidst the financial changes and revolutions of a new country, were finally succeeded by pinching penury, which but served, however, to reveal his inward strength, and his unfaltering faith. For many years he has lived in retirement in Indiana, or among his revering children in this State; and for the last few years has beguiled his age in preparing a history of the English Colony he assisted to found, which he lived to complete, at the request of the Historical Society of Chicago. We hope, for the gratification of the public, and in justice to the author, its publication may not be long delayed.

On the morning of 15th of January last, there lay, under the loving and sad watch of dear friends at Grayville, the sinking form of the aged man, whose worth we have poorly attempted to

set forth, and the partner of his long and chequered life. But a week before they had expressed the hope, often repeated, that, happily united in life, they might not be divided in their death. While the rays of the morning sun were gilding the room of the fond wife, she expired; and soon after the going down of the same day's sun, followed, to his last and welcome rest, the spirit of George Flower.

A touching letter, communicating the particulars of Mr. Flower's death, was read at the meeting of the Chicago Historical Society, held on Tuesday last. The following appropriate and deserving tribute, passed by the Society, we have pleasure in placing in our columns:

WHEREAS, This Society has received from the family of the late George Flower, the painful tidings of his recent death, at an advanced age, thus closing a career which for near half-a-century has been honorably devoted to the welfare of this, his adopted State;

Resolved, That in the estimation of the members of this Society, the late George Flower, as an enlightened and munificent founder of the successful colony of English settlers at Albion, in Edwards County, in this State, founded in 1817; as an early and distinguished advocate of African colonization; as an intelligent, high-minded, and patriotic citizen, ever loyal to his adopted country and its institutions, seeking the highest good of the State, and laboring for the best interests of mankind, to whose advancement he freely dedicated his superior talents and ample fortune, unambitious of office or preferment, and in loyal obedience to the promptings of a nobly-gifted nature, merits a distinguished place on the roll of the founders and benefactors of this State, whose institutions he assisted to shape, and whose gigantic growth and prosperity he was permitted by Divine Providence to live to witness.

Resolved, That the members of this Society entertain a grateful sense of the various and esteemed services rendered to its objects by their honored friend and associate, and especially in his finished and able memorials, recently prepared for this Society, of the English Colony at Albion, in whose foundation and growth he had so conspicuous a part.

Resolved, That this Society deem it due and fitting to express their high and admiring esteem of the personal character of the late Mr. Flower, ever marked by a high-toned integrity, and the qualities of a true manhood; adorning prosperity by a munificent bounty and hospitality, and irradiating adversity—the adversity

which too often befalls the founders of colonies and the benefactors of mankind—with the peace, constancy, and trust of an exalted faith.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of the above proceedings to the family and friends of the late Mr. Flower, with the expression of the heartfelt condolence of this Society with them in their most sad and painful bereavement.

As to the portraits illustrating the volume, that of Mr. Birkbeck is from an engraving in the possession of E. G. Mason, Esq., of Chicago, and that of Mr. Flower from an oil painting belonging to his family. This portrait, life-size, together with a life-size portrait of Mrs. Flower, painted at the same time, and by the same artist, have recently been presented to the Chicago Historical Society, by the family of George Flower. That generous gift is fully appreciated by the Society, and the donors will not only receive the grateful thanks of its members, but of all persons interested in the early history of our State and of the English Settlement in Edwards County. These interesting portraits will adorn the rooms of the Society.

The Chicago Historical Society and the public generally, are indebted to Levi Z. Leiter, Esq., of Chicago, for the publication of this volume. The Society, crippled by the disastrous fire of 1871, found itself unable to publish the History, and it was only after a recent examination of it by Mr. Leiter when that gentleman, with a liberality only equalled by his interest in everything connected with the history of our State, generously offered to defray the entire expense of the publication.

E. B. W.

365 Dearborn Avenue,
Chicago, *October 18, 1882.*

THE HISTORY

OF THE

ENGLISH SETTLEMENT IN EDWARDS COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

CHAPTER I.

Prefatory Remarks—The Founders of the English Colony in Illinois, Morris Birkbeck and George Flower—Sketch of Morris Birkbeck—His Father a Quaker—His Education and Early Life in England—Travels of Birkbeck and Flower through France—Edward Coles visits Mr. Birkbeck and Family at Wanborough, England—Coles afterward becomes Governor of Illinois, and Birkbeck his Secretary-of-State—Characteristics of Birkbeck—Embarks for the United States in April, 1817—Richard Flower, father of George Flower—Reflections on the United States—George Flower in the United States a year before Birkbeck.

NARRATIVES of voyages and travels, from the incidents and accidents recorded, and new scenes developed at every step, have been found acceptable reading, especially to youth, at all times and in every age.

When given in plain style, and in simple language, by one who has witnessed what he relates, an interest is sometimes given, denied to fiction in its highest flights and brightest polish.

The history of the settlement of a distant people, leaving a land of high civilization for a wilderness in another hemisphere, is an event of some interest at the time, both to actors and spectators. In after-times it may assume a deeper interest, perhaps as having given tone and character to a populous and powerful nation.

In succeeding generations, when the wilderness becomes peopled, and towns and cities are thickly strewn over its surface, all inhabited by a people speaking the same language, an observant traveler will find in different sections people of various habits and opinions. In communities sometimes proximate and sometimes remote from each other, there will exist distinctive features, mental and physical. Their opinions and intellectual power will differ, no less than their complexions, form, and feature. How to account for these differences will be an interesting problem to solve. Climate, soil, and position have their influences; but these are all subordinate to the hereditary bias. The opinions and habits, the physical, mental, and moral powers, handed down from father to son, are to be traced in distant generations. Thus we see that the religion, industry, and thrift of New England are to be traced to those qualities in the original band of its pilgrim fathers.

The open-handed hospitality of Virginia, its display, dilapidation, and loose living, all may be traced to the jovial and careless cavaliers of King Charles' time, who settled on her shores.

Pennsylvania, although largely intermixed with the Irish and German elements, yet preserves the characteristics and aspects of its first-citizens, the Quakers.

The straight-streeted City of Philadelphia, with its substantial houses, and neat keeping, reflects the drab-colored mantle of William Penn.

Taking this view, the character, habits, and opinions of the first-founders and first-settlers of new colonies assume in after-years an interest they would not otherwise possess.

A distinction should ever be made between the first-founders and first-settlers. They are classes of men distinguished from each other in mental tone and general habit. Explorers and first-founders, sanguine, enterprising, and imaginative, are generally men of theory and speculation. The first-settlers are more commonly endowed with caution, prudence, and closer business habits. Each class maintains for a considerable time its relative position, in the planting and early progress of a new settlement.

The natural introduction to the history of the first-

settlers will be a brief biographical sketch of its two first-founders, Morris Birkbeck and George Flower.

The father of Morris Birkbeck, also named Morris, was an eminent Quaker preacher, whose good name was well known by Friends in America, as well as England. His teachings were held in much reverence at home and abroad, especially by the more orthodox members of the Society. Old Morris Birkbeck, as he was familiarly called, when his son arrived at manhood, although eminent as a preacher, was by no means so for his wealth or worldly possessions. But he gave to his son a much better education than generally falls to the lot of the children of poor Friends.

Morris Birkbeck, the younger, had a through knowledge of Latin, and a slight knowledge of Greek. In after life, he mastered the French language, so as to read it with facility. Whilst a mere youth, he was appointed clerk to the Friends' meeting. The duties of this office made him a ready writer, and a systematic arranger of documents and papers of every kind. Very early in life, he was placed upon a farm. A farmer's boy occupies much the same place upon a farm as a cabin-boy does on board a ship. There it was that he learned by experience farming and farm-work. When a young man, he hired a farm, with no capital of his own, and with a very small borrowed capital from a friend. He worked on the farm with great assiduity, not only with his own hands, but with such labor as his limited means allowed him to command. He watched his own progress, or rather his position, with great solicitude. He has often told me, that many times when he took stock, after valuing everything he possessed, even his books and clothes, he found himself worse than nothing. But, by perseverance, he acquired a little. He afterward took, on a long lease, a much larger farm called Wanborough, containing about 1500 acres of land, near the town of Guilford, in the county of Surrey. This farm he worked with great perseverance and spirit, always adopting improvements in husbandry, implements, and live-stock, that appeared of any practical value. Here he acquired a competence, and brought up a family of four sons and three daughters, to whom he gave a liberal edu-

cation, and to whom he was a most kind and indulgent parent. The farm of Wanborough was a hamlet. A parish is a large organization. It has its church, parson, vestrymen, church-wardens, and overseers of the poor. A hamlet is generally a small village or district, occupied, and often owned, by one person, who is required to provide for the poor it may contain. The owner of a hamlet is a potentate on a small scale, brought into immediate contact with its poor inhabitants, who, by the laws of England, he is bound to aid in sickness or want, by advice and material assistance.

When I first became acquainted with Mr. Birkbeck he was nearly fifty years of age, enjoying excellent health. Mental and bodily activity were combind with unimpared habits. In person he was below middle stature —rather small, spare, not fleshy, but muscular and wiry. With a constitution not of the strongest, he was yet a strong and active man. His bodily frame was strengthened and seasoned by early labor and horseback exercise in the open air, which, from the nature of his business, was necessary to its supervision. He was capable of undergoing great fatigue, and of enduring fatigue without injury. His complexion was bronzed from exposure; face marked with many lines; rather sharp features, lighted by a quick twinkling eye; and rapid utterance. He was originally of an irascible temper, which was subdued by his Quaker breeding, and kept under control by watchfulness and care. But eye, voice, and action would occasionally betray the spirit-work within. Mr. Birkbeck, when I first became acquainted with him, was a widower. When no friend was with him, he would sometimes sit for hours in the afternoon, by his fire in the dining-room, his only companions a long-stemmed clay-pipe and a glass of water on the table beside him.

The little artificial thirst, occasioned by smoking, when habitually allayed by mixed-liquors, or any thing stronger than water, he thought had betrayed into habits of intemperance, unsuspectingly, more individuals than any other single cause. A leisurely walk around the premises, an observation on any thing out of place, with directions for the coming labor of the morrow, generally

closed the day's business with him. At tea, he again joined the family circle, enjoyed the exhilarating refreshment, and the abandonment of all business cares.

The American supper does not exactly correspond to the English tea; it is a more formal, substantial, and business-like meal, not differing from the breakfast and dinner that have gone before it. The men again return to their business, and the women to their household cares. Not so in England. The English tea, a light refection in itself, is the reunion of the family party, after the various occupations of the day. The drudgery of business and its cares are then put aside for the day. A new set of ideas, more light, buoyant, and refreshing, come to fill up the evening, preparing mind and body for sound and refreshing sleep—a book, music, conversation; if the women do any needle-work, it is then of the lightest kind, neither interrupting conversation, nor disturbing any reader. This enjoyment is common to all classes in England, in a greater or less degree; and the loss of this habit is to an Englishman one of his greatest privations in his change of country.

If Mr. Birkbeck was absent from the family party in the drawing-room,—and sometimes he was so, even when his house was full of visitors—he was sure to be found in a small study, a little room peculiary his own, trying some chemical experiment, or analyzing some earth or new fossil, that he picked up in his morning ramble in his chalk-quarries.

After the downfall of Napoleon the First, and the peace succeeding to a twenty-years' war, Mr. Birkbeck invited me to accompany him in a journey to France, to which I readily acceded. We traveled together three months in that country, avoiding the usual route of English travel. Passing from north to south, to the shores of the Mediterranean, skirting the Pyrenees, and returning through the heart of the country by a more easterly route to Paris, we saw more of the country and Frenchmen at home, than we otherwise should, if confined to any one of the popular routes of travel. In this journey we saw much of the peasantry and small proprietors of the soil; and here and there an institution, and a man of celebrity and fame.

The Botanical Garden at Avignon, then kept by the celebrated Candolle, was an object of great interest.* In the hot-house was the tall aloe in its full size and beauty, in its centennial bloom. A little circumstance occurred that showed the extent to which art-culture existed in France, among classes where it would not be expected to exist. An artist had just arrived with a portfolio of the flowers of Spain—some hundreds of specimens, which he had copied in life-like size and color, with a beauty and fidelity of execution seldom witnessed. Candolle, wishing to retain copies, and the time being short, distributed these pictures in twos and threes to the young women of Avignon, many of them in humble life, as seamstresses and the like. In three days the originals were returned without a blemish, and the full number of copies depicted with an accuracy truly astonishing. But I must leave France and Frenchmen, or I shall never get to the English Settlement in Illinois. On our return, Mr. Birkbeck published his "Notes of a Journey through France." It had a wide circulation in England, and was well known in America. It was the first book I met with at Monticello, the residence of Thomas Jefferson.

About this time, Mr. Edward Coles, on his return from a diplomatic mission to Russia, spent some time in England. An introduction to Mr. Coles, in London was succeeded by a visit to Mr. Birkbeck's house and family, at Wanborough. Here an intimacy and friendship was formed, in consequence of which Mr. Coles, when governor of Illinois, appointed Mr. Birkbeck his secretary-of-state.† Although neither at the time had any such thought,

* Augustin Pyrame de Candolle was born in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1778, and died in 1841. He was a celebrated botanist and naturalist, and the author of many works, which acquired for him a European reputation. He was educated in Paris, and graduated as a doctor in medicine, but afterward devoted himself mostly to the study of botany. In 1806, he was charged by the French Government to study the state of agriculture in France; and, in 1808, he accepted the chair of botany in the medical school at Montpelier. It must have been about this time that he kept the botanical garden at Avignon, which Mr. Flower visited.

† Edward Coles was elected governor of Illinois in August, 1822. His election was followed by a contest which continued for eighteen months, and which, for bitterness and desperation, is without a parallel in the history of political struggles in the United States. It resulted from an attempt to

events were hurrying on to such a consummation. In less than two years from that time, they were both in Illinois, a little later, Mr. Coles as governor, Mr. Birkbeck as secretary-of-State. About this time, Mr. Birkbeck entertained vague notions of leaving England. The long lease of his farm was about expiring. He experienced, in common with other farmers, losses from the low price of farm produce, induced by the general peace after the long war. I was traveling at the time in America, dropping him an occasional letter; but not having a thought of his coming to this country. In fact, it was a crisis in his fate, which occurs in the life of every man at some period or other.

Mr. Birkbeck was of quick preception and lively conversation, often spiced with pungent remarks and amusing anecdotes. He was a general and rapid reader, and, notwithstanding his business occupations, showed a decided taste for scientific investigation, for which he always found time to indulge. For many years before leaving England, Mr. Birkbeck absented himself from Quaker meetings. His general and varied reading, and his more extended personal intercourse served to loosen him in some degree from the sect in which he was brought up. Neither did he in dress conform to the peculiar garb of the Society. These were matters of deep concern to the strict ones of the sect. He did not consider himself as belonging to the Society of Friends, although I am not aware that he was ever formally disowned. These were the general antece-

change the free-state constitution of the State into a constitution tolerating slavery. Though Gov. Coles was a Virginian, and had been a slave-holder, he was the leader of the free-state men who fought out the great battle of freedom in that terrific conflict. By this time, the English Colony in Edwards County had become an important factor in the politics of the State. Morris Birkbeck, Gilbert T. Pell, his son-in-law, George Flower, and Richard Flower, his father, played an important part in this contest in opposition to the slavery propagandists. The vigorous and facile pen of Mr. Birkbeck was called into requisition, and his writings were widely read, and exercised a great influence on public opinion. In 1824, David Blackwell, then secretary-of-state, resigned his office, and Gov. Coles, recognizing the services of Mr. Birkbeck and his exceptional fitness for the position, appointed him in his place, in September, 1824. The nomination had to be confirmed by the Senate, and that body, having a pro-slavery majority, rejected him on January 15, 1825, he having held the office only three months.

dents of Mr. Birkbeck before he left England. He embarked with his family from the port of London, on board the ship *America*, Capt. Heth, in April, 1817, and arrived at Norfolk, Virginia, in the month of June, of the same year.

Richard Flower,* the father of George Flower, resided for many years in Hertford, the county-town of Hertfordshire, twenty miles northeast of London. There, for more than twenty years, he carried on rather an extensive brewery. Having obtained a competence, he retired from business, and lived upon a beautiful estate, called Marden, which he purchased, situated three miles from Hertford.

About this time, there was much uneasiness felt by all persons who had to do with agriculture in any way, whether as landlord, tenant, or laborer. The expenses of carrying on the long French war had introduced an artificial state of things. Heavy taxes, and inflated paper-currency, high price for farm produce, were circumstances with which the people of England had been so long familiar, that they felt as if this artificial system could never come to an end. All this was changed at the peace. Tenants could not pay their rents; landlords were straightened; farmers who had taken leases, under high prices of grain, were losing money by wholesale. Laborers' wages were diminished; some were wholly unemployed, and many had to receive parochial relief. The poor-rates increased another tax on the already-embarrassed farmer. This state of things, I have before said, produced great uneasiness; and many farmers and farm-laborers turned their eyes to other countries, to escape the pressure in their native land.

The colonies of Great Britain—Australia, Canada, and the Cape of Good Hope—had each their partisans, and emigrant aid-societies. A regular line of emigration was thus established to each of these colonies. France had many attractions—a fine climate, amiable and courteous people, and the distance of removal short. Land was cheap, and a market at hand; and just that deficiency in agricultural improvement to tempt an Englishman to in-

* Richard Flower, like all the members of the English Colony, was a strong anti-slavery and anti-convention man, and the trusted friend and correspondent of Gov. Coles.

troduce the rotation of green crops, which had so much improved the agriculture of Great Britain. The old crop-and-fallow system, which formerly existed in Great Britain, at that time extended all over France, where wheat was cultivated. Difference of language was one great objection; but, more than all, the number and influence of the military and the clergy were, to persons of our republican tendencies, decisive against a residence in France as civilians. The arbitrary conduct of some of the governors rendered a residence in distant colonies somewhat objectionable.

To persons of fastidious political tastes, the United States of North America seemed to be the only country left for emigration. What added much to the character of the United States, in the eyes of the people of Europe, was the judicious choice of her first ambassadors to the courts of Europe. What must not that nation be, that could send such men as Franklin and Jefferson to France, Adams and King to Great Britain. These eminent men were taken as samples of the talent and integrity of Americans, giving to the mass of the Republic a higher standard than it deserved. Men of reading read all that was written about the country. The Declaration of Independence, the Constitutions of the United States and of each State, were among their reading. In these, the principles of liberty and man's political equality are so distinctly recognized, that they really supposed them to exist. They did not reflect that a perfect theory on paper might be very imperfectly rendered in practice. This sometimes happens in other things besides political constitutions, as the following truthful anecdote will show:

A celebrated agriculturalist gave a description in one of his published works of a new breed of pigs, which might be kept to great profit, at the same time giving a detailed account of their feeding and general treatment. A farmer from a midland county, in England, hastened to London, to acquire more precise information, and, if possible, some of the breed. His knock at the door was answered by the lady of the house, who inquired his business, "She was sorry he had taken the trouble to come so far, her husband kept no pigs; his were only pigs *upon paper*. He

wrote to show what might be done." The farmer was left to reflect that theorists are not always practitioners.

It must not be hinted that the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence are only pigs upon paper. But certain it is that the great principles professed are marred and controvened by the American people. But a real liberty is found in the country, apart from all its political theories. The practical liberty of America is found in its great space and small population. Good land dog-cheap everywhere, and for nothing, if you will go far enough for it, gives as much elbow-room to every man as he chooses to take. Poor laborers, from every country in Europe, hear of this cheap land, are attracted toward it, perhaps without any political opinions. They come, they toil, they prosper. This is the real liberty of America. The people of America, north and south, have never had the nerve to carry the political principles on which their government was founded into practice, and probably never will.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Flower sails for America—Reflections on the Voyage—Arrives in New York and visits Philadelphia—Invited to Monticello by Mr. Jefferson—Journey Westward—Visits Dr. Priestly, on the Susquehanna—Lost in the Journey to Pittsburgh—From thence to Cincinnati—The Town as he found it, and the People—The Neave Family—Crosses the Ohio River and visits Lexington, and also Gov. Shelby, in Lincoln County—Fording of Dick's River—Hears of the Illinois Prairies for the first time—Visits Nashville, Tenn.—Meets Gen. Jackson at a Horse-Race—Returning East, visits Mr. Jefferson at Poplar Forest, South-western Virginia—Description of his House and his Personal Appearance, Dress, etc.—Visits Col. John Coles, father of Edward Coles, in Albemarle County—Passes the Winter with Mr. Jefferson at Monticello—At the Inauguration of Mr. Monroe, and meets Edward Coles for the first time—Mr. Birkbeck and his Family arrive at Richmond, from England.

HAVING determined to visit America, I sailed from Liverpool in April, 1816, in the ship *Robert Burns*, Capt. Parsons of New York. The experience of the captain can not be doubted, for he had crossed the Atlantic seventy-five times without accident, saving the loss of a yard-arm. We arrived in New York fifty days after leaving Liverpool.

My emigration, or rather my journey—for it had not at that time taken the decided form of emigration—was undertaken from mixed motives; among others the disturbed condition of the farming interest, and my predelection in favor of America and its Government.

Whoever has been brought up in the bosom of an affectionate family, enjoying a fair share of refinement and ease, possessing rather an enthusiastic and sensitive temperament, will find that to leave his home and native land, perhaps never to return, is an impressive and sorrowful event. Standing alone on the stern of the vessel, or sur-

rounded by unsympathizing strangers; carried on by an irresistible power into the wide waste of waters, the land of his birth receding and sinking out of sight; desolation and gloom oppress the soul, relieved only by sea-sickness, substituting physical for mental suffering. How different the feelings of a family party! Kind friends accompany them to a loving farewell. The ship contains to them all that is cherished and dear. A ray of light and hope illuminates their watery way. Landing on the far-distant shore, they revel in all the allusions of anticipated bliss. There were no steamers and clippers in those days. In so long a passage as fifty days, our little cabin-party—only four of us, two Englishmen and two Frenchmen—at first strangers, soon became as a little band of brotherhood. At landing, this new bond was broken. Each individual hastening to his family or friends (for the other three had been in the United States before), the solitary stranger for a moment stands alone. The ocean behind, and a vast continent before him, a sense of solitude is then experienced, that has never been before and never will again be felt. "Baggage, sir!" and "what hotel!" restores him to the world and all its busy doings.

From New York, I wrote to the late President Jefferson, to whom I had a letter of introduction from his old friend, General LaFayette. A kind and courteous reply invited me to Monticello, an invitation I could not at that time accept. At Philadelphia, where I spent about six weeks, I became intimately acquainted with that most kind-hearted of men and active philanthropist, John Vaughan. The business of his life was to relieve the distressed, whether native or foreign born, and to give untiring assistance to the stranger, to aid him in carrying out his plans. To me he opened the institutions of the city, and introduced me to its best society.

It was with him, at one of Dr. Wistar's evening parties, that I made the acquaintance of Mr. LeSeur, the French naturalist. We little thought then how soon we were destined to become neighbors in the distant West. He at Harmony, on the Great Wabash, a place then but a few months old, and I at Albion, in Illinois, a spot neither discovered nor inhabited. To Mr. Jeremiah Warder and

family I am much indebted for their cordial hospitality and considerate kindness, which was extended to every member of my father's family after their arrival two years afterward.

In the first week of August, 1816, I was mounted on horseback, pursuing my journey westward. The first point of interest was the settlement of Dr. Priestly, on the Susquehanna, now known as Sunbury. A more romantically-beautiful situation can scarcely be imagined. At the time he made his settlement, that was the Far-West. From the after-discovery of coal-mines, that whole district of country has undergone such a change as to be scarcely recognizable. Far beyond, in the midst of wild forests, at a settlement forming by Dr. Dewese and a Mr. Phillips, an Englishman, I spent an agreeable week in exploring the heavy-wooded district of hemlock and oak that bordered on the Mushanon Creek. Dr. Dewese had built an elegant mansion, appropiate as a suburban residence for a retired citizen, but out of place in a small clearing in one of the heaviest timbered and wildest districts of Pennsylvania. But neither Dr. Dewese nor Mr. Phillips were country-bred men. Their habits and tastes were formed in cities; and both, I believe, soon afterward returned to the city. From thence I made my way to Pittsburgh, through the wildest and roughest country that I have ever seen on the American Continent. I was lost all day in the wood, without road or path of any kind, and a most exciting, though solitary, day it was to me. I climbed the tallest pines only to see an endless ocean of tree-tops, without sign of human life. Toward night, I was relieved by a happy incident. The distant tinkling of a small bell led me to the sight of a solitary black mare. Dismounting, and exercising all my horse-knowledge to give her confidence, I at length induced her to come and smell of my hand. Seizing and holding her firmly by the foretop with one hand, with the other I shifted the saddle and bridle from my horse to her. With a light halter (which I always carried round the neck of my riding-horse) in one hand, I mounted my estray, and gave her the rein; in half an hour she brought me to a small cabin buried in the forest, no other cabin being within ten miles, and no road leading to it. So ter-

minated my first day's experience in backwoods forest-life. It was no small job to get out of this wild solitude.

It was noon the next day before I met a man. We greeted each other, we shook hands, we fraternized. Ah! poor man; I should have passed you in a street, or on a road, or, if to notice, only to shun. He was a poor Irishman, with a coat so darned, patched, and tattered as to be quite a curiosity. He was one of a new settlement, a few miles off. How I cherished him. No angel's visit could have pleased me so well. He pointed me the course, and, what was more, shewed me into a path. I soon afterward passed the settlement of his poor countrymen. A more forlorn place could never be seen.

When at Pittsburgh, to Mr. Thomas Bakewell, and others, I was indebted for many civilities. Leaving the then town (now city) of Pittsburgh and its smoke, I passed in a north-western direction, to the almost-deserted town of Harmony, built by Rapp and his associates. The large brick-buildings to be found in no other young American town, now almost uninhabited, looked very desolate. Rapp and his Society had removed, to form their new settlement of Harmony, on the Great Wabash. Further north, in the Barrens of Ohio, the settlement of Thomas Rotch (now Kendall) was just begun. Mr. and Mrs. Rotch, well-known members of the Society of Friends, were from Nantucket—the Rotches of Nantucket forming a large family connection, all extensively engaged in the whale-fishery. After spending two or three pleasant days with Mr. Rotch, I crossed the State of Ohio diagonally, in a south-west direction, passing through Cochocton and Chillicothe, to Cincinnati. This route led me through the then celebrated Pickaway Plains—so named from the Pickaway Indians, whose town and chief settlement was placed thereon. A level prairie, about seven miles long and three broad, bounded by lofty timber, and covered with verdure, must have presented a grateful prospect in Indian times. Occupied by the white man, covered with a heavy crop of ripe corn, disfigured by zigzag fences, it now gave no inviting appearance. A narrow road, in some places deep in mud, ran the length of the plain. The little town of Jefferson (so called) was

nothing more than half-a-dozen log-cabins, interspersed with corn-cribs. Not a garden, nor a decent house, nor a sober man to be found in the place. Although I had made my sixty miles that day, and the sun was setting, I pushed on without dismounting six miles farther to Chillicothe, situated on the opposite bank of the Scioto River. In crossing the river that night, not being aware of its size, and not knowing the ford, my journey had well-nigh found a watery termination. Sometimes swimming and sometimes wading, I was long in great jeopardy. At length, arriving safely on the other shore, I was well prepared by sixteen hours of almost continuous riding, for supper and a sound night's rest.

Cincinnati, then a town of five or six thousand inhabitants, rapidly increasing and incumbered with materials for building, presented no very attractive appearance. In a small cabin, on the bank of the Ohio, about two miles above Cincinnati, were living two young men, brothers, with an aged and attached female who had been their nurse, and now kept their house. Mr. Donaldson, their father, had retired from the English bar, to a farm in Wales, his two sons and their faithful nurse had emigrated to America. I was requested, before leaving England, to see them if possible, and here I found them. With Dr. Drake, then a young man, afterward a celebrated physician, I became acquainted; I had boarded with his sisters in Philadelphia. Mr. Jeremiah Neave, a friend of Mr. Birkbeck, was at the time a well-known citizen of Cincinnati. We became acquainted. He gave me the hospitalities of his house. Mr. Neave, although a Quaker, was most ultra in his politics. An English Democrat, born in the political hot-bed of the French Revolution, he partook of the violent partizanship of those times. Against kings and priests he bore a sore grudge. The family of Mr. Neave have long since grown up, and are prominent and influential citizens of Cincinnati.

At this time I could learn nothing of the prairies; not a person that I saw knew anything about them. I had read of them in Imly's work, and his vivid description had struck me forcibly. All the country that I had passed through was heavily timbered. I shrank from the idea of

settling in the midst of heavy timber, to hack and hew my way to a little farm, ever bounded by a wall of gloomy forest.

Crossing the State of Kentucky to Lexington, I was much attracted by the beauty of the blue-grass farms. In my short stay at Lexington, I became acquainted with Dr. Short, Mr. Trotter, and Mr. Saunders,—the latter an earnest and enterprising speculator and spirited farmer and introducer of improved stock. From Lexington I went into Lincoln County, to see Governor Shelby. Before reaching his residence I had to cross Dick's River. This was a peculiar stream, unlike any other that I had crossed. It ran over a bed of limestone boulders as rapidly as a mill-race, and the ford was a curve, to be traced only by the eye of the stranger, by the deeper boiling of the water over its rough and rocky bottom. I met a man, three miles from the ford, who gave me warning of its force, and of its deep and drowing water on either hand if I missed the ford. I hesitated, fearing for the steadiness of my nerves. My head swims in rapid water; and I can not tell whether I am going up stream or down. I cautiously entered, keeping rather a tight rein on my little nag; a precaution unnecessary, perhaps; for to turn round was impossible when once in that rush of water. The water was soon over my saddle-bow while the haunches of my horse were higher than his withers. Another step and the pomel of my saddle was dry, but the water was running over my crupper. In this way we slowly and hazardously went, the water beating hard against us the whole time. We came out safely it is true; but I confess to have felt more fear, and exhaustion from fear, than at any other period in all my journeyings. But the fording of streams great and small is among my most disagreeable experiences in American horseback-travel. It did impress me strongly no doubt; for to this period of my life the dark and rushing water of Dick's River occasionally troubles me in my dreams.

Governor Shelby settled in the place he then occupied when it was a canebrake, and the buffalo all around him. Old Governor Shelby was a decided character—an honest, hasty man, somewhat hot-headed. He commanded the

Kentucky horse-volunteers during the War of 1812. General Harrison was explaining to his officers the tactics to be observed at an approaching engagement. "I know nothing about your tactics," said old Shelby, "but show me the enemy, and my boys shall whip him." It was at Governor Shelby's house that I met the first person who confirmed me in the existence of the prairies. It was Gov. Shelby's brother. He had just come from some point on the Mississippi, across the prairies of Illinois to the Ohio River, about Shawneetown.

This was enough; I felt assured of where they were, and that, when sought for, they could be found. It was then too late in the season for me to go to explore them. It was now the last week in October, and I could not expect to see them other than as a mass of burnt ground, or covered with snow. So I decided to proceed with my journey southward and eastward, and endeavor to reach Poplar Forest, a possession of Mr. Jefferson's, on the western frontier of Virginia, before Christmas. A few days more and I was at Nashville, the capital of Tennessee. Before going to Nashville, I swerved to the right to get a peep at the Mammoth Cave, some of the wonders of which were just beginning to be talked about. The country about it was uninhabited and wild. Mr. Miller, the only small-farmer near, went with me there with half-a-dozen candles in his hand. We had not traveled more than a hundred yards before I was satisfied with my explorations. I saw enough of the nature of the rock to understand the possibility of its extent. I had no wish to disturb the millions of bats that were hanging over our heads, with our slender provisions for exploration. The accounts of its extent were not generally credited at that time in America; and, upon my return to England, I was asked by well-informed men whether Americans were not playing on the credulity of Europeans.

Approaching the town of Nashville, my horse showed unusual signs of sprightliness. With head and tail erect, he went with a bounding step, and seemed to recognize the spot. A negro boy rode up to my side, and said: "Sir, where did you get that horse?" "At Philadelphia, a place a long way off. Do you know the

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horse?" "Lors, yes," He belonged to Major somebody, I forget the name, who rode him East, the year before, and sold him. When at Nashville, some periodical race came off. I rode out with the crowd to the course. Generals Ripley and Jackson were pointed out to me; the former of fair complexion and light hair, rather a young man, carrying his head stiffly from a wound in the neck; the latter an older man, lean and lank, bronzed in complexion, deep-marked countenance, grizzly-gray hair, and a restless and fiery eye. Jackson had a horse on the course which was beaten that day. General Jackson was a whole man in any thing he undertook. He was a horse-racer that day, and thoroughly he played his part. The recklessness of his bets, his violent gesticulations and imprecations outdid all competition. If I had then been told that he was to be a future president of the United States, I should have thought it a very strange thing. Years afterward, when I knew him an older and, I presume, a wiser man, I often thought of the scenes in which my first impressions of him were made.

I was some days in doubt whether to accept the invitation of General Ripley to accompany him in his flat-boat, then prepared to take him and his staff to New Orleans. He proposed that, after reaching New Orleans, I should visit the prairies of Oppelousas, and that, should I return to Virginia. I should do so by the way of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, in Mississippi and Alabama, over the tract that the Abbé Raynal had formerly traveled. The offer was tempting, but I decided to make my visit to Mr. Jefferson. A cold wind and a slight fall of snow warned me that there was no time to be lost in passing the Tennessee Mountains. I fell in with a party of four Virginia planters and a North-Carolina doctor, returning homeward from an excursion into Missouri. We traversed the State of Tennessee at a rapid rate from west to east, and entered the western part of Virginia the latter part of November. A part of the region we traveled was mountainous, and, in a great degree, peopled by a very poor and, a portion of them, a very bad description of people. A few years previous, it was the resort of notorious robbers and cut-throats.

One fellow, I think named Harp, was the terror of the country. The governor offered fifty dollars for his head. After many ineffectual attempts at capture, in a death-struggle with a man as desperate as himself, Harp's foot slipped. He fell with his adversary upon him, who, taking advantage of his position, cut off his head with his butcher-knife, put it into his saddle-bags, rode off with it to the governor, claimed and got his reward. Even at the time of my journey, a traveler was occasionally missed.

After our second day's journey, we stopped for the night at the foot of the mountains, at a place of very suspicious appearance. The men of the house had not the right look with them. There appeared to be no one ostensible landlord. We observed four different men, who came in during the evening, eying us carefully and exchanging but few words. The wretched negroes were in rags, and their every movement indicated marked fear and dread. The white woman, so-called, that poured out the coffee, in appearance and demeanor, seemed to occupy no higher position than the negroes. A stack of eight rifles, occupying a corner of the room, were one by one withdrawn during the evening. The long shed-like room we occupied was kept for travelers; the family or company of discreditables that occupied this establishment living apart in cabins at a distance from the travelers' room. I laid down in my clothes, doubling up my coat and putting it under my pillow, as my custom was, resolved to keep watch during the night. My companions (one or other of them) were awake until morning.

One after the other, each of our hosts (if they might be so called) dropped in on some pretence, and soon went out again. We were watching and being watched, and I think each party was conscious of the fact. But nature would not entirely resign her dues. It is hard to keep awake a whole night, after a day's fatigue on horseback. Before morning I was in a sound sleep, from which I was aroused by my companions for an early start, as they said aloud. As our bill had been paid the night before, nothing hindered us from going to the stable for our horses. Not one of them had touched their oats or corn. They looked

badly, and one came out rather lame in a hind leg. The mountain road was steep. The morning's mist did not permit us to see ten steps before us. Our progress at first was necessarily slow, and made slower by the lameness of one of the horses. When at a sufficient distance, we made a general halt. After a whispered consultation by my companions, the doctor, as he was called (as much a horse as human doctor from his appearance), examined the lame horse, and pronounced him "string cress'd." This operation is performed by taking a thread of silk or a long hair from a horse's tail and tying it rather tight around the tender part of the fetlock, just over the hoof, but under the short hairs that drop over the crown of the hoof, and in this way the thread is concealed. Inflammation, accompanied by lameness, speedily ensues. The doctor said the horse had been "cress'd," but the string had been taken off before leaving the stable. From this time onward, we were on the lookout, and kept close order. When beyond the distance of apprehended danger, our tongues were loosened and many stories of robberies and murders were told. The horses not eating was accounted for by their teeth being greased, which, it is said, will effectually prevent a horse from eating. I had traveled a thousand miles alone; I now felt satisfied with company. The road was mountainous and rocky, the accommodations bad, and the people uneducated, and frequently intemperate—in short of the class called "poor whites," although many were not without means. We entered the State of Virginia at Abington. I found Mr. Jefferson at his Poplar-Forest estate, in the western part of the State of Virginia. His house was built after the fashion of a French chateau. Octagon rooms, floors of polished oak, lofty ceilings, large mirrors, betokened his French taste, acquired by his long residence in France. Mr. Jefferson's figure was rather majestic: tall (over six feet), thin, and rather high-shouldered; manners, simple, kind, and courteous. His dress, in color and form, was quaint and old-fashioned, plain and neat—a dark pepper-and-salt coat, cut in the old Quaker fashion, with a single row of large metal buttons, knee-breeches, gray-worsted stockings, shoes fastened by large

metal buckles—such was the appearance of Jefferson when I first made his acquaintance, in 1816. His two granddaughters—Misses Randolph—well-educated and accomplished young ladies, were staying with him at the time. After a brief stay at Poplar Forest, I proceeded to the house of Col. John Coles, in Albemarle County. Messrs. Isaac and Walter Coles, brothers, lived with him. Mr. Edward Coles, the youngest brother, was then in England, forming an acquaintance with Mr. Birkbeck. The sister, Miss Coles, had just been married. Her husband, Mr. Stevenson, then a young lawyer, afterward minister to Great Britain, was then on a bridal visit.*

The greater part of the winter I passed at Monticello, the permanent residence of Mr. Jefferson, in Albemarle County. The chief charm of the visit was in the evening conversations with Mr. Jefferson,† who gave me the inner

* Col. John Coles was an officer of the Revolution, and belonged to the highest type of the old-school Virginians. At his plantation, called Enniscorthy, he dispensed a liberal and generous hospitality, and he had, among his guests, many of the most distinguished citizens of the Commonwealth in that day. His oldest son, Isaac Coles, was the private-secretary of Mr. Jefferson, during his two terms of the presidency, and his brother, Edward Coles, subsequently governor of Illinois, was for six years the private-secretary of Mr. Madison. Enniscorthy is on the Green Mountains, in Albemarle County, about fifteen miles from Charlottesville, the county-seat. The whole surrounding country is beautiful, and, at the epoch of Mr. Flower's visit, the neighboring plantations were in the highest state of cultivation. The proprietors were generally men of wealth, education, and refinement, who devoted themselves to agriculture, *con amore*. The large and elegant mansion on the Estouteville plantation, adjoining Enniscorthy, was planned and built by Mr. Nelson, the architect of the University of Virginia, brought out from England by Mr. Jefferson. The attention of the visitor to Enniscorthy is attracted by a small cemetery, in which were buried many members of the Coles family. Here also repose the remains of Andrew Stevenson of Virginia, the speaker of the House of Representatives for eight years, and afterward minister to Great Britain.* His second wife was Sarah Coles, the daughter of Col. John Coles and sister of Gov. Edward Coles, a lady of remarkable beauty and accomplishments. Hon. John White Stevenson, ex-governor of Kentucky, and ex-United States senator from the same State, is the son of Andrew Stevenson.

† Nothing can be more interesting than the life-like sketch of Mr. Jefferson as Mr. Flower first saw him, in 1816, at Poplar Forest. Mr. Jefferson was passionately fond of agriculture, and never so thoroughly happy as when overlooking his plantations. His large possessions at Monticello did not seem to satisfy him, and he purchased an estate in Bedford County, which he called Poplar Forest, and which was but a short distance east of Lynchburg.

* Personal observation.

history of events, before only known to me, as to the world generally, in the published records or outside history, which is all that the public is generally allowed to see. I was much attracted by the features of the country, and by the climate of Western Virginia. But the brand of slavery was upon the land. Dilapidated fences, decaying homesteads, and worn-out land everywhere met the eye, giving an uninviting aspect to a country perhaps more favored by nature than any other portion of the Union.

Early in the spring, I was present at the inauguration of James Monroe as president of the United States. At the house of Mr. Madison, I saw, for the first time, Mr. Edward Coles, who had just returned from Great Britain. I again returned to Philadelphia, after a nine-months' absence, having accomplished a journey of two thousand miles, without loss of health or accident, and without disturbance or dispute with any human being. I was staying with my friends at Philadelphia, in some doubt whether to return to England or to remain a while longer and see something more. I had almost decided to return, when I unexpectedly received a letter informing me of the arrival of Mr. Birkbeck and his family at Richmond. From my numerous acquaintance, Philadelphia had become my American home. It is one of the painful experiences of a traveler to be torn, perhaps forever, from new friends, from whom he has received many civilities and much kindness. It is like tearing up a plant that has just taken fresh root. There were, staying in Philadelpha, two young men, one from Norfolk, England, another from London, who intended to go Westward with me, should I so decide; but, during the winter, their destinations were altered. One

The visit to Monticello of Mr. Flower, with his rare intelligence, his literary tastes, and his knowledge of men and things in Europe, must have been interesting to both parties. It is melancholy to reflect on the changes which have taken place at Monticello since Mr. Flower's visit in 1816–7. That home, of the "author of the Declaration of Independence, the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and the father of the University of Virginia," known the world over almost as widely as Mount Vernon, has gone into the hands of strangers, and fallen into ruin and decay. Persons from distant States and countries, holding the memory of Mr. Jefferson in reverence and affection, in visiting Monticello, now find the house which he built, and in which he lived and died, closed to all comers.

had received an army appointment in the East-Indies, the other to fill some situation in Australia. We all three walked together to the wharf. The bells of the steamboats, as they simultaneously struck their warning for departure, were to us the knell-note of a life-long separation. We shook each other by the hand for the last time. I stepped on board the Baltimore boat, they on board the one bound for New York; and we were lost to each other forevermore in this world. My first solitary journey was now ended, and a new experience in travel about to begin.

CHAPTER III.

Joins Mr. Birkbeck and Family in Richmond, Va.—Miss Andrews, afterward Mrs. Flower—Decides to go Westward from Richmond —Incidents of the Trip—Meets with Mr. Sloo, U. S. Land-Officer at Shawneetown, who conducts the Party to Illinois—They stop at Gen. Harrison's, at North Bend—At Vincennes—"Painted Warriors, Bedecked Squaws, and Bedizened Pappooses"—Mr. Birkbeck's Daughters and Miss Andrews—Difficuities of the Journey bravely met—Mr. Birkbeck proposes Marriage to Miss Andrews—Offer Declined—Leads to Unpleasant Results—The Party first Establishes itself at Princeton, Indiana—A Visit to the Shaker Settlement at Busro—Account of the French-Canadian Settlement at Cattinet—Birkbeck and Flower start out in Search of the Prairies—Pass through New Harmony, George Rapp's Colony—Description of the Place—Cross the Wabash and enter the Territory of Illinois, and reach the Big-Prairie Settlement—Boltenhouse Prairie, a Beautiful Sight—Crossing the Wabash into Illinois Territory—Hard Ride to Birk's Prairie —The Prairie-Flies—Captain Birk, a Specimen Pioneer—His Cabin and his Family—Intense Prejudice against the British—Journey Continued—Reflections on the Pioneers—Long Prairie reached, where the English Settlement was afterward made—Return to Princeton—Timber-land around Boltenhouse Prairie entered at Shawneetown—Mr. Birkbeck to remain and Mr. Flower to return to England to procure more Funds and beat up for Recruits—The Decision made.

AT Richmond, I joined Mr. Birkbeck and his family, composed of nine individuals. Himself aged about fifty-four, his second son, Bradford, a youth of sixteen; his third son Charles, a lad of fourteen; a little servant-boy, Gillard, who had lived with Mr. Birkbeck all his life, about thirteen years old; and with the party, was a cousin of mine, and of my age—twenty-nine—Mr. Elias Pym Fordham. Of the females, Miss Eliza Birkbeck was nineteen; Miss Prudence Birkbeck, sixteen; and Miss Eliza Julia Andrews, twenty-five.

Miss Andrews (now Mrs. Flower) was the second daughter of Rev. Mordicah Andrews of Eigeshall, in the county of Essex, England. There was great friendship between the members of Mr. Birkbeek's family and Miss Andrews, and, latterly, she stood almost in the relation of an elder daughter. Being on a visit to Wanborough, at the time Mr. Birkbeck decided on emigrating to America, she consented to accompany them, and under his protection to share the adventures that awaited them in the new world. A little orphan girl, Elizabeth Garton, completes the list of Mr. Birkbeck's family in America, and with me added to them made up the party that made their way into Illinois.

These were the original band of explorers. Of this party, thus composed forty years ago, but one is now living in the Settlement—the little poor boy (now old man with large family and independent property) Gillard. Yet, considering the length of time, the many risks and dangers they encountered, a large proportion of this little band are living. Three are dead, seven are living and widely scattered: one in England, two in Mexico, one in Australia, two in Indiana, and one in Illinois. Turning our eyes from the scattered remnant now standing on the four quarters of the globe, we will proceed on our journey.

After consultation, we decided to go westward, exactly where was uncertain. The journey to Pittsburgh by stage was a rough affair, in those days. But rough as it was the convenience of a stage-coach was to be found no farther. From some accident to the stage, the whole party were obliged to walk twelve miles into Pittsburgh. By descending the river Ohio in an ark, we should see nothing of the country, and we had no fixed point to go to. It was from this point that our journey of exploration may have said to have begun. Each individual of our party of ten was to be furnished with a horse and its equipments. An underblanket for the horse, a large blanket on the seat of the saddle for the rider, a pair of well-filled saddle-bags, all secured by a surcingle, a great-coat or cloak, with umbrella strapped behind, completed the appointments for each person. The purchase of the horses devolved upon me. In three days I had them all

mounted. Imagine our cavalcade performing its journey day by day across the then wilderness states of Ohio and Indiana.

The omens of our first day's journey were not auspicious. Crossing a bridge made of large logs, over a creek emptying into the Ohio River, one of the logs was missing, leaving a gap nearly two feet wide, showing the water twenty feet below. My horse, young and inexperienced, leaped high and fell, rolling over me, and falling into the Ohio River, twenty feet below. She went down out of sight. In a few seconds she rose again, and with some difficulty, was saved from drowning and secured, with no other loss than a broken umbrella and a soaking to the contents of the saddle-bags. Farther on, Bradford Birkbeck's horse took fright and ran furiously with him through the woods, endangering life and limb of the rider. Luckily the girths broke and spilled everything, leaving the rider, fortunately, with whole bones, but with some bruises.

The regular days' journey, steadily pursued, soon broke in both horse and rider. In fine weather and hard roads, it was very pleasant, no remarkable fatigue felt, the party kept well together, chatting agreeably by the way. At other times, from excessive heat or some atmospheric change, a general languor prevailed, and some dropped behind at a slower pace. The party would be sometimes strung out, one behind the other, for three or four miles. The horses, too, became spiritless and dull, so as to require a touch of the whip or spur. On such occasions, nothing brought us into order like a loud clap of thunder and a drenching shower of rain. The privations on the journey were many. The taverns, as they were called, but, in reality, often mere shanties, were sometimes destitute of either door or window, affording only a place on the floor to spread cloak or blanket. The hot sun, the sudden storms, accompanied by torrents of rain, thunder, and lightning, dangers imminent from crossing swollen and rapid streams were incidents of travel, borne not only with equanimity, but cheerfulness by every member of the party. So the journey wore along.

At Cincinnati, we were entertained in the hospitable

house of Mr. Jeremiah Neave. Before leaving, we became acquainted with John Roe Sloo, register of the newly-opened land-office at Shawneetown, in the Territory of Illinois. He gave us a more distinct account of the prairies in his land-district. He was going to Illinois on horseback, and offered to accompany and conduct us there. By his advice, we added a pack-horse to our already-numerous train; for the journey through the wilderness of Indiana would be attended by more discomforts than the track through Ohio from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati. Our first halt, after leaving the city, was at the house of a friend of Mr. Sloo's, at North-Bend—General Harrison. I thought it rather a cool proceeding to introduce such a strong party of strangers to the house and family of an absent friend. The pack-horse was long in arriving. Bradford had his difficulties; the pack turned in the streets of Cincinnati, dropping a blanket here and a coffee-pot there, the horse walking on with the greatest indifference, with the pack swinging under his belly, strewing its contents from one end of the street to the other, to the mirth of the spectators and amid the jeers and jibes of all the urchins of the place. Perseverance conquers all things. Bradford gathered up his traps and joined us late at North-Bend. We were very kindly received by Mrs. Harrison, and took our departure the next day. Cabins now became more distant to each other, roads deep in black mud, the forest more unbroken, dark, and gloomy. The additional blankets and food on the pack-horse were often needed. About two-thirds of the way across Indiana, the road forked. Mr. Sloo took the southern road, pointing to the lower ferry on the Wabash, leading to Shawneetown. We continued due west on the road to Vincennes.

One sultry evening, when in the deep forest, with our line extended for two or three miles, black clouds suddenly gathered up, extinguishing what light there was. Thunder, lightning, and rain descended and continued, accompanied by violent wind. The storm came so suddenly that the stragglers in the rear were driven into the woods, and there had to stay. Myself and three or four at the head of the line pushed on and reached a cabin. By noon, the next day, all were together again.

Just before leaving the timber to enter the prairie, on which the town of Vincennes stands, we met an Indian on horseback. A new blanket wrapped around him; leggins and moccasins adorned with beads; a bandage round the head, sustaining a bunch of feathers; his face and breast painted ochre-red; with tomahawk and rifle, a stalwart savage was he. Others sat in groups among the bushes, cooling their legs in the lagoons of water, or engaged in conversation with each other. Others lay scattered on the ground, some asleep and some dead drunk. As we proceeded their numbers increased. Painted warriors, bedecked squaws, bedizened pappooses, all were there. They had come in to take their treaty-stipend and traffic with the agents and traders that lived in Vincennes. They were a part of the valiant band that surprised Harrison on the battle-ground of Tippecanoe, and had nearly overpowered him. Though fighting hard and inflicting great loss upon Harrison's army, they lost the battle, and with it their prestige and their country! They came in now not as supplicants, but painted defiantly! Their look and manner plainly showed what was the feeling of their hearts. They only wanted the opportunity to tomahawk the inhabitants and burn the town. Unfortunate people! their courage broken, their country lost, their numbers diminishing, starvation their present doom, and utter extinction a speedy certainty.

At the well-known tavern of Colonel LaSalle, we quartered ourselves for some time, resting ourselves and horses, and looking at farms in the environs of the town. The Great Wabash seemed to be the terminus of emigration. The people from the Eastern States, that were pouring in, chiefly found locations on the east bank of the Wabash, toward Terre Haute. Even here, where the river Wabash is the dividing line between Indiana and Illinois, nothing seemed to be known of the prairies, except the trace, that is, the road or traveled way that crossed Illinois from Vincennes in Indiana, to St. Louis in Missouri. To ride that alone was then thought to be a perilous affair.

Here was a period to our progress. We had heretofore been traveling continuously, and every one of us had exhibited an alacrity in prosecuting our journey with

singular perseverance and assiduity. Good-breeding and good tempers had ever prevailed. Each yielded his own to the comfort of others. Youth, which accepts present enjoyment and rejects fears for the future, had much to do with the buoyancy of spirits which seldom failed us. Six of our party were under twenty, three were under thirty, and one, although advanced to fifty-four, was active, intelligent, and strong. We were not an ordinary party of country folks; the men looking only for a rich piece of bottom-land, and the women for the best milk-cow. Mr. Birkbeck's daughters, well-educated young ladies, of good sense and refinement, were most agreeable companions. Prudence, the youngest daughter, rather small and delicate, a brunette, with face and head of intelligence and character, her remarks were piquant, full of jest and mirth-enlivening conversation. Her elder sister, Eliza, better grown and plump, with that fair-and-red English complexion so seldom seen here, was of graver mien, and perhaps of deeper feeling, formed an agreeable contrast in conversation to the more lively sallies of her younger sister. Miss Andrews, a little older, was in intellect and character more matured and of greater experience in life. As the head of her brother's house in London, her knowledge in household affairs and domestic economy was more perfect. Her intelligence and reading, and, above all, more general and frequent intercourse with good society, gave her a practical knowledge of life necessarily superior to those of her youthful companions.

With these agreeable ladies our time never hung heavy. Conversation never slacked, *ennui* was never known. If any one of us was detained by accident or indisposition, the hand of a kind female friend was ever extended for our relief. I don't think that any traveling party, constituted as ours was, ever accomplished so much or pursued their journey and its objects, despite of its difficulties, with more perseverance than ours. I am sure none ever preserved their tempers better, nor gave offices of kindness with more good-will, none could have a more sincere friendship and regard for each other, and none could enjoy each other's company more than we did.

It is not surprising in a company so constituted and so

situated, that feelings of attachment should have grown up with a strength and fervor, perhaps unconscious to themselves. Whilst traveling, the daily business of the road occupied our attention. The care of the horses, the repair of their equipments, recording our day's travel, inquiries of the road, in order to avoid its difficulties and dangers, gave full occupation to the men. To pack their saddle-bags, arrange their own bed, and procure little comforts for the whole party, which men seldom think of, but which our ladies never forgot, all to be done in our short halts, or after a whole day's ride, kept the mind and body in full occupation.

With bodily repose the mind becomes more active, and perhaps perception of the feelings becomes more distinct. We had felt the inconveniences of the sparcely-settled country we had passed over. Perhaps, as we stood on the vast uninhabited wilds we were soon to enter, an instinctive sense of individuality encountering its solitude and manifold labors, vaguely presented itself to each individual. A few words spoken from one person to another dissolved the happy charm which had hitherto surrounded us, and drew a veil from the eyes of many individuals of the party.

Mr. Birkbeck made an offer of marriage to Miss Andrews, and the feeling not being reciprocal, was respectfully but decidedly declined, although urged by great strength of feeling. This incident, purely personal and, under other circumstances, unimportant, disturbed somewhat our little party; and even carried its influence to a distant period. Some constraint and reserve now took the place of the free flow of expression and easy intercourse which had accompanied us during all our journey. Little eratic movements might be observed. The smoker would sometimes take a long session in silence, and again throw down his cigar after the first whiff. One young lady would take two or three extra cups of tea; another would not touch a drop. Ominous symptoms. Avowals and explanations between individuals may be imagined but not described. For a short time, things were a little embarrassing.

I proposed for the hand of Miss Andrews, was accepted, and was subsequently married to her, at Vincennes, in

1817, at the house of Colonel LaSalle. The venerable Elihu Stout (who at a great age died last year), a justice-of-the-peace, and editor of the only newspaper published at that time, was the officiating-magistrate. Present: Mr. Birkbeck, as father to the bride, and Mr. Elias Pym Fordham and Judge Blake as invited guests and witnesses.

We immediately made arrangements for prosecuting the final portion of our journey into that part of Illinois recommended by Mr. Sloo. We agreed to establish the family at Princeton, the county-town of Gibson County, thirty miles south of Vincennes. For this purpose, Mr. Birkbeck and his family immediately went there, and my wife and I were to join him in a few days.

After breakfast, Mrs. Flower and I mounted our nags and rode to the village and settlement of the Shakers, some twenty-five miles north. Few people then came to Vincennes without making a visit to the Shaker Settlement.

Besides a special interest pertaining to a sect or association of peculiar tenets or opinions, there is a general interest attached to all associations formed with a view of avoiding some of the evils of life but too common in general society.

Arriving at Busro, the Sisters took charge of Mrs. Flower, the Brothers took care of me. When brought to dinner the attending brother placed me on one side of a long table (on which was spread a most excellent meal), the attentive Sisters bringing in Mrs. Flower, placed her exactly opposite to me. We kept a grave face in our novel situation, as became us in so grave and orderly a place. Busro had the good cultivation, neatness, and thrift usually found in Shaker settlements. Any society of bachelors and spinsters, without the expense, care, or trouble of children, and discarding all personal love, may well be orderly, neat, and rich, and generally are so. If they are satisfied under that arrangement, let nobody gainsay them. I was told that a few backwoods families occasionally joined them. The parents seldom permanently, the children frequently remained. This suited all parties. The old people of confirmed old-world habits, and not always the best of them, usually left. The chil-

dren finding good food, good clothes, and good treatment, to all of which perhaps they had been strangers, more willingly remained, and the Shakers found it easier to impress the minds of children with their peculiar views.

Whatever may be thought of the tenets of the Shakers, they are peaceable, sober, and industrious; but they were occasionally badly treated. During the War of 1812, the Kentucky volunteers, on their way north, made Busro their camping-ground. They burnt fences and fruit trees for firewood, killed many cattle, insulted and reviled the inhabitants, and by force drove one or two of the members of the Society before them, and kept them as slaves doing menial service during the campaign. When they returned they encamped in the same place, doing more mischief, indulging in their barbarous sport of roasting alive a fat hog.

To a well-worded and temperate petition from the people of Busro, asking some compensation for the destruction of property by troops in the pay of the United States, Congress turned a deaf ear. There is but one species of property—property in man, that the United States Government will exert itself to preserve; in that it is vigilant enough.

Passing on our way to Princeton, about two miles from Vincennes, stands the village of Cattinet, differing in its houses, fences, implements of husbandry, vehicles, inhabitants, and domestic animals from any other American village. Its houses are built of thick slabs, or puncheons set on end. The roofs covered with elm bark, in wide and long pieces, reaching from ridge to eaves. The garden fences are pickets or long posts, pointed at the top, and firmly planted in the ground, close to each other, side by side. Their one-horse carts, or those drawn by oxen, were made without a particle of iron; the harness without leather or iron, excepting the bit that goes in the animal's mouth. A shuck collar, two pieces of wood for a cart-saddle, rawhide for traces, and for strings and straps, hickory bark. When drawn by oxen, the load is pulled by a little yoke fastened to the head of the cattle, as in France. The inhabitants are half-breeds between French and Indian. Some of them catching the bad points of both par-

cnts are disagreeable to behold. A few exhibit a style of beauty peculiarly their own. The men lived chiefly by hunting in Illinois, formerly the buffalo, elk, and beaver; at the time I speak of, deer, turkey, raccoon, and opposum. They cultivated corn enough to keep a horse or a pair of oxen. They live chiefly upon an excellent Indian dish called succotash, composed of corn and beans. They are of the complexion of the "Bois-brulé" of the Far-West. The lank curs, half-dog half-wolf, lurk with thief-like look about the door. Here the wild and the domestic cat live together in harmony with pet 'possum, coon, and squirrel.

There is a vital spirit in Cattinet. As it was in the beginning so it is now. It is as old as Philadelphia. An American village would long ago run to ruin, or grown into a town or city. Riding on the road in front of the houses, I saw a matronly woman somewhat better dressed, walking with a composed and dignified step. Her complexion and features told me whence she came. She had the peculiar saffron color which I have noticed in the aged women in the south of France, who have been exposed to the weather. Saluting with my hat, I asked, in her own language, "Are you from France, madam?" She replied in her native tongue, "And who are you, sir, that are so inquisitive?" "An Englishman, madam." "Ah," said she, "then there are two of us;" meaning that we were the only two of unmixed blood in the village.

At Princeton, we first boarded at a tavern kept by Basil Brown. The party being large, ten persons and eleven horses, we soon found, even at the moderate charge of two dollars a week for each person, and the same for each horse, that the amount could be reduced and more comfort obtained by keeping house, and by sending our spare horses into the country, to rest and grow fat on green corn and pumpkins.

Princeton, surrounded by heavy timber and rich land, the delight of Americans and dread of Europeans, who are incapable of clearing off timber to advantage, but ten miles from the ferries on the Wabash, and twenty-five from Harmony, suited us well for a temporary home. By the time we arrived there, Mr. Birkbeck had already agreed to rent a house of sufficient capacity, and my wife, as senior,

was soon installed as housekeeper to the large family, which post she maintained whilst Mr. Birkbeck and myself were on journeys of exploration in Illinois, and up to the time when it became necessary for me to go to England.

Mr. Birkbeck, myself, and his son Bradford mounted again, determined to find these ever-receding prairies. We went yet thirty miles south to Harmony, where three hundred organized laborers from Harmony, Pa., were in their third year of toil and improvement, clearing the heavy timber off the low and rich lands of the Wabash Valley. It was surprising to see the extent of clearing accomplished, and the number of buildings erected by this band of organized laborers; and equally surprising and pleasing to see the neatness, order, plenty, and apparent content that reigned. The long rows of neat cabins, each with a small, well-fenced garden in front, perfect in its vegetable culture and gay with flowers; the women in their quaint costume, well made of plain and strong materials of their own manufacture, neat and clean, altogether presented a striking contrast to the discomforts of many of the individual first-settlers, detached and scattered far apart, where nature seemed to overpower the first puny efforts of her individual invaders. Contrasted with the cabins of the people, stood the large brick-mansion of George Rapp, completed, fenced, furnished, and occupied.*

Opposite to Harmony, on the Wabash bottom, on the Illinois side of the river, a tract of about five miles wide

* Though situated in different States, and twenty-five miles apart, the English Colony and New Harmony had, in the earlier days, much in common. The settlement at New Harmony, or, as it was first called, *Harmonie*, preceded some years the settlement of Albion. The colony that founded Harmonie was made up of German Lutherans, from the kingdom of Würtemburg, having at their head a schismatic preacher, named George Rapp, a man of great will, determination, and energy, accompanied by a sort of religious enthusiasm, and holding an absolute mastery over his followers. The colony first settled in Pennsylvania in 1804, but, in 1813, Rapp purchased thirty thousand acres of government land on the Wabash, and on a part of which New Harmony was built. Contrary to the general idea, Rapp's colony was a great success, so far as the accumulation of property was concerned, and when Rapp sold out, in 1825, it was said that the wealth *per capita* was ten times greater than the average wealth throughout the United States. The people lived together like the Shakers. In 1824, Rapp had become fatigued with his charge, and desired to sell out. It was then he visited Albion, to consult with Richard Flower, whom he commissioned to go to Europe to offer the entire

was occupied by a full and heavy growth of cane. Across this bottom and through this cane the Harmonites had cut a road to the high lands of Illinois, to unite with roads and settlements made and to be made. Passing along this road, the traveler had on either hand a wall of impenetrable verdure, in many places, and for a long distance, full twenty feet in height. Cane, whatever may be its size or height, makes its growth in one season. At its first coming up it is almost as tender as asparagus, and in that state is rapidly destroyed by domestic animals, especially hogs. It bears its seed not annually but periodically, at long intervals, a quarter or half a century apart, and then dies. The seed resembles the wild oat, and is said to be nutritious to man and beast. I saw it in its full size and vigor of growth. I have seen it bear its profuse crop of seed and die. In the same spot where I saw it in its full and perfect growth, it is now scarcely so large as my little finger, and from knee to shoulder high. Thus dwarfed and annually dwindling in size it may continue for many years, but the day of its utter extinction is near at hand. The Harmonites had entered a large tract of this cane, and fenced in three or four hundred acres, on which their numerous cattle and sheep subsisted during the winter season in the first and second year of their settlement.

Even here we could not learn anything of the prairies. Crossing a ferry, a few miles south of Harmony, we entered the Territory of Illinois, and, in an hour's ride, we

New-Harmony property for sale. Mr. Flower effected a sale to Robert Owen, a rich manufacturer of New Lanark, Scotland, a reformer and philanthropist, who had made himself well known in Great Britain, particularly in respect of his views in regard to the labor question. He came to New Harmony in the autumn of 1824, and completed the purchase of the Rapp village and twenty thousand acres of land, for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Rappites soon left, and Owen then formed the colony of New Harmony on a new basis; a colony that has challenged more attention and criticism than any like colony ever established in this Country. When Robert Owen finally returned to Scotland, the colony fell under the direction of his three sons, William, Robert Dale, and David Dale Owen. The two last named have left their impress upon the country as reformers and thinkers, as scholars and writers, and men of large accomplishments. This is not the occasion for a disquisition on New Harmony, which, in competent hands, would be a subject of the greatest interest. This brief allusion to the colony is made here because of the intimate relations which had sprung up between Mr. Birkbeck, Mr. Flower, and many persons of Edwards County, with Mr. Owen.

were in the Settlement of the Big-Prairie. This was the first prairie in the south-eastern part of Illinois, and distant from the Ohio at Shawneetown about thirty miles through woodland. It was being settled exclusively by small corn-farmers from the Slave-States. This prairie, not more than six miles long and two broad, was level, rather pondy, and agueish. Its verdure and open space was grateful to the eye, but it did not fulfil our expectations.

Following the directions given to us by Mr. Sloo, we inquired the way to the Boltenhouse Prairie, so-called from the name of a man who had built a small cabin on its edge, near the spot where his brother had been killed by the Indians the year before. By side of the road we were following, was a small log-house, our last chance for information or direction. Our informant, stepping from his hut, indicated with his arm the direction we were to take, across the forest, without road or path of any kind.

"Keep a wagon-track in your eye if you can, and you will find the prairie." A wagon-track, or two ruts on the open ground made by wagon-wheels, can be followed with some degree of certainty. But this was quite a different affair. A light-loaded wagon had passed a fortnight before, through the woods and high underbrush, leaving no mark on the hard ground, and only here and there a bruised leaf or broken stem to indicate its passage. For seven mortal hours did we ride and toil in doubt and difficulty.

Bruised by the brushwood and exhausted by the extreme heat we almost despaired, when a small cabin and a low fence greeted our eyes. A few steps more, and a beautiful prairie suddenly opened to our view. At first, we only received the impressions of its general beauty. With longer gaze, all its distinctive features were revealed, lying in profound repose under the warm light of an afternoon's summer sun. Its indented and irregular outline of wood; its varied surface interspersed with clumps of oaks of centuries' growth; its tall grass, with seed stalks from six to ten feet high, like tall and slender reeds waving in a gentle breeze; the whole presenting a magnificence of park-scenery, complete from the hand of Nature, and unrivalled by the same sort of scenery by European art. For once, the reality came

up to the picture of imagination. Our station was in the wood, on rising ground; from it, a descent of about a hundred yards to the valley of the prairie, about a-quarter of a mile wide, extending to the base of a majestic slope, rising upward for a full half-mile, crowned by groves of noble oaks. A little to the left, the eye wandered up a long stretch of prairie for three miles, into which projected hills and slopes, covered with rich grass and decorated with compact clumps of full-grown trees, from four to eight in each clump. From beneath the broken shade of the wood, with our arms raised above our brows, we gazed long and steadily, drinking in the beauties of the scene which had been so long the object of our search.

We had left Harmony that morning soon after daylight, went south a few miles to Williams' ferry, then, crossing over, came to the Big-Prairie as before stated, and drank a cup of water from Mr. Williams' well. This was all the refreshment we had taken during the day. We must have traveled more than forty miles in that rough country in one of the hottest days of summer. Our clothing had for hours been wet through with profuse sweat, which trickled down our faces and dropped on our bodies. We felt well-nigh exhausted when we came in sight of our goal. There we stood. We felt no hunger, thirst, or fatigue. We determined to saddle up again, encounter the prairie and its flies, and finish our day's work by pushing into Birk's Prairie, which, by the route we took, must have been seven miles farther. We passed the spot where Wanborough stands, and laid us down for the night near where Henry Hutson first made his camp; the strongest day's fatigue I ever went through, and without refreshment, from the rising to the setting of the sun.

Immediately on entering the prairie, the quietude of our ride was interrupted by the restless and refractory actions of our horses. They stamped with their feet, started to a rough trot, and then broke into a gallop. It was from the sting of the prairie-fly, a large insect, with brown body, green head, and transparent wings. These prairie-flies have a peculiar liking for light and sunshine. They attack both horses and cattle in the open prairie and sting them dreadfully, but will not follow them into the ordinary

shade of a wood or forest. They rarely, if ever, attack men. This induces the grazing animals to feed in the prairies by night and retire to the woods by day. This annoyance induces travelers, crossing the large prairies, to travel by night and rest by day.

Early as we were in the occupancy of these prairies, after the Indians had left, there was a class in before us. Not numerous, but of characteristics so peculiar as to deserve a passing notice. They belong to neither savage nor civilized life, but keep their station between the two; following up the Indians as they retreat, and moving away from the farmers as they advance. There were about six of these families scattered over a distance of fifty miles.

Our first experiences in prairie life were not very comfortable. Camping for the night near a pool of stagnant water, we lay down to rest, turning our horses loose to graze. In the morning our horses were missing. We wandered all day in vain search. I had separated myself from my companions in my rovings. The second night found me in a small prairie, about three miles west of the one we first entered. I lay down in the open prairie without fire or supper, my umbrella, a walking-stick by day, at night a house for my head. In the morning, somewhat stiff and cold, I again began my search, and soon became as wet as if I had walked through a river, from the dew on the tall grass. For once, I felt glad of the hot sun, to warm and dry me. As a resource in an emergency, I carried a small bag of ground parched-cornmeal, mixed with some sugar and a little ground ginger. A tablespoon of this, with water, in some shell or the hollow of your hand, is very grateful, prevents extreme hunger, and gives reasonable nutrition. On this I subsisted for a couple of days.

In my wanderings, the thought struck me of finding out a Captain Birk, mentioned to me by my old friend Sloo, as living hereabout, the oldest settler in these parts; he had been here almost *a year*. Going in the direction in which I thought he lived, I espied a trail, made by the dragging of a log. Following this, I came suddenly to a worm-fence, inclosing a small field of fine corn, but could see no dwelling. I wished to see Birk, but felt a little

diffident in appearing before the captain in my *déshabillé;* as, after several days' travel and two nights' camping out, my *toilette* was considerably compromised. Looking closely, I observed, between two rows of corn, a narrow path. This I followed until I came suddenly in sight of a small cabin, within twenty steps of me, a little lower than the surrounding corn. Looking in the direction of a voice, calling back a savage dog that had rushed out to attack me, I saw a naked man, quietly fanning himself with a branch of a tree.

My first surprise over, finding his name was Birk, I told him who I was and my errand, at which he did not seem at all pleased. These original backwoodsmen look upon all new-comers as intruders on their especial manorial rights. The old hunter's rule is: when you hear the sound of a neighbor's gun, it is time to move away.

What surprised me was the calm self-possession of the man. No surprise, no flutter, no hasty movements. He quietly said that he had just come from mill at Princeton, thirty miles distant, and was cooling himself a bit. Well, I thought he was cool. I afterward found all of this class of men, who live in solitude and commune so much with nature, relying on their own efforts to support themselves and their families, to be calm, deliberate, and self-possessed whenever they are sober. The best breeding in society could not impart to them more self-possession or give them greater ease of manner or more dignified and courteous bearing. Birk's cabin, fourteen feet long, twelve broad, and seven high, with earth for a floor, contained a four-post bedstead, said posts, driven into the ground by an ax, were sprouting, with buds, branches, and leaves.

The rim of an old wire-sieve, furnished with a piece of deerskin, punched with holes, for sifting cornmeal, a skillet, and a coffee-pot were all the culinary apparatus for a family of seven. A small three-legged stool and a rickety clapboard table the only furniture. An ax lay at the door, a rifle stood against the wall. Himself and boys were dressed in buckskin, his wife and three daughters in flimsy calico from the store, sufficiently soiled and not without rents. Mrs. Birk, a dame of some thirty years, was square-built and squat, sallow, and smoke-dried, with

bare legs and feet. Her pride was in her hair, which, in two long well-braided black and shining tails, hung far down her back.

Birk got his title as commander of a company of men like himself, employed as outlying scouts to the American army on the Canada frontier. The cabin-door was made of two strong puncheons, to withstand an Indian attack. You might always find in the behavior of the females, of this class of people, the degree of estimation or aversion in which you were held. Mrs. Birk was sour and silent, omnious indications. The British and Indians, having fought together against the Americans, were held by these people in the same category as natural enemies. To such an extent was this feeling exhibited, that, at a future time, quite a respectable farmer in the Big-Prairie, apologized to Mrs. Flower for the non-appearance of his wife, by saying she had lost a brother at the battle of the River Raisin, and that she always went out of the house into the woods whenever an English person entered, and remained there as long as he or she stayed. Besides, we came with the intention of settling and bringing other settlers. All this was distasteful to them. They came to enjoy the solitude of the forest and the prairie. They wished to be far from that species of civilization whose temptations could not be withstood by them, and which made the weaknesses of its victims augment its own gains. No wonder we were met by no cordial greetings. Our success would be their defeat, and the growth of our colony the signal for their removal. A few dollars liberally given for information and pilotage, and a dram of whisky whenever we had it to bestow, would modify the hostile feeling, and we soon became on friendly terms.

Two or three slices from a half-smoked haunch, a few pommes of coarse corn-bread, seasoned by hunger, the best of sauce, gave us a relishing supper. How sleeping was to be managed, I felt at a loss. As night advanced, Birk reached his long arm up to a few clapboards over the joist, and pulled down a dried hog-skin for my especial comfort and repose during the night.

Father, mother, sons, and daughters all lay on the one bed. I, as in duty bound, lay my hog-skin on the floor,

and myself upon it. But I soon found that

"Big fleas and little fleas,
And less fleas to bite 'em,
These again had lesser fleas,
And so on *ad infinitum*."

I removed my not over-luxurious couch outside the house, to a spot of earth free from vegetation, and there I lay until break-of-day; glad enough to run to the fire for a little warmth as soon as it was kindled.

Cold is never more felt than at daybreak, after lying on the ground without covering, even in the summer season. Our horses which had strayed, were brought back to us by John Anderson, one of those outlying hunters who for a liberal reward acted with efficiency on the occasion. Understanding the instinct of the horse, Anderson took a straight course toward Princeton, until he reached the Great Wabash, at La Vallett's ferry. There he found the fugitives, arrested by the broad stream, from immediately attempting a crossing.

Having again joined my companions, we once again mounted, and proceeded to look at the prairies west of the Little Wabash. We were advised by Birk to call on a man named Harris, who lived about twelve miles west of the Little Wabash. To find a little cabin through fifteen miles of forest and prairie, without road or even path, is no small job. But it is astonishing how necessity sharpens the wits, and how soon signs, before unnoticed and unknown, become recognized. We found him in a small cabin, sheltered by a little grove, but no field or cultivation of any kind about his humble dwelling. He lived in the same style as Birk and in the same destitution. One article of luxury only excepted. This was a fiddle with two strings. We found the prairies desirable as to size, soil, and proximity to timber, and of every form, each with its own peculiar style of beauty. One small prairie charmed me very much—not more than two hundred yards wide and about half-a-mile long. A thin belt of tall and graceful trees marked its boundary from other and larger prairies. Its distinguishing feature was a large Indian mound in the centre, covered with the same rank growth of grass as in

other parts of the prairie. Its beauties lying in silent solitude, with its ancient burial-place of a by-gone race, gave to it an unusual and somewhat mysterious interest. These *tumuli* are not the burying-place of the present race of Indians; but of an anterior race, probably displaced by the Indians as we are displacing them. These prairies were only less desirable than those east of the Little Wabash as being further from main navigation, the Little Wabash not being navigable for steam-boats.

Harris returned with us to Birk's, carrying the superannuated fiddle carefully along. It was kept in scream until a late hour, bringing to the inmates of the cabin happy recollections of Tennessee, the State from which they had emigrated. The people of which Birk and Harris were specimens, were serviceable to us in our first settlement. Dexterous with the ax, they built all our first log-cabins, and supplied us with venison. In a year or two, they moved into less-peopled regions, or to where there were no people at all, and were entirely lost to this part of the country. The people in this part of Illinois are mostly from the Slave-States, from the class of poor whites, so-called. When they leave their homes and come into the little towns, on some real or pretended business, they are sober and quiet. They soon get to the whisky-bottle, their bane and ruin. Getting into a state to desire more, they drink all they can, becoming disagreeable, fractious, and often dangerous men. One glass kindles the eye, the second loosens the tongue, the third makes them madmen. They own a horse, rifle, ax, and hoe. It is astonishing to see with what dexterity they use a good ax, and how well they shoot with even a bad rifle. They are not of industrious habits, but occasionally work with great vigor.

Solitude, watchfulness, and contemplation amidst the scenes of nature, from day to day, from week to week, and often from month to month, give them that calm and dignified behavior not to be found in the denizens of civilized life. Another portion of this class follow a different destiny. Their little corn-patch increases to a field, their first shanty to a small log-house, which, in turn, gives place to a double-cabin, in which the loom and spinning-wheel are installed. A well and a few fruit-trees after a time com-

plete the improvement. Moderate in their aspirations, they soon arrive at the summit of their desires. Does a more complicated mode of life and a larger amount of wealth add to human happiness? The only difference between these stationary settlers and the roving hunters appears to be in the sobriety of the one and the intemperance of the other.

We returned to Princeton by a more direct route, crossing the Wabash at LaVallette's ferry. Auguste LaVallette was a Frenchman of Canadian birth, I suppose nearly seven feet high; tall and thin as all the LaVallettes were. His brother François, recently killed by the Indians, lived on a similar site on the Wabash, forty miles higher up the river, on a freestone bluff, now called Coffee Island, and similar points and residences of French-Canadian families, forty and fifty miles apart, are to be found up the Wabash wherever the banks are high and commanding, sometimes on the Illinois and sometimes on the Indiana side of the river.

Before leaving Illinois, night overtook us. We halted by the side of a fallen log, at a point of timber that stretched into the prairie. A fire being kindled, we sat down on the grass, talked over and decided what was to be done. I remember the spot well; it was then called the Long Prairie that runs west and east, toward LaVallette's Ferry, on the Great Wabash (now Rochester), not far from a farm afterward made by Mr. John Kean, a native of Cornwall, but somewhat nearer to the farm now owned and occupied by Mr. John Cowling, and about a-half mile west of his father-in-law's house and farm, Mr. Edward Coad, now over eighty years old, enjoying a sound constitution and good health.

This spot, so particularly fixed in my memory, I never passed in after-years without a halt, to allow the panorama of the past, with all its vivid pictures, to flit before me. Here our future destinies were fixed, and to the decisions made here the present English Settlement in Edwards County, Illinois, owes its existence.

The result of our decision was this:—After clubbing together all the money we could then command, Mr. Birkbeck was to go to Shawneetown and enter all the wood-

land around the Boltenhouse Prairie. We had not money enough with us to purchase the whole prairie. I was to return to England to remit him money as soon as possible, take with me and publish the manuscript of his book containing the record of our journey from Richmond to the prairies; bring out my father's family; and spread the information; point out the road to it; and facilitate emigration generally. He was on the home department to purchase more land and make the necessary preparations in building. I on the foreign mission, to bring in the people. As will be seen hereafter, he did his duty and I did mine.

In a state of doubt, the wakeful mind allows of no complete rest to the body. Decisions once made, doubts banished, the way made clear, the mind looses its tension, and for a while rests in unconsciousness. The body relaxed in fibre, succumbs to fatigue. Both seek repose and refreshment in sleep. It was so with us. Stretched on our blankets, feet to the fire, saddle for a pillow, oblivious of doubt, insensible to danger, we slept soundly until morning. After a hasty cup of coffee by our camp-fire, untethered our horses, mounted and rode to the Wabash, about six miles distant, was ferried over that stream by the tall Frenchman who owned that ferry, floundered through the odious swamp which lay on the Indiana side, for a mile, knee-deep in mud and water, and, after another ten-mile ride, rejoined the family at Princeton.

CHAPTER IV.

Fear of Speculators—Desire to get a Grant of Land from Congress—Mr. Jefferson Written to on the Subject—His Answer—Letter of Hon. Nathaniel Pope—Reply of Mr. Birkbeck—Mr. Flower sets out for England—Long Horseback-Trip to Chambersburgh, Pa., Accompanied by Mrs. Flower—The Outfit—Incidents of the Journey—Mrs. Flower Remains in Chambersburgh—Mr. Flower Sails from New York to Liverpool—Birkbeck's Notes of Travel—The Emigrants.

OUR safe return to Princeton was hailed by our families with affectionate joy. Thankfully we enjoyed, for a few days, a home made comfortable by cheerful hearts and active hands. After needful rest from our harassing journey in the prairies, we thought of our own position. Our first measure was to secure as much land as our present means would allow in the Boltenhouse Prairie. By a journey to Shawneetown, seventy miles distant, this was done, and about three thousand acres secured by payment into the land-office.

It was evident to Mr. Birkbeck and myself, at the time we made our first entries of land in the Boltenhouse Prairie, that we were exposed to the invasion of speculators. Having expended all the money we could then command, by securing but little more than half the land we intended for own families, we felt fearful, as the point of our Settlement was designated, that speculators might buy the lands immediately around those we had purchased and thus defeat our object in preserving lands at the government price for those we hoped to induce to come from Great Britain the following year. Fortunately for us, at this time, there was a great scarcity of money, and the people in the counties of Indiana and Kentucky, adjacent to Southern Illinois, were almost all of them more or less in debt, and we were not then advertised, we had made no

publications. From these circumstances, probably we were for the time secured from the species of obtrusion we so much dreaded. I wrote to Mr. Jefferson, asking his opinion as to whether Congress, on suitable application, would be likely to make us a grant of a township of land for our contemplated Settlement. His reply was prompt and full; and as this letter, from that eminent statesman, so ably covers the whole ground of the inquiry, and is so characteristic of the man, no apology is needed for its insertion, feeling persuaded that it will be an object of interest to the reader long after the general narrative shall have faded from view. I may add that the original letter is now deposited in the archives of the Chicago Historical Society. In long after-years, the curious reader of old documents will not fail to admire the neatness and evenness of the handwriting, which is preserved with unvarying accuracy from the first to the last word of this interesting letter.* But further action in this matter had to be dropped. I was soon on my way to Great Britain to prepare our first emigrating parties.

"POPLAR FOREST, *12th Sept., 1817.*

"*Dear Sir:*—Your favor of August 12th was yesterday received at this place, and I learn from it with pleasure that you have found a tract of country which will suit you for settlement. To us, your first choice would have been gratifying, by adding yourself and friends to our society, but the overruling consideration with us, as with you, is your own advantage, and it would doubtless be a greater comfort to you to have your ancient friends and neighbors

* This letter is still in possession of the Chicago Historical Society, and is now before me. It bears out all Mr. Flower says of it. It is characteristic of Mr. Jefferson, who was one of the most conscientious and painstaking of correspondents. He made it a point to reply to all letters whose writers had any claim to his consideration, and he never did it hurriedly nor in a careless or slip-shod manner. The extreme neatness and regularity of his handwriting is the more remarkable when the fact of a broken wrist is taken into consideration, which seriously disabled him and was a great trouble and annoyance for many years, and of which he often complained. It was a most fortunate thing that this letter and many other valuable autograph letters, written to Mr. Flower, and presented by him to the Society, as well as the manuscript History of Edwards County, had been borrowed of the librarian a few days before the great fire in 1871, and thus saved from destruction.

settled around you. I sincerely wish that your proposition to purchase a tract of land in Illinois on favorable terms, for introducing a colony of English farmers, may encounter no difficulties from the established rules of our land-department.

"The general law prescribes an open sale, where all citizens may compete on an equal footing for any lot of land which attracts their choice. To dispense with this in any particular case requires a special law of Congress, and to special legislation we are generally averse, lest a principle of favoritism should creep in and prevent that of equal rights. It has, however, been done on some occasions, when special national advantages has been expected to outweigh that of adherence to the general rule. The promised introduction of the culture of the vine procured a special law in favor of the Swiss Settlement on the Ohio. That of the culture of oil, wine, and other Southern productions did the same lately for the French Settlement on the Tombigbee. It remains to be tried whether that of an improved system of farming, interesting to so great a proportion of our citizens, may not also be worth a dispensation of the general rule. This, I suppose, is the principal ground on which your proposition will be questioned, for although, as to other foreigners, it is thought better to discourage their settling together in large masses, wherein, as in our German settlements, they preserve for a long time their own language, habits, and principles of government, and that they should distribute themselves sparcely among the natives, for quicker amalgamation; yet English emigrants are without this inconvenience, they differ from us but little in their principles of government, and most of those (merchants excepted) who come here are sufficiently disposed to adopt ours. What the issue, therefore, of your proposition may probably be I am less able to advise you than many others, for, during the last eight or ten years, I have no knowledge of the administration of the land-office, or the principles of its government, even the persons on whom it will depend are all changed within that interval, so as to leave me small means of being useful to you. Whatever they may be, however, they shall be fully exercised for your advantage; and that

not on the selfish principle of increasing our population at the expense of other nations, for the additions are but as a drop in a bucket to those by natural procreation, but to consecrate a sanctuary for those whom the misrule of Europe may compel to seek happiness in other climes. This refuge, once known, will produce reaction, even of those there, by warning their task-masters that when the evils of Egyptian oppression become heavier than those of abandonment of country, another's Canaan is opened, where their subjects will be received as brothers, and secured from like oppression by a participation in the rights of self-government.

"If additional motives could be wanting into the maintainence of this right, they would be found in the animating consideration that a single good government becomes thus a blessing to the whole earth; its welcome to the oppressed restraining within certain limits the measure of their oppressions, but should ever this be counteracted by violence on the right of expatriation, the other branch of our example then presents itself to their imitation, to use on their rulers, and do as we have done.

"You have set your country a good example, by showing them a practical mode of reducing their rulers to the necessity of becoming more wise, more moderate, and more honest; and I sincerely pray that the example may work for the benefit of those who can not follow it, as it will for your own.

"With Mr. Birkbeck, the associate of your extraordinary journeyings, I have not the happiness of personal acquaintance, but I know him through his narrative of your journeyings together through France. The impressions received from that, give me confidence that a participation with yourself in the assurances of the esteem and respect of a stranger will not be unacceptable to him, and the less when given through you and associated with those to yourself.

"TH: JEFFERSON.

"To George Flower, Esq."

During my absence in England, danger from the same source was, no doubt, entertained by Mr. Birkbeck. A correspondence between him and Hon. Nathaniel Pope,

delegate for the Territory in Congress, on the same subject, shows in what light the delegate viewed the application and the applicant.

It seems that Mr. Birkbeck's application was for an extention of time of payment, as we should now say for a preëmption, on forty thousand acres of land. It is somewhat curious to see how the minds of different individuals, entertaining the same general views, and actuated by similar principles arrive at the same conclusions. Thus in view of danger from land speculation we acted individually, but in a similar manner. Again, at the time of the convention question, without any communication with each other, we gave all the strength of our respective abilities to defeat that nefarious measure. We shall see more distinctly the nature of the petition forwarded to Congress, through Nathaniel Pope, by the perusal of the following letters. The first letter (Mr. Pope's) was in answer to one accompanying the petition referred to. The reply by Mr. Birkbeck fully explains his first letter.*

"WASHINGTON, *Dec. 17, 1817.*

"*Sir:*—I duly received your letter and petition. It is so indefinite as to leave me embarrassed in adopting a course. It is much to be regretted that you have not entered into more explanatory details. I read with great pleasure your notes on your late tour to Illinois, in hopes of finding a solution to my difficulties, but in vain; I mean in quantity and terms of payment. I am so much flattered by your

* The original letter of Mr. Pope's is of the number of letters presented to the Chicago Historical Society by Mr. Flower. The handwriting is remarkably smooth, regular, and even elegant, denoting a man of education and rare adaptation to business. All the older members of the legal profession in Illinois will well remember Nathaniel Pope, so long and so honorably identified with the history of the Territory and State of Illinois. He was the first secretary of the Territory of Illinois, holding the office from March 7, 1809, to December 17, 1816. In the latter year, he was elected delegate to Congress from Illinois, and procured its admission as a State in 1818. He was the first judge of the United States District Court for the State of Illinois, and held that position till his death, in 1849, a period of thirty-one years. His successor, Hon. Thomas Drummond, has held the position of District and Circuit Judge of the United States Courts for over thirty-three years.

Judge Pope was a man of intelligence and education, to which he united a remarkably acute intellect. He was a good lawyer, an honest man, an incorruptible judge. Maj.-Gen. John Pope, of the United States Army, is his son.

selection of the Illinois Territory as your permanent residence in the prospect of the permanent advantages it may derive from your experience in the arts of husbandry, that I can not fail to indulge an ardent wish that you may succeed in your plan.

"I made some enquiries of Mr. Adams, late minister to London, now secretary-of-state, who speaks of you in the most flattering terms. I can not, however, conceal from you the only cause that will defeat your application. Although not personal to you, yet its operation is hostile to your views; I mean the fear of speculation. This fear is not awakened by any part of your conduct, but that of others. The bounty and liberality of the Government has been so often diverted from the intended objects, that members of Congress are diffident of supporting applications of the nature of yours, as they have no personal knowledge of you. I regret that your arrangements did not comprehend a visit to this place, at this time, as personal explanations would have advanced your plan, which seems to me replete with important advantages to the Territory, and well calculated to advance the happiness of the human family upon a more extended scale than appears from a limited consideration of its operation. I can not, however, advise you to come on after the reception of this letter, as it would be too late to effectuate anything. Every thing that I can do under the stimulus of no ordinary anxiety for your success, shall be attempted. I hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you at an early period.

"In the meanwhile, I beg you to accept assurances of my zeal in your cause, and with sentiments of respect and esteem, I am, your ob'd't ser't,

"NATH'L POPE.

"To Morris Birkbeck, Esq."

To which Mr. Birkbeck replied:

"PRINCETON, *January 16, 1818.*

"*Sir:*—Owing to the interruption of the mails, your favor of the 17th *ultimo* has only just reached me. I regret that I did not state more particularly my views in regard to the object of the memorial I transmitted to you. As to terms, I should not be so weak as to reject any

advantage which the liberality of the Government might afford. It is not a reduction of the price I would solicit, but such an extension of time of payment as might preclude embarrassment or disappointment. As to quantity, my idea was that it might be left indefinite to a certain extent. That is, that I might be allowed to engage as I might require for the purpose specified, not exceeding twenty, thirty, or forty thousand acres, leaving Government to fix the limits. This plan is, I think, not liable to be abused as a means of speculation, a design which, I think, would not be imputed to me by those who are acquainted with my habits; yet it is perfectly natural that a jealousy of that kind should operate in the way you mention. I dare say it is now too late for my explanation to avail anything. But I am anxious to express my obligation to you for your attention, whatever may be the result. I believe my plan is calculated to produce importtant benefits without risk or concomitant evil, and I am gratified to find that it has your approbation.

"I am, sir, most sincerely yours,

"MORRIS BIRKBECK."

Our efforts in securing a preëmption on a large quantity of land, through the preliminary correspondence with Jefferson and Pope, were unsuccessful. Our hands were full of business, and we could not give to it the personal attention that such business at Washington requires.

We had been two months at Princeton. The family always there; our two selves almost always away, had completed our work of exploration. The time now approached for my return to England, to carry out the next step. To make publication, bring people to the land, and place ourselves in funds. Our first plan was that Mrs. Flower should remain with Mr. Birkbeck's family and that I should proceed on my journey eastward and my voyage alone. To make a will and dispose of our effects in a secure and desirable manner is always proper, yet how often deferred.

I therefore, before leaving Princeton, made my will. Mr. Birkbeck, Miss Birkbeck, and Bradford Birkbeck were witnesses to that instrument. How little did we think

that this was to be our last united act. That we were never more to meet again or speak a friendly word to each other. Before leaving Princeton, we agreed on the division of our land and the building of our houses. On the latter point, we differed a little in opinion. He proposed that the north-and-south line, which divided our land, should run through one house. I living in the apartments on my land, and his family occupying the apartments on his land, both families, in fact, living in one house. Mrs. Flower and myself thought it better to live in our own house, and that Mr. Birkbeck's family should live in their house, however near those houses might be. This was the first difference in our plan of operations that had ever occurred between us, and, trivial as it may seem, perhaps we may ascribe to it that divergence which carried the lasting separation that followed; as the ridge-tile of a house separates two raindrops, that fall within an inch of each other, in the same shower, casting one eastwardly, to mingle ultimately with the Atlantic Ocean, the other, westward, destined to add its atom to the Pacific.

Although our residence at Princeton was one of united effort and cordial friendship, our feelings did not exhibit that even and warm glow which shone upon the party as it journeyed to the West. They partook now more of the character of an April day, when the clouds fly high and rapidly cast shadows on the bright sunshine as they pass.

We were now in changed circumstances, our plans required the division and subdivision of our little party. Some to turn back, encountering long journeys by land and voyages by sea, before they could be united again. And the part that remained, often to be divided through winter and succeeding spring, some remaining in Indiana and some wandering in Illinois. This naturally cast a shade of thought upon us all.

The time arrived for my return to England. All circumstances being considered, Mrs. Flower and myself thought it better to take the journey East together. We should enjoy each other's company three weeks longer, and, at my return in the following spring, we should again meet months earlier than we otherwise could. The last day at Princeton was spent by Mr. Birkbeck and myself

in talking over the business that each was to do separately. He, in the further purchase of land as soon as funds could be procured, and in the erection of cabins and other necessary preparations for the Settlement in spring. He handed to me his two manuscripts. One to be published in Philadelphia and one in England.

Let it be remembered, in these days of convenience and fast travel, that then horseback was the only mode of traveling, and the space contained in a pair of saddle-bags all that was allowed for papers, wardrobe, and often provisions for the traveler.

The little horse that had carried me on my solitary journey of over two thousand miles, was a high-bred animal of mettle and of perfect but of rather slight frame; not of sufficient bone and substance to carry my weight with the baggage with which I was encumbered, and pressed, as I knew he must be, to a forty-mile daily travel. I gave him to my little friend, Prudence Birkbeck. She loved a gallop on a mettlesome nag. Her light weight he would carry as a feather, and I was well pleased to place my faithful little horse, to whom I was much attached, with a friend that would take care of him.

Selecting two of the most suitable animals from our stud of ten, for myself and wife, behold them caparisoned and both of us mounted. On the back of each horse was evenly laid a soft and rather thin blanket, which received the saddle, kept steady in its place by girths and crupper. Over the saddle, folded double and sometimes triple, was laid a large and soft Whitney blanket, kept in place by a broad surcingle. The pad behind the saddle received the cloak and umbrella, tightly folded in one large roll, and bound with two leathern thongs. The saddle-bags, stuffed to their utmost capacity, were laid on the saddle, under the blanket, kept in place by two loops through which the stirrup-leathers passed. On the top of all sat the rider. It is rather a skilful job to pack saddle-bags well. As you put in their contents, you must poise them frequently, to see that each side is equally weighted. If you fail in this, you are plagued the whole ride, by the bags slipping to one side or the other, to the danger of their striking against the horse's legs, starting him off in a furious kick-

ing-gallop. A riding appendage, peculiar to horsemen in America, is the legging. It is a piece of blue or drab cloth, about a yard square, folded round the leg from knee to ankle, pinned with three pins to keep the edges in place, and tied by two bands of tape or galloon, one below the knee, the other above the ankle. It catches all the splash and mud, and when cast off the pantaloon is dry. The women, instead of the full cloth riding-habit worn in England, draw over their usual dress a long skirt, made of bombazine or some dark-colored stuff, and over their heads they cast a large handkerchief, which they tie under their chin. This keeps the bonnet and veil in place, and protects the face and ears from sun, wind, and rain. Our horses and ourselves thus accoutred, we mounted, and this is done by the horses being led to a block—in Western America, generally the stump of a tree—and even then it takes a pretty wide stride and fling of the leg for a man to clear saddle-bags, great-coat, and umbrella. But when once mounted, with a high pommel in front, cloak and umbrella behind, you are not easily dismounted. In these long journeys, there is very little mounting and dismounting, rarely more than once or twice in a day. Accoutred and mounted, our friends came around us with full hearts and tearful eyes, with hopes and, perhaps, some regrets and forebodings. We turned our horses toward their long and toilsome journey, and thus we parted with friends we were destined never more to meet. There is little to recount in this journey excepting its daily toil.

In the latter part of September, the weather is often very hot. Relaxed by the long-continued heat of summer, the body feels excessive languor under autumnal heat. To accomplish nearly forty miles a-day, encumbered as we were, was an effort subjecting us to great fatigue. It would have been to a party of strong men. To my wife, I felt conscious it was a severe trial. Thinking of others always before herself, and gifted with a rare spirit of perseverance and resolution, she would never submit to the least delay, whatever might be her fatigue or suffering. It was getting late in the season, and she dreaded for me a winter's passage across the Atlantic. We never lost a day during the whole journey. We had but one brief

delay; my horse falling lame, I had to sell him and get another. But this journey had its perils as well as its fatigues.

Somewhere in the State of Ohio, the waters were out. Rain had fallen for many days. From the edge of the high ground, we saw a valley, nearly two miles wide, covered with water. The river, about two hundred yards before and below us, was undistinguishable from the surrounding water, excepting by the guard or hand-rails of a bridge, and the planks on the top of the bridge, which were two or three feet above the water, but each sloping end of the bridge was under water. Sitting on our horses, and hesitating as to what to do, we saw, in the valley below, a man on horseback just entering the water.

We watched him wading about knee-deep, and saw him ascend the sloping end of the bridge. Suddenly his horse went down under water, and he, floundering off his back, reached the dry planks on the top of the bridge. The horse was carried down stream a long distance before getting out. Approaching the man within speaking distance, we learned that one of the broad planks from the sloping end of the bridge was gone, but the space being concealed by the water, the horse fell through. Had we not seen this accident, one or both of us might have gone through and been drowned. We soon ascertained that only one-half of the plank was gone, and that the other half might be rode over. In fear and trembling we rode over this half-plank, which was under water and out of sight, and safely reached the top of the bridge. The prospect was not inviting. The valley was two miles wide, and one mile and a-half of it was covered with water. Our way was along a corduroy-road, straight from the end of the bridge, across the valley. Over low, miry valleys, the roads were often made, by digging ditches on each side, thus raising the way a foot or two above the general level. Across this slightly-raised road-bed, logs, that is, trunks of trees, and some of them very large and ten feet long, were laid side by side. A little earth was sometimes thrown between them, but they were generally suffered to sink by their own weight, leaving a rough but hard surface, that nobody would either ride or drive over if there had been

any other way of passing the swampy vale. Whenever very high water came, as was the case now, the whole road would be covered, hiding the deep dykes on each side. The course of the road was only visible by the projecting end of a log here and there, or a few logs that had risen, and were unsteady, wabbling about on the surface of the water. But what made it most dangerous, were the holes in the road, concealed by the water. As the water would not assuage for two or three days, we did not like to lose that time, so we ventured in. A painfully perilous ride it was; at every step, expecting that both horse and rider would be down, floundering in the water; and we verified its dangers, luckily neither fatal nor very injurious. My horse had stepped over one of those unseen gaps under water, made by the loss of a log. Mrs. Flower's horse innocently stepped with his forefeet over also, but the hindfeet dropped in, bringing the water over the crupper and up to the seat of the saddle. For a few moments, the poor animal was standing half in and half out the water, at an angle almost as steep as the roof of a house. The presence of mind of the rider, who gave a loose rein and a tight cling to the pommel, showing no fear by voice or sudden motion, allowed the sagacious animal to extricate itself, at the unavoidable risk by its violent struggle, of throwing her over its head. A thorough wetting, and everything wet in the saddle-bags, excepting a slight strain to the horse, was the only real injury.

In a few days we had passed Pittsburgh, and were ascending the Alleghanies. The bracing atmosphere of the mountains, in the latter days of October, made great-coat and cloak acceptable. The contrast to the hot, damp, and sweltering atmosphere we had left, was great. It is astonishing how soon we are restored from fatigue, contracted by exercise, in the open air. Debility is of much longer duration, from labor in factories, stores, and in rooms warmed by stoves. Hail, snow, thunder-storms, and drenching rains are all restoratives to health and spirits. The mountains crossed, we halted at the town of Chambersburgh, at the foot of the east slope of the Alleghanies. In the comfortable and quiet tavern kept by Mrs. Hettick and her daughters, Mrs. Flower found convenient apart-

ments. I was on my way to Philadelphia in twenty-four hours. Here was another parting. Our original number were now being widely separated. Mr. Birkbeck's family hundreds of miles west on the frontier. My wife alone at the foot of the Alleghanies, and myself going to another quarter of the globe. How different now our situation to what it was four months before. Then united, conscious of strength from our union, and happy from our strength. Now divided by distance and by time, each fragment exposed to doubt and uncertainty, and worst of all, to falsehood and misrepresentation of any designing foe. Each unit felt all its responsibilities. After brief delay at Philadelphia, to put Mr. Birkbeck's manuscript in the hands of the publishers, I proceeded on my way. On arriving at New York, I heard of a ship on the very eve of departure for England. I straightway walked to the dock, with my saddle-bags on my arm, and stepped on the *Ann Maria*, Isaac Waite, captain, James Flack, owner.

In five minutes we were in motion, and in half-an-hour sailing on the ocean, with a fair wind and a calm sea. As the wind freshened the sea became rough and angry. The gale struck us aft with such fidelity that we neither veered nor tacked until we sighted the west coast of Ireland, which we did on the fourteenth day after leaving the harbor of New York. A hard blow as we entered the Channel drove us within fearful proximity of the Tuscar Lighthouse, whose lights glared ominously on our decks. The noble ship, under press of every sail, held hard to the wind, beam down and keel out, admirably answered to her helm. It was a fearful moment. We narrowly escaped wreck and a watery grave on that most dangerous coast. We were two days longer, buffeted by contrary winds in the Channel, before we entered the port of Liverpool, which we did on the seventeenth day from New York, then thought to be a very rapid passage. If there is no purgatory for man between the upper and lower regions of another world, there certainly is between the eastern shore of America and the western shore of Europe. I suffered much from sea-sickness during the rough and speedy voyage. If I chanced to take a slight meal during a temporary lull, I acted but as steward for the fish. The continued

suffering of the voyage, after the fatigue of so long and laborious a ride, reduced my strength much. During the winter, I was preparing and assisting others to prepare for a final emigration in the spring.

One copy of Birkbeck's notes* had been left for the Philadelphia press, another was being printed in England. The publication of these notes, and, afterward, a series of letters from the prairies, gave a wider range of information as to our proceedings and intentions. During the winter, I was constantly applied to in person and by letter for information and advice on the subject of emigration, by persons in every rank, but chiefly from those in moderate circumstances.

In describing western America, and the mode of living there, I found some difficulty in giving a truthful picture to the Englishman who had never been out of England. In speaking of a field, the only field he had ever seen was a plot of ground, from five to fifty acres in extent, surrounded by a ditch, a bank, and a live hawthorn fence; it has two or more well-made gates, that swing freely on their hinges, and clasp firmly when shut. The word field brings this picture to his eye. A zig-zag fence it is difficult for him to understand, but why gates should swing freely on their hinges in England and drag on the ground in America is incomprehensible.

You tell of a log-house. The only houses he has seen are buildings with plastered or papered walls, with ceilings and floors, with halls, passages, cellars, and attics, and each

* "Notes of a Journey in America from the Coast of Virginia to the Territory of Illinois, by Morris Birkbeck, author of 'Notes of a Tour in France,'" were published in Philadelphia in 1817, and in London in 1818. The book was very widely read in England and passed to a third edition. It did much to stimulate emigration to the English Colony in Edwards County. It was translated into French and published in Paris in 1819, under the title of "*Letres Sur les Nouveaux Etablissemens qui se forment dans les parties occidental des Etats-Unis Amérique.*" The French publisher of this volume has an interesting preface. He says that the work he offers to the public has been published in Philadelphia in 1818; that it is written without pretension, and has no claim to literary merit, but that there will be found in it piquant details upon the western part of the United States. Those far-off regions have only a scattered population, and have been but little known up to the present time, and that, without doubt, it will be interesting to read a collection of letters written from the Territory of Illinois by an actual inhabitant of that country.

room furnished with a good chimney and hearth. The simple log-house he can scarcely realize. But few can comprehend the difficulties arising from an absence of population. To try and carry them from the conveniences of civilized life, ever present to their minds, I have said: Suppose you and your family placed under a clump of oak trees, such as stand in an extensive and beautiful English park, with the sky above, the earth below, no fence, no house, and perhaps no person within twenty miles, and you may have some conception of your situation in a new and unpeopled country. The gloomily-disposed would shake their heads in despondency. The sanguine would make light of the difficulties, and be charmed with the picture. So people would reflect the color of their own minds upon the sketch you gave them.

The publication in England of our travels, my return, and personal communication with a host of individuals, had given a wide-spread knowledge of what we had done and what we intended to do. Our call had received a response from the farmers of England, the miners of Cornwall, the drovers of Wales, the mechanics of Scotland, the West-India planter, the inhabitants of the Channel Isles, and the "gentleman of no particular business" of the Emerald Isle. All were moving or preparing to move to join us in another hemisphere. The cockneys of London had decided on the reversal of their city habits, to breathe the fresh air of the prairies. Parties were moving, or preparing to move, in all directions. At one time, the movement appeared as if it would be national. Representatives from each locality, and descendants from every class that I have mentioned, are now living in the English Settlement of Edwards County, Illinois. The preparatory movements were completed. The first act of our drama here properly closes, and the history of the actual emigration, with the accidents and incidents of the journeyings by sea and land now begins.

CHAPTER V.

First Party of Emigrants Sail from Bristol, in March, 1818—Many of Mr. Birkbeck's Neighbors and Acquaintances among them—Letter of Richard Birkbeck—Farm Operatives in England—Persons composing the Party—Land in Philadelphia, in June, 1818—Reach Pittsburgh and descend the Ohio River to Shawneetown—Arrive at Mr. Birkbeck's Cabin on Boltenhouse Prairie—The Barracks—Sufferings and Discomforts of the Party—Wanborough laid off by Mr. Birkbeck—The next Ship-load of Emigrants sail in the following Month, April, 1818—Mr. Flower's Family with this Party—Other Persons composing it—Mr. Flower Journeys by Carriage from Philadelphia to Chambersburgh with his Family—The last Ship-load of Emigrants proceeding to their Destination—Want of Harmony—A Black Sheep in the Fold—Arrival at Pittsburgh—Preparations to Descend the Ohio River—The Perils of the Voyage—Stop at Shawneetown—The Appearance of that Village—Mr. Fordham comes from the Settlement to meet Mr. Flower and Party at Shawneetown—His Account of Mr. Birkbeck and condition of Things at the Settlement—Preparations to receive the Emigrants—Log-Cabins and Hard Food—The first Meal on their Arrival—The blessing of an Iron Teakettle—No Greetings from the Settlement—Mr. Birkbeck and Mr. Flower at Variance—A short Dialogue between them, and they never Speak to each other afterward—The Cause of the Estrangement—First Experiences—A Sickly Season—A Time of Trial—Labor and Self-Sacrifices of Mrs. Flower—A Noble and True Woman—The first building of Cabins—Close run for Provisions—Settlement in Village Prairie—Emigrants coming in—Determined to lay out a Town—The spot Selected—The Name Agreed upon.

EARLY in March, 1818, the ship *Achilles*, sailed from Bristol, with the first party of emigrants destined for our Settlement in Illinois.

Mr. Charles Trimmer of Yeatley, Surrey, a young farmer, and a neighbor and acquaintance of Mr. Birkbeck's, with forty-four men and one married woman, sailed in this ship.

The men were chiefly farm-laborers and mechanics from Surrey. Many of them had for years worked for Mr. Birkbeck, others were from his neighborhood, and were either personally acquainted or knew him by reputation. This party was under the especial care and leadership of Mr. Trimmer. Another party, of about equal number, composed of London mechanics, and tradesmen from various parts of England, formed another party that sailed in the same ship. These were under the guidance and direction of Mr. James Lawrence, merchant tailor, of Hatton Garden, London. Neither Mr. Lawrence nor any one of this party had any personal acquaintance with either Mr. Birkbeck or myself, but received their impulse from our published expositions. Mr. Lawrence being a man of property, a resident of the city, and well acquainted with the usages at the docks, custom-house, shipping, etc., became actually the head of the whole party. To him were addressed the various packages belonging to the emigrants, which he saw safely through the custom-house, and placed securely on board ship. His house became the resort of inquirers, in quest of information. His counting-house became a sort of office for emigration, where I met people of all classes, to be catechised and pumped of all I knew, and everything they thought I ought to know. To such a pitch had this grown, Mr. Lawrence must, I am sure, have felt a real relief to be on board ship and far away. He now began to have a taste of what it was to become a leader of a people, although in a fractional way, and on a small scale.

I had previously dispatched to Mr. Birkbeck a special messenger. A young man from London, who wished to try his luck in the new world, was glad of the opportunity of having his expenses paid to a point so far in the interior of America, and then take what might turn up in the lottery of life. By Mr. Robert Walford, I sent Mr. Birkbeck funds, of which I knew he stood in need. Mr. Walford, after staying for some time in the Settlement, finding no suitable occupation, went to Louisville, and opened business as an accountant, in which he succeeded, married, raised a family, and is, I believe, now living.

I here insert a part of a letter from Richard Birkbeck

(Mr. Birkbeck's eldest son), who was left in England to wind up his father's affairs at Wanborough. This letter is chiefly interesting to the American reader, as showing the scale on which some English tenants carry on their farms:

"WANBOROUGH, *January 18, 1818.*

"*My dear Father:*—George Flower is now here, and has been here for nearly a week. With this you will have a letter of credit to the amount of £3000, that is $15,000, and hope, according to the following statement, to send out another sum of nearly the same amount, by George Flower, in April. You will know that I have, by this time, given up possession of Wanborough on the first instant, excepting the barn-yard, and from that I shall clear everything off by the first of April. I have received the amounts:

Of the valuation of plowing, -	£1473
Of the underwoods, - -	1001 7s. 6d.
	£2474 7s. 6d.

"The above sum is the foundation of the letter of credit you now receive. The money previously received is in two sums, one of a £1000, the other of £700. By the following account, you may judge in some measure of the probable value of your property:

Sheep, - - - - - - - -	£1200
Horses, - - - - - - -	400
Wheat, - - - - - - - -	400
Wool, - - - - - - -	700
Barley, Oats, Peas, and Beans, - -	1000
Good-will for my quitting the farm, -	2000
Dung to be paid for by James Onslow, -	1000
	£8700

"This is the rough estimate; you may consider it nearly what the sum will be. I hope the sum does not fall short of your expectations. I think it exceeds our estimate."

From this we may form some idea of the manner in which an English farm is conducted. Although Mr. Birkbeck left the farm legally on the first of January, the occupation and tillage was carried on up to the very day the

incoming tenant took possession. The item £1473, or $7000, is for plowing and tilling, in preparation for the next crop. £5000 more, the value of the underbrush of the wood, just ready to be cut and made into faggots and hoop-poles. All the operations of the farm went on from hand to hand, uninterrupted by any change. The landlord paid $5000 for dung left in the farm-yard, being so much more than the tenant received when he took possession of the farm, some fifteen years before. The farm may change hands, but the farmer never dies. The system of cultivation is not disturbed by the removal or death of either landlord or tenant. The £11,174 7s. 6d., or, in round numbers, $55,000, may be considered as his subscription toward laying the foundation of the English Settlement.

In the Bristol ship, besides Messrs. Lawrence and Trimmer, was Mr. Hugh Ronalds, gentleman from Hammersmith, near London. Mr. Hugh Ronalds became my brother-in-law, by marrying my second sister, Miss Mary Catherine Flower, and was for many years my near neighbor in Illinois, at his pleasant residence of Hazle Hill, about half-a-mile from Park House, and one mile from Albion. Mr. Ronalds, for many years, carried on a tannery near Albion. Several years a widower, his family grown and settled, he now resides comfortably on his income at Grayville, ten miles from his former residence near Albion, enjoying his two favorite pursuits, horticulture and literature.

The Lawrence-and-Trimmer party landed safely at Philadelphia early in June. They made their way, some in wagons, some on horseback, over the mountains to Pittsburgh, then descending the Ohio in flat-boats to Shawneetown, in August, proceeded without delay on foot, in wagons and on horseback, to Mr. Birkbeck's cabin on the Boltenhouse Prairie. Of this first party Mr. Birkbeck had long notice, and he had made for them the best preparation he could. He had erected a square of rough log-cabins, with two doors in each, and a small sash-window in every door. This rendezvous, afterward called the barracks, was for all comers. Into this the first ship's company—eighty-eight in number—went, all men, excepting

three women. I must leave to imagination the various feelings of its motley inmates, some used to the refinements of civilized life; all to the comfort of a home, however humble; some without money; all for a time without occupation; without vegetables; corn-bread and salt pork their only diet; whisky their sole luxury and consolation, and some not able to get that. It was for a time a fermenting mass. Strange and conflicting emotions exhibited themselves in ludicrous succession. Some laughed and joked; some moped and sulked; some cursed and swore. Things worked right in time. The activity and energy of the national character were soon displayed.

The village of Wanborough was laid off by Mr. Birkbeck in five-acre lots. On these were built cabins, rented by some, bought by others. A good ox-mill and blacksmith-shop were soon after added to the village. At this time, almost all the five-acre lots are purchased and thrown together, or are attached to adjacent farms.

The next ship with emigrants for the prairies, which sailed from Liverpool in the following month of April, was chartered by myself for the party that came with me. My own immediate family and friends occupied the cabin; my domestic servants, and other emigrants going out to join us, filled the steerage; and my live-stock of cows, hogs, and sheep, of the choicest breeds of England, took up all the spare room on deck. My father and mother, in easy circumstances, and aged sixty-three, accompanied me; with my two sisters, young women, grown; one brother, William, a young man; the other, Edward, a lad; Miss Fordham, my cousin, going to join her brother in Illinois; three attached female and one man-servant—the family of these most respectable people had lived with our family for three generations, and a distant removal could not now separate us—these, with myself and my two sons, young boys, were my immediate family-party. But, going to our settlement in this ship, were also Mr. Francis Rotch and brother, friends of Mr. Birkbeck; and Mr. Filder, a gentleman rather advanced in years, a man of considerable property; Dr. C. Pugsley and wife and small family, from London; and Mr. Adam Corrie, I think, from the county of Nottingham. Besides these there was Mr. John Wood,

then a young man, now with gray locks, the father of a large family, a respectable and prosperous farmer, near Albion, living in a good brick-house, on a fine farm, and surrounded by all the rural comfort that a man need desire; also, Mr. John Ingle and his family, from Cambridgeshire, who is now living near Evansville, and his son, John Ingle, junior, is a prominent professional man, engaged in the public business of that city. Mr. David Bennett and family, Mr. White and family, carpenter and builder, from London, Captain (baptismal name) Stone, wife, and family, were also of the company. Mr. Stone was steward on my farm in England. He now had the care of my cattle, sheep, and swine. These, and some other names not recollected, made a party of three score and more, bound to our Settlement. It was the same ship, the *Ann Maria*, and the same captain, that brought me over so safely and rapidly in the previous fall. We arrived without accident at New York, after a passage of fifty days, and but one week after the Bristol ship, that sailed a month before us. To remove all these people and their luggage, and the animals that I had brought, to our Settlement, nearly a thousand miles inland, was no small undertaking, at a time when there was neither turnpike nor railroad, and few steamboats, and in the infancy of their management. Patience, toil, time, and money were all required and all were freely bestowed.

On reaching land, the ship's party was broken up, and smaller parties were formed of people of similar habits and tastes, clubbing together for mutual assistance on the way. Those of small means, proceeded on without loss of time. Those of more means, lingered a little in the cities and with their new friends, before taking their departure for what was then the Far-West.

Mr. John Wood, Mr. Ingle, Mr. White, and Mr. Bennett formed a party for travel, and on their arrival at Pittsburgh, purchased a covered flat-boat, and descended the Ohio River together. Mr. Filder, I think, bought a horse, and rode the whole distance to Vincennes, on the Wabash. The Rotch brothers, came, I think, with my father's party as far as Cincinnati, from thence on horseback. My father's family spent the first winter in Lexington, Ky.,

while I was preparing their residence in Illinois. In this manner, the various individuals and parties made the best way they could. Some of them were joined by individuals and families of English that were lingering on the sea-board, without any specific reference to our Settlement; but seeing the emigration, and having read the publications, joined and went on. I think every accession from the East was English. Not an American joined us, excepting one, a Captain Kenyon, of a merchant-vessel formerly trading to India. He came in my boat down the Ohio. He was not a man suited to the Settlement by previous habits. An unavailable member, he did not stay long in the Settlement. I had traveled much before this trip. First, my journey alone, two thousand miles; then with Mr. Birkbeck's party westward; and the return with my wife, another one thousand miles; but always on horseback. Now I was to enter on a new experience of travel. With a covered traveling-carriage, strongly built but light, and a capital pair of horses, I drove from Philadelphia to Chambersburgh. I had often driven on English roads, but never before on American. The roads were then for the most part in their natural state, pretty good when dry, almost impassable for mud if the weather was wet, and, in both cases, plentifully set with stumps. In many parts of the Alleghany mountains, the road was merely a track made by the wagons from Philadelphia, going up the easiest watercourse on the mountain side, with all the large boulders unbroken, giving us severe bumps, and sudden and dangerous descents. The charge for carriage from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh was *reduced* then to $7 per hundred pounds. With me, in my carriage, I took my two sons and Miss Maria Fordham. My father and mother and sisters, resting longer at Philadelphia, traveling more deliberately, and proposing to pass the winter at Lexington, Kentucky, Miss Fordham took a seat in my carriage, to accompany my wife and I to Illinois. The roads were good to Chambersburgh, and we rapidly rode along.

My wife and I were once more together, and with us a little daughter, but a few weeks old. We staid awhile at Chambersburgh, to make acknowledgment to our newly-

found friends there who had been so kind to Mrs. Flower during her long and anxious solitude. Conspicuous among these were Mr. and Mrs. Calhoon. Mr. Calhoon was cashier of the bank, and all our little money matters passed through his hands. To others, unnecessary to name, equally solicitous and watchful in taking every opportunity of doing a kindness, we shall ever bear gratitude in our hearts.

My carriage was soon filled, my horses were strong, and we were proceeding onward to a given point, in the pleasing hope of meeting again, in the prairies, the friends we had left at Princeton, and of carrying out together the scheme of emigration and settlement that we had begun and thus far carried on to a successful point. The various objects we had in view, for which I was sent to England, were all accomplished with singular success. My voyage across the Atlantic was of unusual speed. The funds for Mr. Birkbeck were safely sent, exceeding somewhat in amount his own expectations. The publications made by book, pamphlet, and newspaper had excited general attention. By a singular coincidence, my father had sold, a few days before my arrival in England, his dwelling and lands in Marden for £23,000, thus giving to himself, my mother, brothers, and sisters, an opportunity of returning with me in the spring, which they willingly embraced, to take up their abode in the prairies.

Both ships arrived in America without accident, most of the people had crossed the mountains in health, and many of these, by the time I got to Pittsburgh, were proceeding down the Ohio River to their ultimate destination. Everything worked smoothly; success was attained; but harmony there was not.

Who can calculate the extent of mischief spread by an envious temper, a false heart, and a loose tongue. There came over in my ship, as I have before stated, a doctor from London, a man of some skill in his profession, with a pretty wife. They assumed to be fashionable people, and were so, but of that part of fashion which assumes something of its external appearance, without possessing any of its sterling qualities. I had no particular knowledge of him, but wishing to come to our Settlement, and reputed

of some skill, I gave him every information and all facilities. Having made his neighborhood in England too hot to hold him, he for some time disturbed our Settlement, until he went elsewhere to follow his unhappy instincts. He made a point of coming out in my ship, and, unfortunately for the peace of our neighborhood, bought a town-share, and so became a town-proprietor. I note the unhappy propensities of this man as a prominent cause of the troubles which for a time disturbed our Settlement.

Many of us bound for Illinois met at Pittsburgh. Some were ruffled in temper. All seemed to be more or less disturbed by the roughness of the journey passed, and in anticipation of the new experiences on the river to come. A week was often lost at Pittsburgh in fitting up boats or chaffering for horses. Some were buying flat-boats, some purchased skiffs, fitted with an awning, for one or two persons; some determined to take it on horseback; but most of them went down the river. Here my brother William joined me, and gave me great assistance on the voyage and the first two months in Illinois. I purchased a keel-boat and a flat-boat, and lashed them together, the former for my family, the latter for my horses; carriage fastened on the top of the flat; four English farm-laborers for oarsmen. With difficulty I procured a pilot, who engaged to go a hundred and fifty miles with me down the river. But he left me just before coming to a difficult part of the river, called Dead Man's Shoal. There was no other resource, I had to take the steering-oar, and was soon aground. With much labor and difficulty we got off, poling and shoving up to our knees in the river, trying to get the boat off. With a "Pittsburgh Navigator" (a book with a map of the river, in which all the islands, shoals, and dangerous places are laid down,) in one hand, and the steering-oar in the other, I took my station at the helm. With my total inexperience, I found my new position both anxious and laborious. The labor and exposure I did not mind, but the constant watching and state of doubt were trying. I got on pretty well, going along by day and tying up at night. But it was not all smooth sailing. I got into one dangerous scrape, and out of it, too, as luck would have it. It was this: The "Navigator" had

described a certain island of great length close to the north shore with a narrow and dangerous channel of rapid water, as especially dangerous and to be avoided by every craft descending the river. I had been looking for this island, and presently it came in sight. I was approaching it in the middle of the river, a very considerable distance off. I was not sufficiently aware of the distance a sand-bar extended from a point of an island. When about to steer for the Kentucky shore, my boats grounded. In pushing off, we were swung round into the current leading into the very channel we were warned to avoid. I felt, as we approached the danger, as a man may be supposed to feel when he finds himself and craft drawing into the waters of Niagara. I was, for a short time, uncertain, weak, and helpless, through sheer fright. Our two boats, lashed together, entered the dark channel, overhung by trees. The water was running at a rapid rate, and the channel was full of black and dangerous snags. I called to the oarsmen to give way with all their might. Seizing the steering-oar myself, which felt in my hands as light as a feather, giving it sudden twists and turns to port and lee, going through the crooked channel with scarce room to pass between the snags, we eventually came out safe. Passing a flat-boat tied up in the stream beyond, I was accosted by the old man, as he sat smoking his pipe on the roof of his boat, "I say, stranger, you must be a mighty favorite *summers* to get through with your two boats from that devil's race-course!"

I have found at other times, as then, if surprised by sudden danger alone, after the first moments of appalling fear, strength as suddenly comes, and you overcome. I suppose the god that lies dormant in every human breast suddenly awakes and carries him through. At Cincinnati, my crew deserted me, and it was some days before I could muster another. As we were floating along, one warm summer day, my eldest son, Richard, walking on a narrow pathway between the body of the boat and the edge, missed his foothold, and fell into the river. Mr. Hayward, a young gentleman from Oxfordshire, whom we had taken into our boat, heard the splash, and plunged in; both child and man disappeared. They came to the sur-

face, Haywood holding the child by the coat-collar. They were on the lower side of the boat. Haywood, who was a good swimmer, finding the boat press against them, with great presence of mind, dived, with the child in his arms, under the boat, and came up on the other side, where I first lifted my son from the water, and then assisted Hayward on board. Very fortunately, no other injuries were experienced than a fright and a drenching. They were soon made comfortable by a change of clothing.

A few little incidents and we arrived at Shawneetown, a fortnight after Trimmer and Lawrence's party arrived at the same place; and a poor little village it was, of log-cabins and a few light frame-houses. It was occasionally subject to deep inundations from the floods of the Ohio River. The situation of Shawneetown is handsome, commanding long reaches of the Ohio River, up and down stream. At that time, it was the only town in Southern Illinois, if we except Carmi, thirty miles north, on the Wabash, the county-seat of White County, then a very small place.

Leaving my boats, I again proceeded by land in my Philadelphia vehicle, with two famous grays. Myself, my wife, my two sons, and Miss Fordham rode in the carriage, which was filled with articles of the first necessity. My brother William rode on horseback. Mr. Fordham, who had come to meet me, was also on horseback. He had remained with Mr. Birkbeck's family during the winter; making frequent excursions into the prairies, to assist in the preparatory arrangements, as well as more distant journeys to Cincinnati and Louisville, for a variety of articles, with which he loaded a flat-boat and descended the Ohio. From him we learned all the news of the Settlement; The arrival of Lawrence and Trimmer's party, and various horsemen who had come overland from Cincinnati. All these were for the time occupants of the hollow-square of log-cabins, afterward facetiously called the barracks from its limited space, offering unavoidably but limited accommodations to any, and this was becoming more and more crowded every day. Mr. Birkbeck's family occupied two cabins at some little distance from the general rendezvous.

Enquiring of the health and condition of everybody, he said they were generally well, but Mr. Birkbeck he thought had somewhat changed. He looked older, was rather testy, and occasionally gave short answers, and said some other things that rather surprised me. Mr. Fordham also told me that he had built two cabins on my land. Near to one he had dug a well. In this cabin he had placed a French-Canadian family, from Cattinet, that there might be some human beings on the place. The other he had built a quarter of a mile off on a more beautiful site, a situation which he thought I should like as my permanent residence. After hearing all this, I decided to drive to the last-described cabin. After a drive of sixty miles in two days, we were at the prairies. I entered the prairie at the same spot from which we had first seen it; now with quite different feelings and other cares. On entering the prairie, my large horses were covered with the tall prairie-grass, and laboriously dragged the heavy-laden vehicle. The cabin built for me was well sheltered by wood from the north and east, with an arm of the prairie lying south in a gently-descending slope for a-quarter of a mile, it was as pretty a situation as could be desired. The cabin could not boast of many comforts. With a clap-board roof, held on by weight-poles, and a rough puncheon floor, it had neither door nor window. Two doorways were cut out, and the rough logs were scutched down inside. All the chips and ends of logs left by the back-woods-builders lay strewed upon the floor. We were now face-to-face with the privations and difficulties of a first-settlement in the wilderness. But greater than all other inconveniences was the want of water. There was no water nearer than the cabin in which the French family lived, a-quarter of a mile off.

It is impossible for any one living in old countries, where the common conveniences of life have been accumulating for centuries and ages, to understand the situation of an individual or small family when first alighting in the prairies, without even that indirect aid from art and cultivation common to all in a civilized community.

The poorest man in an old country thinks nothing of a road or a path, or a drink of water from a well. He is the

owner or occupier of some sort of a house, may be a small cottage, but even he can shut his door against a storm, and crouch in safety before a small fire, made in a *fire-place*, perhaps enjoying the luxuries of a three-legged stool and a small deal-table, some shed outside to tie up a horse or cow. Not so here. A rough roof and a rough floor we had, and that was all. In three days the Frenchman, Jean Mummonie, brought us a turkey, for which we paid him a quarter-dollar, but there were two days to live before the turkey came. The floor was cleared, and a fire kindled in a hole where a hearth was to be. One of us had a half-mile trip for the water. Then for the first time we knew the blessing of an iron teakettle. Our first meal on the floor from such provisions as the carriage afforded, crackers, cheese, and tea without milk, drank alternately from one or two tin cups. Some sitting, some kneeling, some stretched at length, resting on an elbow, ancient fashion. This may be called beginning at the beginning. Romantic certainly. Picturesque to be sure. The gypsies in England, in their snug tents, sheltered by pleasant hawthorn hedges, camp-kettles teeming with savory hare, partridge, and trout, raised at other folks' expense; we were far before or behind them, as the case may be viewed. But then I was in my own house, on my own land, in a free and independent Republic, might cast my vote into any hollow tree for coon or 'possum to be president of the United States. All this is very sustaining to a patriotic heart just from Europe, from the terribly-oppressive kings, dukes, priests that we hear so much about. But for this, how could we have stood it? The second day was only a little more embarrassing than the first. Our horses, untied from the carriage-wheels, had to be led to grass, or grass cut for them by our pocket-knives. The second night came; what, nobody from the Settlement, only two miles off; what did this mean?

On the third day after my arrival, I took my horse and rode over to Mr. Birkbeck's cabin. When almost in the act of dismounting, I saw him rise from his seat, from under the shade of an oak that stood opposite to his cabin door. He passed before my horse's head into the cabin, pale, haggard, and agitated. With eyes cast down, and

shaking his head, he said: "No, we can not meet, I can not see you." Sitting on my horse, and looking at him in wonder, I said: "We must meet, our property is undivided, business is urgent, heavy payments are to be provided for freight and charges." But what! "Stop, stop," said he, "let a third person arrange all." "So be it," said I, and rode on. These were the last words that ever passed between us. When we take a cold we are troubled to know how it happened, and think if we had taken an umbrella, or put on a great-coat, or changed our shoes, or done something we had not done, we should not have got it. So it is in our moral diseases. We can not help looking back to see how they came. Was it both of us leaving him at Princeton alone with his family on the frontier? We did not consider, perhaps, sufficiently at the time that the absence of both myself and wife would leave a dreary, void, and lonely winter for our aged friend. We, in the vigor of our years and affection for each other, perhaps, overlooked this, and, possibly, he might feel somewhat aggrieved on that account in the solitary winter he had to pass, for a father with his children only is in some sort a solitary being. He might feel that he was deserted, and a thought may have crossed his mind that we might never return. I think he felt something of this sort from an expression in a letter to an intimate friend in England, where he said: "You will see Mr. George Flower, who intends to return in the spring, but we all know when time and distance intervene, they are great barriers to the execution of our intentions." I was struck with the sentence when I saw it, but the friend had no such doubt, for he put into my hands a considerable sum of money, to be especially invested. Then again, instead of riding on with some feeling of injury at my reception, had I dismounted and insisted on an explanation, things might have been different. But all this is only saying if things were different from what they are, they would not be as they are. From that eternal chain ever lengthening, but never ending, the effect of today, the cause of tomorrow, what mortal power can change the smallest link? This is no place for metaphysical disquisitions, but a relation of events as they occurred.

Here let me pause in the narrative, to do justice to ourselves in our after unfortunate and unpleasant situation. We never quarrelled or descended to altercation, never spoke ill of each other, and never, as I believe, attempted to do each other any injury. We were silent ever after, as if we ignored each other's existence. The line of demarcation between our lands was about three miles long. Ever after, I worked on one side, he on the other. When strangers visited the Settlement, they called on each of us. I say this in contradiction to the extraordinary falsehoods promulgated at the time. Regret and sorrow were, no doubt, the prevailing feelings in each breast.*

But we were now parted forever, and in that situation were, with all our caution, very much at the mercy of go-betweens and tale-bearers, ever to be found on an errand of mischief. There had arrived before me in Wanborough, a man of parts and education. He had made calculations, before leaving the old country, to settle at the prairies, and there form his domestic relations. In this he was disappointed, and in consequence bore no friendly feeling toward me.

The void which our silence left was more than filled up by our intermeddling neighbors, and Mr. Birkbeck's annoyance, from indiscreet partizanship, was much greater than mine. The wildest reports, mostly ridiculous and some scandalous, were carried from one to the other, and were so often repeated, as to obtain some credence with those that invented and circulated them; and some individuals were so indiscreet as to write to their distant friends these fabulous accounts. This brought to Mr. Birkbeck letters,

* It would be useless at this remote period to inquire into the causes that led to the severance of the friendly relations between these founders of the English Settlement in Edwards County. It was undoubtedly a great misfortune to the Colony at that time, because both of the men had strong friends, who formed themselves into Birkbeck and Flower parties, and which, no doubt, impeded the growth and prosperity of the Colony. While the friends of both of these men were much excited, and although they were estranged from each other, they never entered into any unseemly personal wrangle, and each pursued the even tenor of his way. Had it not been for the sad accident by which Mr. Birkbeck lost his life, there would probably have been a reconciliation between them. It was understood that Mr. Birkbeck's visit to New Harmony, at that time, was for the purpose of seeking the intervention of his friend, Robert Owen, to bring about a renewal of their friendly intercourse.

asking explanations of the strange things they had heard. From this annoyance he could scarcely free himself, by silence or reply. It has been said that none but fools intermeddle with other people's dissentions. If judged by that rule, we had many *non compos* in our Settlement at that time.

There was that sense of justice in Mr. Birkbeck that prompted him to repair an injury inflicted from erroneous impressions or heat of temper. Seven years after our short meeting or parting, Mr. Birkbeck went to Harmony, and solicited Mr. Robert Owen to use his influence for a reconciliation between us; but from that journey he never returned.*

I must anticipate a period of eight years to close the history of Mr. Birkbeck's family with myself and with the Settlement. Some time after the death of Mr. Birkbeck, a circumstance occurred which brought me once more into personal intercourse with the members of his family, then living in Wanborough,† his two daughters, Mrs. Pell and Mrs. Hanks, neither of whom I had seen since our parting at Princeton, eight years before. Mr. Francis Hanks, eldest son of an Irish gentleman, and the only member of that family now remaining in Wanborough, married Miss Prudence, the second daughter of Mr. Birkbeck, by whom he had three daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Hanks had for some time lived apart. Mrs. Hanks and her children lived with her sister, Mrs. Pell, to whom she was ardently attached, and by whom she was much beloved. Mr. Hanks and myself had always been on friendly terms. From the peculiar position of my own and his father-in-law's family, we had never conversed on his family affairs.

* On his return to Wanborough from New Harmony, Ind., June 4, 1825, Morris Birkbeck was drowned while crossing Fox River. His body, taken two days afterward to New Harmony, was buried with every mark of respect and affection. Thus perished Morris Birkbeck, one of the ablest and most cultivated men of his time in Illinois, whose influence, wielded in the cause of freedom and humanity, should always be gratefully remembered.

† Wanborough was laid out as a town by Mr. Birkbeck in five-acre lots, a mile or two west of where Albion is located, and there he had his own residence. A few other families settled there, but the town had no future. Everything went to Albion, and, at the present day, Wanborough has no existence, even in name.

Mr. Hanks now thought it his duty to take his children under his own care. He called on me to ask the loan of my carriage to bring his children and their little effects from Mr. Pell's to his own house. This led to further conversation then, and to more the next day. I questioned the wisdom of his intention in taking his daughters from the custody of their mother, and bringing them to a house without a housekeeper or female domestic, and in a country where a governess was scarcely to be procured.

He listened to my suggestions, and, at his request, I went to see Mrs. Hanks on the subject. Mr. Pell met me at the hall-door with some surprise, for I had never been there before. I briefly explained the object of my visit. He invited me in, and opened the door of the parlor, which I entered. There stood my two former friends, Eliza and Prudence, pale and motionless. Prudence soon became tremulous, her nervous temperament scarcely allowed her to stand, but she could not move. Her sister, with slight motion, invited me to a seat, which I for a few moments could not take. All the past was passing through our minds, we were scarcely conscious of existence. I asked Mrs. Hanks if she would like to retain her children, and received her almost inaudible assent and thanks. Mr. Pell came in, to our relief; we all made an effort, and spoke aloud, as if to dissipate the impression of some unhappy dream that had long oppressed us.

Mr. Pell sat down at the table and drew up an agreement, all of us sitting, participating in what was being written. I soon returned with Mr. Hanks' signature. Dinner was now ready. I was pressed to stay. I sat at the right-hand of Mrs. Pell, Mrs. Hanks opposite, Mr. Pell at the bottom, and three or four children near him. Mrs. Hanks never completely recovered her self-possession. Mrs. Pell, calm, conversable, and cheerful. The conversation became general. Yet it was evident that there were different parties at the table, feeling a different existence, and living in different worlds. Three of us saw all the happy days of the past, and the darker hours of separation and regret to which the husband could get but faint glimpses. The children knew no other world than they were enjoying, and the play to which they soon

returned. At leaving, Mr. Pell requested a moment's stay at the hall-door: "Mr. Flower, there has been an estrangement between our families, may we hope that it is now at an end, and that all may be forgoten." As in the evening of a dark and dreary day, the clouds lighted up with a bright streak of sunlight in the western horizon, showing that the storms are past, giving promise of a fair and tranquil morrow. So one gleam of sincere, but melancholy, friendship closed our dark day, but for us there was no morrow. Mrs. Hanks soon after went to Mexico, with her daughters, to join her brothers, who had gone to that country after their father's death. Not long after her arrival in Mexico, on an evening promenade, she was attacked with the cholera and died. Her children, adopted by her brother, Bradford, have been kindly cared for. A little later, I met Mrs. Pell, for the last time, at a friend's house in Albion. She was going, the next day, to New York with her children. At parting, she came forward, extending her hand with frankness, and with her own sweet smile, gave me a cordial farewell. This estimable lady was, I believe, the sole instructor, as well as caretaker, of her children, and this she was from the circumstances of her situation. Mr. Pell was a public man, twice in the legislature, and was often for long periods abroad.* A wife of ability and industry, everywhere valuable, is in western America a treasure of priceless worth. In the performance of her maternal duties, and in every sacrifice for the welfare of her children, Mrs. Pell found refreshment and strength. She now took them the journey to New York and the voyage to England. For their sake, she went to the antipodes of the globe, encountering the world of water that lies between England and Australia, where she now is watching the peaceful progress of her children to wealth and station, as rewards for the virtues impressed upon them by her care and love.

I should willingly have avoided these personal incidents,

* Gilbert T. Pell, who married the daughter of Mr. Birkbeck, was a member of the "Convention Legislature," as it was called, from Edwards County, in 1822–4. He was a strong anti-slavery man, and voted against the resolution to call a convention to change the Constitution of the State so as to tolerate slavery. He was also a member from the same county for 1828–30.

but our histories are so interwoven with the history of the Settlement that I could not entirely omit them.

On my return from the short interview with Mr. Birkbeck, I saw that I could receive no benefit or aid from any previous preparation, and had only myself to rely upon. No water near, a well was of the first necessity. Two laborerers, one English and one American, were set at work, and struck a solid sandstone rock three feet from the surface. The nearest forge was where the town of Carmi now stands, thirty miles distant. About every other day, I sent to Carmi to have tools sharpened. Two sawyers set to work with a pit-saw, broke the iron handle of the saw. I sent a man on horseback to Harmony, twenty-five miles, to get it mended. He left the saw, then rode off with horse, saddle, and bridle, and I never saw him more.

My old friend Birk gave me a call to say "*how d'ye*," bringing a haunch of venison, for which I paid him thirty-seven and a-half cents, about eighteen pence sterling. Think of that, ye aldermen of London! Our money was not decimally divided then. It was the Spanish coin: dollar, half, quarter, twelve-and-a-half and six-and-a-fourth cents, all in separate silver coins, no copper passing.

"Birk, I want a smoke-house, well roofed, skutched inside, and well chinked. How much?" "Ten dollars," said he. "Find yourself (that is, feed yourself), haul your own logs. When?" "Tomorrow." The house was built; money paid; whisky given; man rode home; drunk and happy; all in a quiet friendly way. So the Settlement was planted in two parts, side by side, about two miles distant from each other.

For a moment let us glance at the situation of these settlers, a thousand miles inland, at the heels of the retreating Indians. A forest from the Atlantic shore behind them, but thinly settled with small villages, far apart from each other. To the west, one vast uninhabited wilderness of prairie, interspersed with timber, extending two thousand miles to the Pacific Ocean. Excepting St. Louis, on the Mississippi, then a small place, and Kaskaskia; yet smaller, there were no inhabitants west of us. About the same time, one or two small American settle-

ments were forming a few miles east of the Mississippi, as we were planting ourselves a few miles west of the Wabash. The first member of Congress had to ride an intervening space of a hundred and fifty miles of wilderness between the little settlements of his constituents, lying in the west and east of the State. There were no roads on land, no steam-boats on the waters. The road, so-called, leading to Vandalia (then composed of about a dozen log-houses), was made by one man on horse-back following in the track of another, every rider making the way a little easier to find, until you came to some slush, or swampy place, where all trace was lost, and you got through as others had done, by guessing at the direction, often riding at hazard for miles until you stumbled on the track again. And of these blind traces there were but three of four in the southern half of the State. No roads were worked, no watercourses bridged. Before getting to Vandalia, there was a low piece of timbered bottom-land, wet and swampy, and often covered with water, through which every traveler had to make his way as he best could, often at the risk of his life. Such was the state of the country. No man could feel sure that he was within the limits of the State, but from knowing that he was west of the Wabash and east of the Mississippi. We had some difficulties, peculiar to ourselves, as a foreign people. The Americans, by pushing onward and onward for almost two generations, had a training in handling the ax and opening farms, and, from experience, bestowing their labor in the most appropriate manner, which we, from our inexperience, often did not. Fresh from an old country, teeming with the conveniences of civilized life, at once in a wilderness with all our inexperience, our losses were large from misplaced labor. Many were discouraged, and some returned, but the mass of the settlers stayed, and, by gradual experience, corrected their first errors, thus overcoming difficulties which had wellnigh overcome them. The future success of the Settlement was obtained by individual toil and industry. Of the first inconveniences and sufferings, my family had its full share.

The summer had been very hot and latterly wet. Thunder showers of daily occurrence sent mosquitoes in swarms.

My cabin, recently built, of course, of green logs, unfurnished, with rank vegetation growing all around it and up to its very sides, was in its situation and in itself a sufficient cause of disease. My shepherd and his family came, bringing a few choice sheep and an English high-bred cow. His whole family, in a few days, all fell sick, lying in a small cabin, just built, about a hundred yards from my own. Mr. White, carpenter, from London, wife, and two children, occupied a two-horse wagon and a soldier's tent. There was no house for them; they all fell sick. My two sons were speedily taken with fever and ague, to us then a new disease. Miss Fordham, who shared our cabin, was attacked with the same disease. My constitution, strong and good, yielding from exposure to heat and rain, took another form of disease. Boils and irritable sores broke out on both my legs, from knee to ankle, incapacitating me, for a time, from walking. Thus we were situated for two or three weeks, without the slightest assistance from any source, or supplies other than from my own wagons, as they slowly arrived from Shawneetown, giving us sufficient bedding with flour and bacon. All the other merchandise and furniture did but add to our present embarrassment, in attempts to protect them from the weather, and in endeavoring to dry what was wet.

We were carried through this period of trial by the unremitting labor and self-sacrifice of my wife.* She alone prepared all our food and bedding, and attended to the wants of the sick and the suffering by night and day.

* Mrs. Flower was a woman of rare intelligence and excellent education, to which she united an energetic character and a courageous spirit. An affectionate wife, a devoted mother, a kind friend, and a good neighbor, she proved herself in all the relations of life a true and noble woman. When misfortune and poverty came to her family in the later years, she met the changed circumstances with a cheerful spirit and unsubdued courage. She was of the best type of an English countrywoman, and preserved, to the end of her days, the characteristics of her nationality. The sad day arriving when, in pursuit of occupation to support his family, Mr. Flower was obliged to leave the Colony he had helped to found, and with which he had been so conspicuously identified for so many years, he removed to Mt. Vernon, Ind., on the Ohio River, to take charge of an hotel. Advanced years and impaired health made it impossible for Mr. Flower to give much attention to the business, and the brunt fell upon his wife. With her high shell-comb and her tasteful turban, no weary guest will ever forget her cheery welcome, or the satisfactory and kindly manner in which he was entertained.

To all this was added a fatigue that a strong man might have shrunk from, in bringing water from that distant well. Sustained in her unremitting labors by unbounded devotion to her family, and a high sense of duty to all within her reach, her spirit and her power seemed to rise above the manifold trials by which she was surrounded. And thus we were saved from probable death or certain dispersion. The incessant labor of the mother told on the infant at the breast; it sickened and died. With returning health we worked our way unaided through our difficulties. To our former friends and those that sustained them in withholding the slightest assistance in our hour of trial, is it strange that we should accept the separation, and feel in our hearts that it must be forever?

The buildings necessary to secure our horses and our goods, now daily arriving, were built by the backwoodsmen of whom I have before spoken, among them was my old friend Birk. These men worked well in the morning, slackened toward noon, as the drams of whisky (which they would not work without) told upon them, and, toward evening, indulged in imprecations, brawls, and rough-and-tumble fights.

Emigrants were continually flowing in. They first visited Mr. Birkbeck, who had but small accommodations; they came to me, who, at that time, had still less. At this stage, we were experiencing many of the inconveniences of a population in the wilderness, in advance of necessary food and shelter. Do as you will, if you are the very first in the wilderness, there are many inconveniences, privations, hardships, and sufferings that can not be avoided. My own family, one day, were so close run for provisions, that a dish of the tenderest buds and shoots of the hazle was our only resort.

Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Trimmer, who led the first shipload, made their settlement in the Village Prairie, a beautiful and extensive prairie, so-called from the Piankeshaw Indians, there formerly located. It was situated about three miles due north of my cabin in the Boltenhouse Prairie, the intervening space covered by timber and underbrush, untouched by the hand of man. Emigrants kept coming in, some on foot, some on horseback, and

some in wagons. Some sought employment, and took up with such labor as they could find. Others struck out and made small beginnings for themselves. Some, with feelings of petulence, went farther and fared worse; others dropped back into the towns and settlements in Indiana. At first, I had as much as I could do to build a few cabins for the workmen I then employed, and in erecting a large farmyard, a hundred feet square, enclosed by log-buildings, two stories high; also in building for my father's family a house of considerable size, and appointed with somewhat more of comforts than is generally found in new settlements, to be ready for their reception on the following summer. I had as yet done nothing in erecting buildings for the public in general, as there had been no time. One evening, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Ronalds, and, I think, Mr. Fordham, called at my cabin, and, after their horses were cared for and supper over, we discussed the measures that should be taken to form some village or town, as a centre for those useful arts necessary to agriculture. Every person wanted the services of a carpenter and blacksmith. But every farmer could not build workshops at his own door. Daylight ceased, darkness followed. We had no candles, nor any means of making artificial light. On a pallet, mattress, or blanket, each one took to his couch, and carried on the discussion. After much talk, we decided that what we did do should be done in order, and with a view to the future settlement, as well as our own present convenience. The tract of forest lying between Mr. Lawrence's settlement in the Village Prairie, on its southern border, and mine at the north of the Boltenhouse Prairie, was about three-and-a-half miles through. Somewhere in the centre of this tract of woodland seemed to be the place. To the right of this spot, eastward, lay, about a mile distant, several prairies running north and south for many miles, and others east and west to the Bonpas Creek, from three to five miles distant. North-eastward from Mr. Lawrence's cabin, prairies of every form and size continued on indefinitely. About two miles west, and beyond Wanborough, were numerous small and fertile prairies, extending to the Little Wabash, from six to ten miles distant. On the south was my own beautiful prairie.

Thus the spot for our town in a central situation was decided upon. Now for a name. We were long at fault. At last we did what almost all emigrants do, pitched on a name that had its association with the land of our birth. Albion was then and there located, built, and peopled in imagination. We dropped off, one by one, to sleep, to confirm in dreams the wanderings of our waking fancies.

CHAPTER VI.

Albion Founded—Town Surveyed and Laid Off—First Double Cabin—Benjamin Grutt—Albion a fixed Fact—The Log-Cabin and Blacksmith-Shop—Rowdyism—Wanborough springs into Existence in 1818—Efforts to obtain Water—Visit to Lexington, Ky.—Death of William Flower—Building in Albion—Old Park-House—The Sunday Dinner—Brick-Kilns—Market-House—New Roads—Brick-Tavern, built by Richard Flower—Kept by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis—The Mill—The first Store-keepers in Albion—Other early Settlers—Albion made the County-Seat—Erection of a Court-House and Jail—Pardon of Perry by Gov. Coles—Disappointment of the People in not seeing him Hung—Consoling themselves with Whisky and a score of Fights—Thirty-nine Lashes for a Poor Frenchman—Hon. William Wilson.

ONE day was only suffered to elapse between our decision and the execution of our purpose. Before dispersing the next morning, it was agreed that Mr. Fordham and myself should start north from my dwelling. Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Ronalds were to go south from the Village Prairie at a given hour on the following morning. We met the next day in the woods, according to appointment. The spot seemed suitable. The woods were rather open, and the ground level. "Here shall be the centre of our town," we said. The spot of our meeting is now the public-square in the centre of Albion, on which the school-house, the court-house, and the jail now stand. The surveying and laying of the town was entrusted to Mr. Fordham, who forthwith went to work, and completed the survey and the plat. One of our number went to Shawneetown, and entered the section of six hundred and forty acres, which was all laid off in town lots. The public-square was in the middle. The blocks immediately around and on the main street, were divided into quarter-acre lots. The blocks outside were divided into half-acres. As the distance increased from the centre, the lots increased in

size, until the outer belt of allotments were five and seven acres.

The first double-cabin built was designated for a tavern, and a single one for its stable. This was occupied by Mr. John Pitcher, who, with his family, came out with Mr. Lawrence. He was an excellent mechanic, and a man of more than ordinary intelligence. Unsuccessful in England, he came to the Settlement almost without a dollar. About two years afterward he went to Vincennes (leaving his family at Albion), and undertook contracting for building on a large scale. He was pursuing his business successfully, when he was suddenly cut off by a virulent epidemic, much resembling the yellow-fever. He was visited in his last moments by Mr. Benjamin Grutt, who was then at Vincennes, and accidentally heard of his illness. Too weak to articulate, with a significant pressure of the hand and a kindly smile, he took leave of his visitor, indicating that the little differences which had arisen between them had all passed away, and were then forgiven. This reminiscence Mr. Grutt always spoke of as one of the most pleasing incidents of his life. His son Henry, then a boy, is now, I am happy to record, a gentleman of large property, now residing at St. Louis, acquired, I believe, in the city by his own industry and intelligence. Such opportunities does this country afford for those who have the *ability* or good fortune to lay hold of them.

Another and second double and single cabin were occupied as dwelling and shop by a blacksmith. I had brought bellows, anvils, tools, and appliances for three or four blacksmith-shops, from the City of Birmingham, England. There were three brothers that came with Mr. Charles Trimmer, all excellent mechanics, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob Penfold. Jacob, the blacksmith, was immediately installed, and went to work. There stood Albion, no longer a myth, but a reality, a fixed fact. A log-tavern and a blacksmith-shop.

Two germs of civilization were now planted—one of the useful arts, the other a necessary institution of present civilization. Any man could now have his horse shod and get drunk in Albion, privileges which were soon enjoyed, the latter especially.

The town-proprietors, at first four, afterward increased to eight (each share five hundred dollars), went to work vigorously. They put up cabin after cabin, which were occupied as soon as put up, by emigrants coming in. The builders of these were the backwoodsmen, some from twenty to thirty miles distant. Attracted by our good money and good whisky, these men gathered in. The work was generally done by contract or piece-work—the price twenty-five to thirty dollars for single cabins, 16 by 18; from forty to fifty for double cabins. The builders generally worked hard by day. In the evening they gathered around the whisky-barrel, as bees around a favorite flower. As the evening advanced, in succession were heard the sounds of mirth and jollity, threats, loud oaths, and imprecations. Rough-and-tumble fights succeeded, and silence was only restored by the exhaustion of the mutilated combatants. The birth of our infant town was heralded by all the scenes of riot and debauch incident to such occasions.

In August, 1818, the village of Wanborough sprang into existence for the accommodation of the first-ship's party, on Mr. Birkbeck's property, and under his immediate direction. In October, of the same year, Albion was founded under my more immediate superintendence. It has maintained a slow, progressive, solid growth from that time to this, now more than forty years.

The first efforts of the town-proprietors to obtain water were signally unsuccessful. The first well dug was in the public-square, and more than a hundred feet deep, and no water. The next, a considerable depth, and but a limited supply. We knew not exactly where to dig to find water. The elevation of the town (being on the dividing ridge, between the Great and little Wabash), giving greater salubrity, was accompanied by the inconvenience of deep-digging for water. When ignorance is complete, we are apt to take up with any superstition. I have often smiled at our resignation in following an old well-digger, who claimed to be a water-witch, with a forked hazel-rod in hand, here and there, up and down, through the bushes, with solemn tread and mysterious air. The rod was to bend down of its own accord over the spot where water was to be found.

After following the witch for a proper time, the rod bent down. We told him to go to work. The result was water at a depth of forty-five feet, not so deep and copious, but affording a moderate supply. This difficulty about water was all obviated afterward, when the property was divided. Tanks and wells then became common as houses. But the want of water in the first instance was no light difficulty. Population streaming in before adequate preparations, add, to all the other inconveniences, the want of water, and it is almost fatal. When there were only two wells, I have known people to stand for two hours in the night to take their turn to dip their bucket full. Hence the efforts of the town-proprietors to get an early supply.

During the winter I rode on horseback to Lexington, Ky., to visit my father's family. On the road, I was shocked to hear of the sudden death of my brother William. He came with me and assisted me in the roughest part of our time. Feeling unwell he decided to go to Lexington, and spent the winter with his father, mother, sisters, and younger brother. He was accompanied and kindly attended on the journey by Mr. John Ingle. He sometimes seemed to recover, and at others to get worse. Suddenly one morning, as he sat up in bed, his mother in the room arranging the clothes for him to put on, he sunk back on the pillow and instantly expired. I don't think the physicians knew precisely his case. They thought it heart-disease. This was a melancholy affair for us all, and a severe affliction to my aged parents.

I was busily engaged, during the winter and spring, in building a comfortable dwelling for my father, not far from my own cabins. The body of the house, 50 by 40 feet, covered by a hipped-roof, consisted of four rooms in the lower and the upper story, divided by a hall-passage from north to south. The south front was protected by a broad, well-floored porch, that extended the length of the house. Every room was plastered or papered, and furnished with a good brick-chimney and stone-hearth. The north front was stuccoed, to resemble stone; the south, weather-boarded and painted white. The house was well furnished. Its good proportion, large windows, and Venetian blinds gave it an appearance of the old country rather

than the new. It had two wings, one of hewn stone, the other of brick, used as kitchen and offices. A well, a cellar, stables, cow-house, and every other convenience of that sort was appended. A handsome garden to the south was fenced in by an English hawthorn hedge. Thirty acres of the northern woodland were preserved, the underbrush cleared and sowed with blue grass, it had the appearance of a park. Hence its name—Park House.

Old Park-House, near Albion, will long be remembered by old settlers and distant visitors for its social reunions and open-handed hospitalities. Here the family party of children and grandchildren met at dinner on a Sunday. An English plum-pudding was a standing dish, that had graced my father's dinner-table from time immemorial. Here all friends and neighbors that had any musical tastes or talent, whether vocal or instrumental, met once a fortnight for practice and social enjoyment. Strangers and visitors to the Settlement received a hearty welcome, saw all that was to be seen, and received all the information they wished for, with necessary refreshment and repose. It may be truly said that, for thirty years, old Park House was never without its visitors, from every country in Europe, and every State in the Union. They were welcome, unless the family was absent, if their stay was for a week, a month, or a year.

One of the first things the town-proprietors did after digging the wells, was to contract for a large kiln of brick, for chimneys and hearths, to supply the various cabins now built and being built. Nothing gives more real and apparent comfort than a good chimney and a tidy hearth. They next built a market-house, about seventy-five feet long, standing on a stone foundation, and covered by a shingle-roof. One division was fitted up for the reception of books, that were given by individuals in England, as a nucleus for a public-library, and was used for public-meetings and public-worship. When Albion became the county-town, the first courts were held therein. They cut roads east, west, north, and south, and built a bridge over Bonpas Creek that cost them five hundred dollars. Their last act of any notoriety was the building of the new court-house-and-jail, which was done chiefly from their

own subscription, with a portion from the County. The proprietors, if they had done no more, would have done uniformly well, which is a little too much to be expected of human nature. They had some violent disputes and law proceedings, which retarded business, and was, for a time, injurious to the growth of the town. They dissolved partnership, and divided the unsold property, and of course all disputes arising out of the association were ended. My father took a lively interest in the growth of the town, and erected several buildings in which to carry on trades necessary to the existence of the town and the wants of the Settlement.

The year after his arrival he built a good two-story brick-tavern. It was a remarkably dry fall; and the wells of the town were not more than sufficient to supply the inhabitants. But my father was not a man easily turned from his intentions. He ordered a barrel put on a sled, drawn by a pair of oxen or one horse, and all the water necessary for the building of that tavern, was hauled nearly two miles in that tedious way. On the interruption of the usual teams, rather than hinder the workmen, he had a fine blooded-mare hitched to the sleigh; from the carelessness of the driver, she ran away and had her thigh broken by the rebound of the sleigh.

Mr. John Pitcher was the builder of the tavern. The first occupants were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. The second, Mr. Woods—not of the family of Wood before mentioned, but another family from Surrey, with another letter to their name. Mr. John Woods, the son, has a store in Albion, and has long held the office of county-treasurer. The next building for the benefit of the public was a mill. It was built as a tread-mill, worked by four oxen, relieved by other four, and so kept constantly going. It soon became crowded with grists of the backwoodsmen and farmers. Besides this, wheat was bought and flour made for sale. I recollect purchasing the first wheat ground in this mill. I had to go for it nearly seventy miles, to the prairies adjoining the Wabash, above Vincennes. It was delivered at Mount Carmel at fifty cents a bushel, from thence brought in our own wagons over execrable roads to Albion, nineteen miles. It was an excellent sample of white wheat.

The history of its growth was singular. The farmer, three years before, had sown his first crop of wheat. At harvest, being short-handed, much of the over-ripe wheat had shattered on the ground. When he brought his plow to turn over the soil, the volunteer wheat looked so vigorous that he let it stand. He again harvested, and again he let the volunteer wheat stand; and this, the third harvest, grown in the same way, I bought; and a better sample I never saw—two of the crops ripened without any preparation of the soil.

Two other houses of hewn-stone my father built, and he accomplished many other improvements in and about town.

Of the trades, first in order come the stores. Mr. Elias Pym Fordham, who had taken my little store, sold out to Mr. Olver, a merchant from Plymouth, England. In after years, Mr. Olver removed to the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, and opened the Edgeworth Institute, a seminary for young ladies, but he left behind him a capacious stone-house of his own building.

Mr. Joel Churchill, an intelligent and educated gentleman, from London, after trying farming in its roughest form in the woods, some five miles south of Albion (first in a log-house), soon built a store of brick, and a stone dwelling-house behind it. His business, by his good management and application, in a few years was much enlarged. To this he added the manufacture of castor-oil. These businesses, on a larger scale, are now carried on by Mr. Churchill and his two sons, Mr. Charles and Mr. James Churchill, both married men. Mr. Gibson Harris, at first the conductor of a small store for Mr. Francis Dickson of Vincennes, soon became its proprietor. After years of close attention to business, he built himself a good brick-store and dwelling-house. The house is now occupied by his widow, and the store carried on by one of his sons.

Nearly forty years ago, a young Scotchman in his teens rode up to my house and wished me to purchase his horse, saddle, and bridle, which I did for sixty dollars—a good price in those days. I built him a forge, which he rented at first and afterward purchased. With the proceeds of

the horse he purchased iron and went to work. This was the beginning of Mr. Alexander Stewart, who, after some years of labor and industry, added to his blacksmith-shop a store; business and capital increasing, he soon went largely into the produce of the country, of which pork, corn, and wheat are the staples. He is also a principal proprietor of a large flouring-mill at Grayville.

Mr. Moses Smith, from a very small beginning, first purchasing a few articles from the Harmonites and retailing them in Albion, soon increased his store; then added the produce business. On his son, Mr. John Smith, the business devolved after the death of his father, which occurred about three years ago. These may be called the original stores, two of them from very small beginnings, in the earliest years of the town. Mr. Harris and Mr. Smith being dead, and Mr. Churchill partially retired from the toils of business, it may be said of all three, that their sons reign in their stead.

A store, owned by an association of farmers, was carried on successfully by Mr. Henry Harwick for several years. Mr. George Ferryman, from the Island of Jamaica, came to us at the period of emancipation, thinking the island would be ruined; but he has since told me that the trade he left has largely increased, What is a little singular, Mr. Ferryman has twice removed from Albion with all his family. There must be some strong national sympathy at work to bring our migrating settlers back. Captain Carter, one of our earliest settlers, and more recently Mr. Henshaw, both went back to London, and both returned to Albion. Englishmen returning to their native country, after many years' residence abroad, think the old country has changed since they left it; but fail to see the change in themselves, worked by time, climate, and national associations of an entirely different character.

One of our most respectable, an early though not of the earliest, settlers, is Mr. Elias Weaver, one of Rapp's people, a German, who left the Harmonites when quite a young man, at time of their removal, and came to Albion. Understanding the pottery business, my father built him a kiln, at which he worked some time; but he afterward changed to a business more to his liking, of which he also

had some knowledge—a builder. He married, built himself a good house, and has assisted in the building of many others. He is now living, carrying on his business, a prosperous man.

In 1822, the county-seat of Edwards County was removed from Palmyra, a very insignificant place on the Great Wabash, at the head of the grand rapids. As usual on such occasions, every place of any pretentions was a rival for the honor. Between Mt. Carmel and Albion (both young towns, Mt. Carmel two or three years our senior) was the competition. Albion was more central, had a better reputation for health, and the proprietors made liberal offers toward erecting the county buildings. Be this as it may, the commissioners fixed the county-seat at Albion. This did not quite suit our neighbors in the eastern part of the county; and the county of Wabash was made from the east part of Edwards—Mt. Carmel the county-seat. In after years, the court-house, erected on the public square at Albion, was followed by the erection of a good brick-building, for a public school, sustained by private contributions. The large jail, recently built, is the third conspicuous building standing on the public-square.

About this time, one of those accidents, as they are termed, occurred in Albion, not uncommon in young towns then, and much more common in old towns now. A man named Clark, in a grog-shop, stabbed a man named Hobson. A fellow named Perry, as accessory after the fact, was found guilty and condemned, and, by Gov. Coles, almost immediately after, pardoned. Two murderers let loose on society, with the tacit consent of the chief-executive officer of the State, called down deep censure upon Gov. Coles for his misplaced leniency. It is due, however, to the governor that the extenuating circumstances which led to this clemency should be stated.

During Perry's imprisonment, whilst under sentence of death, there lived near to Albion a young fellow of vagrant habits, who spent most of his time about grog-shops, and getting into fights. His youth and strength made him the bully of the place. The condemned Perry was the owner of a good rifle. All the backwoodsmen knew the qualities of their neighbors' rifles. From the frequen

shooting-matches with each other, the range, power, and accuracy of all the rifles roundabout were known. Perry's rifle had a good reputation, and was coveted by the young vagabond, Jack Ellis. Jack, conferring with the prisoner, agreed to get up a petition, take it to Vandalia, and endeavor to procure a pardon from the governor. If he succeeded, Perry was to give him his rifle. Jack set about the business with considerable tact. He took a sheet of paper, with a proper heading, and secretly and silently sped away to Vandalia, a dreary ride of seventy-five miles, the weather bad and waters out. When at Vandalia, he was in no hurry to present himself to the governor, but, as usual with men of his stamp, first went to the grog-shop. He soon told his story to the loafers hanging about the place, and, in exchange for his drams, they gave plenty of signatures to his petition. The governor signed, little thinking that the majority of the signatures were procured at some doggery, within fifty steps of his own lodgings. Jack, returning with the pardon, had fairly earned his rifle.

In his interview with Perry, after his return, a curious scene took place. Perry, brought from a neighboring jail, was chained to a beam in a house, where Jack announced the success of the mission, and demanded his rifle. This, Perry flatly refused. He expostulated on the unreasonableness of the demand. What was he to do without his rifle? Might as well take his life as his rifle! How was he to live? It was unreasonable, inhuman, and much more to that effect. "Very well," says Jack, "no rifle, no pardon, here goes the pardon into the fire;" it went, but not into the flames, but onto the ashes close by. Perry, in his terror, gave up the rifle, adding to it all his other earthly possessions, an ax and a cow, and his old woman too, a faithful paramour, who had stood by him in his life of crime and trouble. Jack was not exacting, merely taking cow, ax, and rifle, generously leaving the old woman.

But there was another party to be appeased; the public. Disappointed of the exhibition, for which they had especially come, they became furious. Men and women had come in from forty miles around, on horseback, on foot, and in numerous sledges (many wagons were not then in the country); a great crowd. On learning that Perry

was out of their reach, they raged and cursed at everybody and everything generally, and Governor Coles in particular. If the governor had been there, he would have been in danger that day. Consoling themselves with whisky and a score of fights, they gradually dispersed. The murder of Hobson terminated in the transfer of a cow, an ax, and a rifle, from an old ruffian to a young blackguard, and in giving to Perry a new piece of furniture. Perry claimed the coffin and the rope that was to hang him, which the county had procured for his especial use. They were given up to him; the former became a fixture in his cabin as a corner-cupboard, the latter a happy memento in his rural hours. Jack did not live long to use his rifle. An insolent assault on a very quiet Englishman, procured for him a blow which gave him his quietus. He did not die for months, but he never recovered from that blow.

The first court in a new county excites great interest, and the country population are in, almost to a man. At our first court, a poor Frenchman was convicted of stealing a quart of whisky from a neighboring distillery, and sentenced to thirty-nine lashes. He was stripped to the waist, tied to a post, and the lashes laid on without mercy by the sheriff. The sound of the whip, and the screams of the poor wretch, sent a nervous thrill through the not over-scrupulous country-people, who came in to see the opening of the court. If an honest vote could have then been taken, I am inclined to think that such institutions, as courts of justice, would have been banished as dangerous and barbarous, by a great majority; and I do n't know that the instincts of the untutored backwoodsmen were far from being right. A kidnapper, who would steal a free man and plunge him and his posterity into everlasting slavery could not be brought to trial. A murderer was sure to escape. But the poor creature who had not stolen to the value of a dime, was thus unmercifully dealt with.

Hon. William Wilson, a native of Martinsburgh, Va., then a young man, residing near Carmi, was the judge of our circuit. He was a good lawyer, and a most agreeable companion. He was well and widely known, respected and beloved wherever known.* At that time, a court or

an election would draw the people into the small towns from their most secluded haunts for miles around. Their habits, on those occasions, indicating the existing degree of civilization. The grog-shops (pioneer institutions in all young towns) were in full blast. You could scarcely cross the street (even when the court was sitting, perhaps to try some offender for a breach of the laws), without seeing two or three crowds swaying and cheering at some rough-and-tumble fight going on in their midst. Such were the scenes in Albion, from 1819 to 1821. Here, for the present, I will leave the town, and give the rise and progress of some of the English settlers in the country.

* William Wilson was on the bench of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois for the long period of thirty years, lacking a few months. He was first appointed July 7, 1819, nine months after the State was admitted into the Union. January 19, 1825, he was made chief-justice, and occupied that position until December 4th, 1848, when he was thrown out by the adoption of the constitution of that year. I knew him well, and argued many cases before the Supreme Court when he presided as chief-justice. He has left behind him an excellent record, and his memory will always be gratefully cherished by the profession of his day. He was a good lawyer, and a painstaking, conscientious judge. Of fine personal appearance and courteous manners, he presided over the court with great dignity. On leaving the bench, he retired to his farm near Carmi, White County, where he died, several years ago. For thirty or forty years after the organization of White County, Carmi was an important political centre. There resided Gen. Willis Hargrave, Leonard White, Daniel Hay, Lt.-Gov. Wm. H. Davidson, Chief-Justice Wilson, Gen. John M. Robinson, U. S. Senator from 1830 to 1841, Edwin B. Webb, and S. S. Hayes; men who made their mark in their time, and were well known all over the State.

CHAPTER VII.

Settlers on the Prairies about Albion—Death of Mrs. Wood—Other Settlers—Billy Harris' Wagon—Visiting England—Changes in the Country at large, but little in the respective Villages—Another Ship-load of Emigrants—An Inappropriate Settler—John Tribe—William Clark and Family—William Hall, five Sons, and four Daughters—A Well Accident—Emigration for 1820—Quarrels of Doctors—Another Well Accident—Lawrence and Trimmer Return to England—Col. Carter—Further Settlers Sketched—Francis Hanks, Judge Wattles, and Gen. Pickering—Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd—Cowling, Wood, Field, Ellis, and others—Old Neddy Coad—Accident to the Sons of William Cave—Small-Traders and Farmers.

HAVING given the origin of the town, I will proceed to give an account of some of the individuals who first settled on the prairies around Albion.

Mr. Brian Walker, with his friend, William Nichols, from Yorkshire, came to Philadelphia in 1817, and to our Settlement in 1818. Mr. Walker had, when he landed at Philadelphia, one guinea in his pocket. How much was left of that guinea when he got to the prairies, there is no record. He and his friend Nichols got on land, settled side by side on the skirts of a prairie, one mile east of Albion. They worked hard, opened land, built their houses, married, raised large families, and became possessed of abundance. This is putting in few words the results of the labor of many years. Mr. Nichols died a few years ago. Mr. Walker is yet living on his farm.

Mr. William Wood of Wormswold, near Loughborough, Leicestershire, a small-farmer, with his wife and a young son, Joseph, about twelve years old, left England, for the prairies, in the spring of 1819. Accompanying him were two young men, John Brissenden from Woodchurch, Kent, and Wm. Tewks from Seargrave, Leicestershire, and Miss Mea, afterward Mrs. Brissenden; and with them came an

acquaintance, with his wife and family, Mr. Joseph Butler, also from Woodchurch, Kent. Mr. John Wood, who sailed in my ship, was the eldest son of Mr. Wood. This party kept together, and came the usual route, from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, and descended the Ohio in an ark. When near their journey's end, Mrs. Wood was taken with the flux, and, on reaching the mouth of the Wabash, died. On a point of land at the junction of the Ohio and the Wabash, on the Illinois side, near no settlement or habitation of any kind, her grave was made between two trees, on which her name and age were carved.

We can scarcely imagine a more melancholy fate for an aged man, than to lose his life-long partner, after their life of toil, and just at the end of the weary voyage they had undertaken for the benefit of their family—now to begin life again in a new country, with his one little son. Mr. Wood was a man of great vigor and good sense, and a sturdy laborer and good farmer. With gray hairs on his head, he opened his farm, planted his orchard, and, for many years, lived to eat of its fruit.

Mr. Joseph Wood, then a little boy, now a man of mature years, married Miss Betsy Shepherd. Mr. Wood is now owner of a large farm and good house, and said to be the best farmer in the country. He is father of ten children, and how many grandchildren, I do n't know.

Mr. John Brissenden, after acquiring a little money by working for others, settled on a piece of land alongside of his old friend, Mr. Wood. He went the usual way, opened his farm, married, reared a large family, built himself a capital house, and, besides his possessions in Edwards County, had a mercantile business at Maysville, Clay County. Mr. and Mrs. Bressenden are both living, in the enjoyment of good health.

William Tewks, ditto, ditto. Mr. Tewks added to his farm two teams, four stout horses each; was a carrier, going between Albion and Evansville, Ind. He acted as itinerant commission-man between both places, making the purchases, which his wagon brought home. He drove one of the wagons himself, and met with an accident, about three years ago, that proved fatal.

John Scavington, from Nottinghamshire, came in the

same year, took to a piece of open prairie beside Mr. Brissenden. Mr. Scavington now lives, a well-preserved man. He has done, as his neighbors before mentioned, as to house, farm, family, and lands. He has kept to his farm almost exclusively, and is a hale and prosperous man.

William Harris made most of his money wagoning with an ox-team. He has, for a few years, retired from that laborious occupation, and lived on a farm near to Albion. William Harris' team was a sort of institution in the country for many years. I would charter Billy Harris' wagon for a long journey across the prairies. It was strong, large, well covered, and, when well fitted up with bedding and provender, was comfortable enough. Mrs. Flower, children, and myself, have taken many long and pleasant journeys in it. The best conveyance for our rough country at that day—no hill too steep, no bog too deep, for sturdy William Harris and his strong ox-team. Not railroad-like exactly, but something more independent and, in many respects, more comfortable.

Mr. George Woodham, who came in Trimmer's party, is now a man well-to-do in the world. William Harris, John Scavington, and George Woodham went to England last year, after an absence of about forty years, to see their old places and old friends, if any were living. When they came to this country they were poor men; now in circumstances sufficiently easy to take this journey of pleasure, to visit again the scenes of their boyhood and youth.

England had seen many changes since they were there; railroads, penny-postage, an extended franchise, free-trade —all since they left England. But when they reached their respective villages, which were in widely-different parts of England, they found nothing changed. The church of centuries was yet standing, and likely to stand for centuries more. The manor-house, the farm-houses, the cottages on the green, were all standing as they left them, in number and condition.

To record the history of all the men in our Settlement, possessed of the power of labor, with ordinary intelligence and industry, would be but to record a monotony of success. As a sample, without any exaggeration of their past or present condition, of all such men which form the

majority of the farmers of our Settlement, I give the following:

Early in the spring, 1819, the ship *Columbia* sailed from Bristol to New Orleans. In her came Mr. Samuel Prichard of Bamsted, near Epsom, England, with a wife, four sons and four daughters. Mr. Prichard was of the Society of Friends, possessed of property, an agreeable, liberal, and well-educated man; an acquaintance of Mr. Birkbeck's. He selected a spot on a gentle eminence, about half-a-mile from Wanborough, on the road between Wanborough and Albion. Mr. Prichard unfortunately fell sick with fever, and soon died. His son, Mr. Thomas Prichard, and his brother Edward, reside in the house their father built. Mr. Prichard's house and place strikes the eye of every stranger, for the good taste of its arrangement, its neat and simple appointments. It is a neat two-story frame-house, porch on the upper and lower stories in front. The principal feature is the ridge or knoll on which it stands, so smooth and verdant. I recollect the preparation of the ground. It was grubbed well, plowed evenly, harrowed thoroughly, and then carefully raked by hand. This even surface was sown with blue-grass, bush-harrowed, and rolled smooth. It was done thoroughly, and has a beautiful lawn-like appearance to this day. The gate in front swings as easily, after forty years' hanging, as it did on the day it was put down. So much for doing things well.

Mr. Jackson, wife, and son came in the same ship. He was an inappropriate settler—a city man, with confirmed city habits and tastes; a copyist, a scribe, a small lawyer; but even he, I believe, got his living here as long as he stayed, by writing for the clerk of the court.

Mr. John Tribe from Ewell, Surrey, came also in this ship. He was without capital, and has supported himself by the labor of his hands, and is now living, a worthy citizen of Albion, and whose excellent memory has supplied me with many of the particulars I am now recording. Mr. Tribe will excuse me for dwelling a little on the general tenor of his life, as I think his example rather good. He has not made that accumulation of property that many a man has, that came with as little as he did; and this, probably, because he has not given himself up to the one idea

of acquisition and accumulation. As he has labored along moderately through life, he has always reserved a little time for observation, reflection, and reading. He carries on the business of carding wool for the country, far and wide, one of the most useful trades. But the most necessary and useful trades are not always those that are best rewarded. His house is small, his living plain and simple. He reserves a small room for himself, where he receives any friend who may call. On the table are writing materials, books, periodicals, newspapers; an excellent orchard hard by; cows for his family use; milk, butter, and cream; his vegetable garden, so well cultivated as to supply him with every vegetable in season; and a few flowers, of the choicest kind, that would grace the garden of Queen Victoria. Is not a New-York millionaire poor, compared to Mr. Tribe?

Mr. William Clark, wife, and six children, from Mowbary, Surrey, also of the Society of Friends, with two laborers, one married and one single, arrived about this time. Mr. Clark's family came down the Ohio River in an ark, and met with a sad accident. One of his daughters, a girl of twelve years, fell overboard, and was never seen more. He settled on one of the pretty little prairies between Albion and the Little Wabash. We were indebted to his capital and enterprise for the first wind-mill. The architect was Mr. David Kearsum. He and his brother, George Kearsum, and a Mr. Simpson came from Norfolk. Simpson went back to New York, when, in a warehouse, five stories high, thoughtlessly stepping backward, fell on the pavement, and was instantly killed.

It was early in 1821, that Mr. William Hall from Ewell, Surrey, with Mrs. Hall, five sons, and four daughters, also settled on one of the prairies west of Albion and Wanborough. Mr. Hall owned a large water-mill in England. His family had possessed this mill ever since doomsday; when the lands in England were all divided by William the Conquerer, amongst his followers, and recorded in doomsday-book. Think of this, ye ever-moving Americans, who scarcely stay long enough to gather the ripened ear from the corn you drop in the ground! Mr. Hall was an Episcopalian; a very well-informed and educated man,

of close observation, and noted facts as he went along. From his journal and collection of papers, which have been kindly shown to me by his eldest daughter, Mrs. Mayo of Albion, I am indebted for many points of information, which I have been permitted to copy. Mr. Hall had a decided taste for the natural sciences, particularly ornithology and botany. He noted the arrival and departure of the birds of passage, and their peculiarities in note and plumage; the seasons, the weather, and some of the incidents of the Settlement as they occurred, forming quite an interesting collection of memoranda, running over several years. One short note in his journal is significant of the occasional privations to which first-settlers are liable. "This day a loaf of corn-bread without butter, but a little lard as substitute, and red-root tea, without sugar or milk, was our only fare." His reasons for leaving England, set forth at the beginning of his journal, show that the pressure then existing in England, and felt in different proportions by all classes of society, was seen and felt sensibly by him. His first and chief reason, to use his own words, was "the difficulty of providing for a numerous family, with which God has blessed me, and the prospect of removing that load of care and anxiety which fills the breasts of parents on that account." The other reasons of Mr. Hall (objective), relating to governmental abuses, though interesting, not being quite pertinent to this narrative, I omit, with the remark that the administration of the British Government, since the reign of Victoria, has adopted a more liberal policy than existed when he and I left England; and a larger experience would have shown Mr. Hall that the evils of which he and many others complained, are incident to government in all its forms, and are made conspicuous and fearful when it is administered by bad men. Mr. Hall embarked in the ship *Electra*, from the port of London, with his wife, nine children, and a young man, Thomas Ayres, February 25th, 1821; arrived, by way of Philadelphia, at Pittsburgh, May 21st, 1821. His flat-boat, besides his own family, contained twelve others: Mr. and Mrs. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Hibert, Mr. and Mrs. Kidd, Captain Hawkins, and Mr. Gilbert. "We formed ourselves into two watches, and took our respective

turns of six hours each, from 8 to 2, and the remainder was into two watches."

The party arrived at their destination without accident. His settlement was hopeful, and he seemed satisfied with his present mode of life and its future prospects. In less than one year, he gives the following account of a sudden and severe affliction that befell him. In the succeeding spring, April 21 to 28, we find in his journal this record: "This week has been marked to us by one of the severest afflictions that can befall a parent—the death of a beloved child." After describing his house, garden of five acres, orchard, and opening farm, his present satisfaction and bright prospects of the future, in a long letter to his friend, Mr. John Marter, on the other side of the sheet we find: "Preserve this letter, dear John, as a memento of the instability of all human felicity. The very day after I wrote it, on the fatal morning of the 24th of April, 1822, I heard the sound of my two sons passing through the porch, into which my bed-room opens. One of them I knew, by his light step and cheerful voice, to be my beloved Ned, the other was unfortunate Robert. About half-an-hour after, I heard the report of a rifle in the woods. I lay about a quarter-of-an-hour longer, until it was light enough to dress. When I went out of the door it was just five o'clock. Upon going to the back of the house, where I heard a most unearthly bellowing, I saw poor Robert rolling on the ground and writhing in the utmost agony. I immediately concluded he was dreadfully wounded, and it was some time before he could speak. He exclaimed, 'Oh, father, I have killed Ned, and I wish I was dead myself." I uttered an involuntary exclamation, and sank down myself upon him. The noise brought out his mother, and the scene which followed can not be described. Two of the neighbors, aroused by Robert's cries, assisted me in conveying him and his mother and laying them on the bed. I went with them in search of the body, which was not found for some time. At length it was brought in, and buried in a spot which my poor boy had selected for his own garden. It seems they had found a turkey. Robert dispatched his brother one way, and lay down himself behind a log, to endeavor to call up the bird to him with

his turkey-call. After a little while, he heard a rustling within shot, and soon after saw what he concluded to be the turkey, took aim, fired, and leaped up, shouting for Ned, and ran in triumph to pick up his game. Think of his feelings when he found it to be the corpse of his brother." So close does sorrow stand to joy in all situations in life.

Lingering in the Eastern cities, were English families who had not permanently taken root there. When our publications about the prairies came out, attracted by the picture, and pleased with the thought of being a part of the first among a colony of their own countrymen, several of these came on; and many of them without sufficiently estimating their own powers as first-settlers.

Of this class was Mr. John Brenchly and wife, and Mr. John Lewis and wife, one son and two daughters. They left Philadelphia in 1818, and were the first English settlers in the south part of the Village Prairie, a little before the Lawrence-and-Trimmer party arrived. Mr. John Brenchly had been a distiller; not a man of country habits, or possessed of much capital. Mr. Lewis was a man of excellent education, and possessed a good deal of philosophical knowledge, but with small pecuniary means; a most charming companion and desirable acquaintance. These were both difficult cases for a new settlement. In a few months they both left their quarter-sections in the Village Prairie. Mr. Brenchly, for a year or two, lived chiefly by his labors as accountant, etc., but finally went back to Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis stayed longer, and for a time, rented the first brick-tavern that my father built in Albion. They went ultimately to Cincinnati, and found more congenial occupations. It was a great loss to our musical parties when they left. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis understood music, and had fine voices. Speaking of the Lewis', reminds me of an accident that had nearly proved fatal to one of the family. I had dismounted from my horse, and hitched him by the bridle to the handle of the well, that stood near the kitchen-door, at Park House, and had run over to my cabins, about seventy yards distant. Soon after, a maid-servant came running in haste, and said that Mary Lewis had fallen into the well. The child,

about twelve years old, was standing on the well-top; the horse, being suddenly frightened, pulled the windlass and well-top all off together, and the child dropped in. The well, about forty feet in depth, was ten feet in water. Calling to Mr. Matthew Coombs, a Cornish-man, then living with me, and, fortunately, soon finding a coil of rope, we both ran over. By the aid of Mrs. Flower and the maid-servant, I lowered the man into the well. With the same aid, and with great difficulty, we hauled up the man with the apparently lifeless body of the child in his arms. For nearly half-an-hour, every means of restoration was tried before signs of life appeared. She was saved; and is now a respectable married woman, and mother of a large family. This well, at its digging, gave us all a very peculiar fright. The well, fortunately us it turned out, was of somewhat larger diameter than common. It was sunk through a solid rock for forty-five feet. The sides and floor of the well were of smooth sandstone. The digger, William Truscott, had nearly finished his work, and was sweeping at the bottom of the well, just preparatory to coming up. The family were all in the house. Suddenly a dreadful hubbub—the mingled voices of a man and a beast in agony and distress—called every one within hearing to the spot. The cause was at once apparent. One of my large, fat English hogs had slipped his hindfeet over the well, and could not recover himself. The hog struggling to hold on by his forefeet, but slipping lower and lower, squealed in agony. The man below, looking up in terror, roared aloud for help, whilst he flattened himself against the wall of the well, from which there was no escape. Down went the hog to his own instant death; for a moment all was silent. "Are you alive, William?" A faint voice said, "Oh, yes, pray bring me up." The man was brought up, almost dead with fright. The hog was eventually brought up, but split down the back from head to tail, as if it had been cut with a sharp knife; just as horses are found on a battle-field, split open by a cannon-ball.

In 1820, Mr. Thomas Spring, his wife and four sons, left Derbyshire, England, for the prairies. The second son, Archibald, was left at a medical college, at Baltimore, to

finish his studies. The family were proceeding to Wheeling by land, when the father, Mr. Thomas Spring, was taken with a fever, and died at Washington, Pennsylvania. Henry, Sydney, and John (the youngest) Spring came on with their widowed mother, in a wagon, to the prairies. They settled on Birk's Prairie. There Mr. Sydney Spring farmed for many years with good success; married Miss Prichard, and brought up a large family. He is now living on a commanding and beautiful spot, in the outskirts of Grayville, enjoying good health and all the comforts of life. Mr. Henry Spring is a merchant at Olney. Young Archibald Spring joined the family, and became a practising-physician in Albion. The first Dr. Pugsley was, for a time, his bitter opponent. The enmity between doctors has always struck me as singular, and their enmity is more general, and bitterer than is found between members of other professions. He was, for a long time, the only doctor, and enjoyed almost exclusively an extensive practice for nearly thirty years. He was carried off by the erysipelas; and, a few days after his death, of the same disease, died Dr. Welshman, a skilful and experienced man, who had not been two years in the place.

The hands engaged in digging a well for Mr. Lawrence, in the Village Prairie, met with a fatal accident. The well had proceeded to a considerable depth. As usual, in the morning, a man was let down; he was seen to stagger and fall. Another was let down to assist him; he fell also. With difficulty, others were saved, who went down to bring these up. Richard Kniffer and Thomas Clem, two active and able-bodied laborers, full of life and health, a quarter-of-an-hour before, were now brought up corpses. They were carried to their graves, and interred with the solemn rites of burial by their sorrowing companions. They had incautiously descended, and fell victims to the noxious vapor at the bottom of the well.

Mr. Lawrence, I think, within one year, Mr. Trimmer in two or three, returned to England; and their improvements fell into other hands before any advantage accrued to themselves. They had spent as much money as they thought prudent, and more than they expected. Besides, Mr. Lawrence was a city-bred man, and both were bache-

lors. To spend their time without wife, housekeeper, or female assistant of any kind in the house, soon gave them a distaste for prairie life; so they departed. But all the farm-laborers that came with them were in immediate possession of all the advantages of their change of country. Those of them that are living, and the families of those that are dead, possess all the independence yielded by an industrious farmer's life.

About this time, Mr. James Carter, wife and family, from London; Mr. Kenton, market-gardener, from the neighborhood of London; Mr. Coles, wife, and mother, with four or five children, all from Liverpool; Mr. Peters, a butcher, all came in one party, from Pittsburgh. Mr. Carter was, for many years, a well-known resident of Albion, holding several county-offices, and colonel of the county-militia. What is rather remarkable, twice Mr. Carter returned to England, and twice returned to Albion, and, whilst I am writing, here he is again, not quite fourscore, hale and hearty, drilling the companies in Albion for the Secession War of 1861. Mr. Coles' family settled on land between Albion and Grayville. The family all grown up and settled on farms. The old folks have been dead some years.

Mr. Thomas Simkins and family, a highly-respectable farmer from Baldock, in Hertfordshire, arrived in Albion in 1819. He kept, for a short time, the log-tavern after Mr. Pitcher, and was, I think, the host when Mr. Welby, from England, visited the Settlement, went home, and wrote a book about us. Mr. and Mrs. Simkins have long departed this life; their sons and daughters all grown up and married, some in Albion and some in other places, respected members of society, now grandfathers and grandmothers.

Mr. Henry Bowman, then a young man, who came out with Mr. Pitcher from London, for many years kept a brick-tavern of his own building. Mr. Bowman, married one of the Misses Simkins, is still living.

Mr. Oswald Warrington, with a wife and large family, for some time kept a grocery, and was school-master for some time. He wrote a most beautiful hand, and was fond of music and sociality, and played on one or two instruments. After some years he went to Cincinnati, and is now carrying on business, although an old man.

In the first year of our settlement, Mr. and Mrs. Orange from London, by way of New Orleans, came in and bought land on the south side of the Boltenhouse Prairie, built temporary cabins, planted a capital orchard, and laid out a handsome garden. He went afterward to Cincinnati, where he entered into business for a few years; returned, built an excellent house, in which he and Mrs. Orange now live. Three sons and two daughters married, with families, all settled within sight.

Mr. Francis Hanks from Ireland, with several sons grown and growing up, bought a five-acre lot at Wanborough, and built him a house; after a time he returned; his eldest son, Francis, remained, and, on September 1st, 1821, married Miss Prudence Birkbeck, as before mentioned. Mr. Hanks is engaged in raising stock, and is now living on his farm at Wanborough, a prosperous man.

Mr. William Hallum from Derbyshire, England, and several other English families, all farmers, live in the extreme south of Edwards County, and several over the line, in the north of White County.

Mr. Isaac Smith, James and Robert Thread, Mr. Stanhope, and a number of others live in the north of Edwards, and over the line. Isaac Smith and the two Threads were excellent farm-laborers; and lived with me and my father for many years. They are now wealthy men. James Thread is recently dead. Isaac Smith is the largest landowner in the County.

Mr. Henry Birkett, a planter from Jamaica, came in about 1820. He built a good house, in which he lived and died; and he was buried in his garden. He also owned a share of the town.

Judge Wattles* and Mr. J. B. Johnson settled in Albion. The former as a lawyer, the latter as a blacksmith, and afterward as a justice-of-the-peace. Mr. Johnson is now living at Harmony, in the latter capacity. Judge Wattles was an albino, white hair and white skin, with the peculiar red eyes of that race, dreadfully near-sighted, had to turn the paper upside down, and put it close to his spectacles,

* James O. Wattles was elected judge of the 5th Judicial District of Illinois, by the General Assembly, and commissioned January 19, 1825. He was legislated out of office, January 12, 1827.

to enable him to read it. Notwithstanding, he was a rapid reader and writer, an excellent lawyer, and a good presiding-judge. He went to Harmony, when Mr. Owen began there.

My father's family came from Lexington, and took possession of the Park House. The family consisted of my father, mother, two sisters, and my brother Edward, twenty years my junior, and then a stripling youth, now an extensive brewer, and a man of large property, living in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, England.

In 1821, Mr. Wm. Pickering,* gentleman, from Appleton Roebuck, in the parish of Bolton Percy, Yorkshire, six miles from the City of York, accompanied by his friend and cousin, Mr. Thomas Swale, made their first settlement in the Village Prairie. On the 9th of March, 1824, he became my brother-in-law, by marrying my eldest sister, Miss Martha Flower. Mr. Pickering, like myself, returned to England. On his coming a second time to this country, he was accompanied by his venerable father, Mr. Mathew Pickering. He also brought valuable live-stock—a fine bull of the purest Durham blood; a thorough-bred Shetland pony; two rams and four ewes of the Lincolnshire sheep, famous for producing, in its highest perfection, the long-combing wool of England; and four rams and eight ewes of the thorough-bred Bakewell-Leicestershire sheep. Gen. Pickering, a widower for many years, is now a resident of Albion. Mr. Pickering has ever taken a lively interest in every thing of a public nature. He has served in the legislature, is extensively known in our own State, and also known abroad.

With my father's family, came Mr. Thomas Shepherd, his wife, two sons, and daughter. Thomas Shepherd had lived with my parents from his youth; his father with my

* Gen. William Pickering was a well-known man among the old Whig politicians of Illinois of his day. He was a representative man in the Whig party in the eastern or south-eastern part of the State. I often met him in conventions, and knew him well when in the Legislature. He had a continuous service in the House of Representatives, as the member from Edwards County, from 1842 to 1852, a service of exceptional length. He was a man of great intelligence and public spirit. He had a fine presence, and was thoroughly English in look and manner. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln, who, on his accession to the presidency, appointed him governor of Washington Territory.

grandfather (on my mother's side); and his great-grandfather with my great-grandfather. Such instances are not uncommon in England. In these cases, the confidence between the employer and the employed is mutual, and the separation like the separation of blood relations. Mr. Shepard had the care and management of my father's garden, and of his riding-horses, and some other arrangements about the house. Mrs. Shepherd had the exclusive care of the children of the family. Conscientiousness and integrity were the prominent traits in her character. The habit of reading, from her childhood, almost amounted to a passion with her. In a book she indulged at every opportunity. The habit of reading, aside from the information it imparts, and the tone of quietude and reflection it induces, is eminently suited to those who have the care of children. Thus the children of our family had always the advantage of association with a conscientious, kind, and well-informed friend.

Some of the previous earnings of Mr. Shepherd were invested in a quarter-section of land immediately after our arrival, within two miles of Albion. After staying with my father a short time, he went on his own property, which soon began to improve under his energetic industry. He did not live long to enjoy his dawning prosperity. The active labor, which can be carried on continuously in cooler climates, too often proves fatal under our hot sun and sudden changes. The son, also named Thomas, was soon old enough to work the farm for his mother. A few years afterward, we see him a married man, and father of a family. Mr. Thomas Shepherd is an excellent specimen of a practical farmer; strong, industrious, and intelligent. The monotony of labor is, in his case, mitigated by the perusal of useful books, and the varied information contained in the newspaper-press. This description of men, in which our Settlement is rich, are the true conservative elements of the country. The purely intellectual man, the exclusively hard-working or purely physical man, are each of them but half a man. It is knowledge and industry combined that makes the well-balanced character.

Mrs. Shepherd, the mother, now lives with her son, enjoying every filial attention. Now in the eighty-fourth year

of her age, she enjoys a book as well as ever: exemplifying Montesquieu's maxim, that there is no "pleasure so cheap as reading, and none that lasts so long."

Two sisters of Thomas Shepherd also came out with us. Mrs. Carter, the elder, had been a widow for many years; she lived with my mother as housekeeper; and a few years after, married Mr. Wood, whose wife died at the mouth of the Wabash, as before related. Mrs. Ellis' husband died at Pittsburgh. Her daughter and only child married Mr. John Wood, he who came out with me. Mrs. Ellis was married in my house to Richard Field, one of Wellington's old life-guardsmen, who turning his sword into a pruning-hook, engaged in the better occupation of cutting up corn and pumpkins, instead of cutting down Frenchmen and their allies, as he was wont to do in former days; and all these friends had farms contiguous, or in sight of each other; and finding themselves every year better off in this world, until the moment they quit it. In the year 1818, Mr. Henry Cowling, and his brother, Mr. John Cowling, who were afterwards joined by their youngest brother, George Cowling, all Lincolnshire-men, came in. Mr. Henry Cowling, not finding the Illinois mode of working for a living quite to his taste, went South into those states where the practice of making others work for you, whether they like it or not, and giving them no wages for their labor, is considered the right thing. Liking the country well, there he lived, married, and died. Mr. John Cowling, the second brother, is living on his farm, about four miles south-east of Albion; hale and hearty, an energetic and industrious farmer.

It was in 1818 or 1819, that Mr. Hornbrook of Devizes, Devonshire, called on me, as he came to see the Settlement; but having made previous decision to remain at Pigeon Creek, Indiana, where Evansville now stands. He had brought with him two men, Richard Husband and Mathew Coombs, and one young woman. They were indebted to Mr. Hornbrook between two or three hundred dollars; as they all three wished to stay with me, I paid to Mr. Hornbrook the amount, taking their notes, to be repaid in work. The young woman lived with me as maid-servant, and the men kept with me at their work, until

they had faithfully paid me all. Much of the complaint of servants, leaving their employers in America, on contracts made in Europe, arises from the contract being made at the low European price of labor, which begets feelings of discontent, when they see double the price given for the same work in America. I always gave to the persons I employed the full American wages.

It was in the year 1817, that a party of Cornish-men, Edward Coad and family, William Truscott, Sen., and Jun., Samuel Arthur and others, under the leadership of a Mr. Slade, went farther, by nearly a hundred miles, into the interior of the State than we were; and settled at a point on the Kaskaskia River, where Carlyle now stands. This little colony, going much farther into the interior at that early period, suffered more inconveniences than we did. Mr. Slade in some sort abandoned his colony by getting elected to Congress, and the people came into our Settlement. Old Mr. Coad, as we then thought him and called him, lived on my land for several years, and afterward bought a piece for himself, where he has lived ever since. He is between eighty and ninety years old, and it is only within these three years that he has left off working as vigorously as ever. Old Neddy Coad possesses one of those simple-hearted and direct natures, that seems to know no guile, a truthfulness and simplicity of purpose, seldom found united with brighter intellect and higher attainment. His wife died a few years back. It is said that she visits them now and then, and is seen by the husband, son, and daughter, who live in the same house. And why not? We learn from high authority, that spirits visit their former domicile for slight occasion, even to the paying of small but just debts. On questioning one of the family as to her appearance, "she looks," said he, "as she used to do, only about fifteen years younger." If there be a place where faded beauty can renew its charms, the road to it will surely be found, and when found, a popular road it will be. So let us be hopeful, that if fifteen years of Time's defacements can be obliterated, perhaps the time may be extended, and our fair friends return to us, fairer than the lily and brighter than the rose. All I can say about the matter is, if such things are to be believed from

the testimony of others, I had rather take old Neddy Coad's word than that of many wiser and more learned men. So it will be seen that we are not behind the times, even to a spiritual manifestation.

Richard Husband, before mentioned, was a remarkably hard-working man. He soon acquired a farm of his own, and traded to New Orleans for several years in his flat-boats, which he built himself and loaded with pork and other produce. On his return from one of these trips he died at Shawneetown, of fever contracted on the river.

Mr. Samuel Arthur, one of the Cornwall band, a very young man then and not very old now, has for many years been a citizen of Harmony, and a respectable man of good property.

Mr. William Cave, a Devonshire-man, after brief stay in Ohio, joined our Settlement with his wife and family of sons and daughters; and lived for some time on my farm, about a-quarter of a mile from Park House. Mr. Cave had been a soldier for many years in England, a fine, tall, strong man, and an excellent swordsman. He was fond of music, and played excellently on the violin; and generally made one of our musical party that met every fortnight at Park House. One day, as he was chopping down a large tree near his house, it fell suddenly, knocking down his two sons, who were caught and crushed under its heavy branches. One had his skull fractured and died immediately, and was buried in our small, family burying-ground near Park House. The other lad had his thigh fractured, which was set by Dr. Spring. He recovered completely, and only two years ago went to California, where he died at the age of thirty-two. His sisters, then small children, are now married and settled in California.

But from time to time little parties came in year after year, chiefly small-tradesmen and farm-laborers. The latter, a most valuable class, came from all parts of England. The farmers brought with them their various experiences and tools, necessary to work the different soils. In this way a greater variety of workmen and tools are to be found in the English Settlement than perhaps in any one neighborhood in England.

Three brothers, Joseph, Thomas, and Kelsey Crackles,

able-bodied farm-laborers, from Lincolnshire, came with a full experience in the cultivation of flat, wet land; and brought with them the light fly-tool for digging ditches and drains, by which a practised hand can do double the work that can be done by a heavy steel spade. They lived with me three years before going on farms of their own. Their experience has shown us that the flat, wet prairies, generally shunned, are the most valuable wheat lands we possess.

I omitted to mention, in connection with Mr. Olver, the name of John May, a laborer from Devonshire, who accompanied Mr. Olver's family to this country. John May was a remarkably sturdy, hard-working, industrious, and honest man. He married a young English woman who also came out with Mr. Olver. They were both of them saving and industrious people. He worked on Park-House farm for many years. He became possessed of a good farm, which he cultivated well, and built upon it a comfortable house. What is rather uncommon at his advanced time of life, he learned himself to read, and enjoyed reading as much as any man in the latter part of his life. His two sons, living on their own farms, are men of property and respectability. These I have mentioned are a part of those who came in 1818, 1819, and 1820. They are a sample of the men of which the English Settlement was made. They are those who encountered and overcame the first difficulties, who made the way smooth for those that came afterward. For the present, I must take leave of the settlers and their little town, not more than three years old, and proceed to topics of more general interest connected with their history.

CHAPTER VIII.

Religion in the Settlement—Slanders and Efforts to divert Emigrants—First Religious Services—Mr. Pell and Mr. Thomas Brown—The Hard-Shell Baptist Preacher—Jesse B. Browne and Judge Thomas C. Browne—The Campbellites or Christian Church—First Episcopal Church—Gen. Pickering an Active Promoter—Influence of the Chimes of Bells—Bishop Chase Consecrates the First Episcopal Church of Albion—William Curtis and his Congregation—Backwoodsmen don't like Episcopacy—The Methodist Church Better Adapts Itself to all Classes—Reflections Thereon—A Methodist Camp-Meeting Described—Mr. Birkbeck Unjustly Assailed—Mr. Birkbeck's Letter on Religion—Features of the Country—A Glowing Description—The Calumnies against the Settlement Rebutted by Mr. Birkbeck—Toleration of all Religious Opinions.

THE exhibition of religion in the English Settlement must not be overlooked. As we have been especially assailed on that point, it is our duty to show the record as it is. Our assailants, that accused us of infidelity and all manner of wickedness, raised their clamor from no pure motive, but desired to pander to popular prejudices in any way to render the Settlement unpopular, in order to stop emigration to it, as I shall presently show.

In a Settlement like ours, of a mixed population, various in nationalities, and individually differing in circumstances as to wealth and poverty, degrees of intellect and education, from every county in England, and various districts of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, from Germany and France, and from almost every State in the Union, there doubtless existed almost every shade of religious opinion. In a new settlement there may not be found enough of any one sect to support a minister and build a church; and there is not often liberality enough amongst religious sects to aid and support each other. Thus there may be a vast deal of religion laid away and concealed, as it were; no public exhibition being made of it.

A trivial but singular circumstance occurred, that acted as a spark to combustibles already laid in train. I think it was Mr. Pell, the son-in-law of Mr. Birkbeck, who happened to be in Shawneetown, when a man landed from a boat. The first thing he asked of the landlord was, if there was any religion in the English Settlement? What the answer was, I don't precisely know; but it could not be very encouraging, for the man muttered something, and said, then he would not go there; turned round, and went on board the boat again, to find some place that had a better character.

Why had this man asked such a question? Was it usual to ask, when one got within a hundred miles of a place, if there was any religion there? This was a puzzle. What could it mean? It meant this: That a parcel of land-speculators in New York and Philadelphia, seeing that our Settlement was attracting emigrants, whom they wanted to settle on their land, east of the mountains, set on foot every disparaging report, as to health, success, provisions, morals, and religion; plying each individual on the point at which he was most sensitive. And this began almost as early as our first-settlers arrived. Of all this, we were for a time unconscious. It was not until after their attacks appeared in print, that we were at all aware of the extent of these calumnies. And it took a long time for a book or a pamphlet, from the Eastern cities, to reach us in those days.

Mr. Pell, whom we called a smart Yankee, although he came from New York, saw at a glance that it would never do to have it said abroad that we had no religion; and that another Sunday had better not pass without public worship. As far as my recollection serves me, Wanborough took, for a short time, the precedence of Albion in organizing public religious meetings.

Mr. Thomas Brown,* a New-Englander by birth, a shoe-

* Thomas Brown and his wife were natives of Litchfield, Kennebec Co., Maine. They emigrated to Edwards County at a very early day, and settled at Wanborough, soon after the town was laid off by Mr. Birkbeck, and occupied a cabin adjoining his. Mr. Brown was a most devoted friend and admirer of Mr. Birkbeck. On the death of the latter, he removed to New Harmony, Ind., in 1825, and was appointed postmaster of the town by Gen. Harrison in 1841, on the recommendation of Hon. George H. Proffitt of Petersburg, Pike County, then a Whig member of Congress from Indiana.

maker by trade, then a resident of Wanborough, now a magistrate and a venerable resident of Harmony, procured a volume of Boucher's sermons from Mr. Birkbeck's library, and read one of them to a small congregation, assembled in a little cabin.

A native of the Island of Guernsey, Mr. Benjamin Grutt, read the Episcopal service in a room, in Albion, set apart for the public library. In religious sects, there is scarcely toleration enough to allow of a united movement. Each sect, therefore, is left to struggle on as it can. An itinerant minister would occasionally ride in, and give a sermon in the court-house, and pass along.* Mr. Jesse B. Browne was clerk of the court at that time. He was brother of

*Jesse B. Browne, after leaving Albion, became a captain in the First Regiment United States Dragoons, then commanded by Col. Kearney. Leaving the army, I believe, he settled at Fort Madison, Iowa Territory, and, during territorial times, was a somewhat prominent Whig politician.

Thomas C. Browne was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of the State, October 9, 1818, and served continually for more than thirty years. When the judicial system of the State was changed, in 1841–2, the number of judges increased and assigned to Circuit duties, Judge Browne was sent to the north-western Circuit, including Joe Daviess, Stephenson, Carroll, Lee, Rock Island, Mercer, Winnebago, Ogle, Boone, and Whitesides Counties. He settled at Shawneetown, Gallatin County, soon after the Territory of Illinois was organized and was a member of the Territorial House of Representatives, from Gallatin County, in 1814 and 1815. He was a member of the Territorial Legislative Council for 1816, '17, and '18, when the Territory of Illinois was admitted into the Union as a State. He was then appointed one of the first four judges of the Supreme Court by Gov. Shadrach Bond, better known, even after he was elected governor, as "Captain Bond". Judge T. C. Browne died, several years ago, at San Francisco, Cal., at the residence of his son-in-law, Hon. Joseph P. Hoge, formerly of Galena, and member of Congress from the Galena District, from 1842 to 1846.

There was an incident in Judge Browne's career which led to stupendous results. In the gubernatorial contest in 1822, Chief-Justice Joseph Phillips ran as the pro-slavery candidate, with what was thought a certainty of an election. Edward Coles, representing the anti-slavery sentiment, was brought out as a candidate, and it was thought he would have great strength in the "Wabash Country", where the influence of the English Colony was beginning to be felt. The other side feared his strength in that part of the State, and, to take votes from him, Judge Browne, then a very popular man in the Wabash Valley, was induced to present himself as a candidate for governor. The Judge obtained an unexpectedly large vote, falling but a little short of the vote given to Phillips. As the result proved, he did not take votes from Coles, but from Phillips. Had not Browne been in the field, Phillips would have obtained nearly all the votes given to Browne, rendering his election absolutely certain. But for this state of things, Coles could not possibly have been elected, and thus enabled to play the *role* he did in preventing Illinois becoming a slave-state.

Judge Browne of Shawneetown. A fine man was Mr. Jesse B. Browne, six feet seven inches high, a kind and jovial man, too. On one occasion, an itinerant preacher, called a hard-shelled Baptist, applied to Mr. Browne for the use of the court-house, which was readily granted. The good preacher was invited by Mr. Browne to meet two or three friends and take a little refreshment, in a private room, after the sermon. Corn-whisky, the only refreshment, was duly honored, each taking his fair share without flinching. At the end of the sitting, our hard-shell, true to his name, could sit straight in his chair and walk more steady out of the door, it is said, than any of his lay-companions. These were not the days of temperance societies. Cold water was not then inaugurated.

Soon after my father arrived, in 1819, he preached regularly, in Albion, every Sunday morning. The service was conducted after the manner of dissenting worship in England—singing, sermon, prayer. Earnest, energetic preaching generally attracts attendance. It was so in this case. The service was gratuitously performed, from a sense of duty in holding public worship. No creed, no catechism, no membership; it was a free church, even if it could be allowed to be a church at all, by more strictly-organized bodies.

Then came the church, built and brought together chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. Daniel Orange, of a branch of the Baptists called Campbellites or Christian Church. A Rev. Mr. Baldwin, an Episcopalian missionary, preached several sermons, gathered the Episcopalians together, and organized a church; designated as St. John's Church. Mr. Pickering was an active promoter, and gave very efficient aid to this organization. But it was not until some years afterward, when the Rev. Benjamin Hutchins from Philadelphia, came first as missionary, afterward as a permanent resident, that an Episcopal church was built. There was a handsome subscription raised, a large share borne by Mr. Hutchins himself; and a church was accordingly built, and furnished with its pulpit, seats, altar, choir, and bell. But the chime of the English parish-church was wanting! And without that charm, Episcopacy can never here attain to the same power over the feelings

of the people, as it does in England. The touching, but cheerful peals, simultaneously, from every parish spire in the realm, as the shades of evening close in, are felt by all hearts in every station and condition of life. Their charming melody warms the hearts of its friends, and does more to allay the bitterness of its foes than all the preaching of its clergy, and the exaltation of its ceremonies.

Yet so little valued are these sweet tones in the United States, that one of the finest chimes of large-sized Spanish bells, the finest in the world, charged with their full alloy of silver, which gives such melody to the tone, were knocked down at auction as old iron, and afterward broken and melted into water pipes or railroad iron.

The Episcopal church of Albion is sustained not alone by Episcopalians, but by those who, if they belong to any church, prefer the old established church to any other. The building, when completed, was duly consecrated, by Bishop Chase, with a crowded congregation.

Mr. William Curtis, a plain, working farmer from Yorkshire, a man of small pecuniary means and limited education, preaches to a small congregation about two miles east of Albion. Mr. Curtis is a specimen of a numerous class of religious men that took root and sprang up under long and violent persecution. These heads of small voluntary communities are found very generally in Scotland and the northern counties of England, hating episcopacy especially, from which they received their chief persecution. They claim the right to preach and teach for every man, whether learned or unlearned, who feels so disposed. Our religious forms in Wanborough and Albion, whether of episcopacy or dissent, although they might suit the religiously English, were not accepted or in any way attended to by the backwoodsmen around. By the backwoodsmen I mean the little-farmers from Tennessee, Kentucky, and indeed from all the Southern States before mentioned, and some families from the Eastern States, also, but more particularly the former. The silence and solitude, the absence from all emotion in which they lived, seemed to demand some excitement. Whenever they came into town, at an election, or a court, and frequently on any ordinary occasion, the warmth of feeling in which they stood in need, first raised

by a little whisky, would show itself in free fights generally, an erratic movement in that way. An elegant sermon read from a book, a calm, logical disquisition, carrying a chain of reasoning, tracing effect from cause, a hymn sung in moderate tone and without any gesticulation, a short prayer in a subdued voice, was all nothing to them. Their religious feeling could only be excited by more powerful influences, embodied in a Methodist camp-meeting. This was the exhibition of feeling in which they delighted. In the camp-meeting their feelings could be displayed in all their force, without restraint, in forms far less objectionable than in grocery-brawls or street-fights. Well organized and under good discipline, the Methodist church wisely adapts itself to all classes; and in this it is only exceeded by the Roman-Catholic church, and not by that in its influence over the backwoodsmen of the North-Western States. Fortunate in appointing preachers suited to the audience, in the camp-meeting it avails itself of the influences of nature to aid the words of the preacher. United, the effect is powerful upon all; and to a class in a certain stage of civilization quite irresistible. There is no temple constructed by art like the great temple of nature, in beauty, grandeur, and space. It is in the silence of the grove, canopied by the blue heavens or the starry dome, that the feeble voice of man most easily influences the feelings of his fellows. Nature in her highest moods exerts a spiritualizing power by the silent appeals of her many beauties; the temper and feelings become calm and kindly.

Surrounded by these happy influences, the preacher can more easily raise the feelings to the highest pitch of fervor or melt the spirit to a more humble resignation. A preacher of moderate abilities, with a good voice, in the open air, with a health-inspiring breeze and the influences of nature, can act more decidedly than eloquence, reason, and logic all combined, on the feelings of his hearers, squeezed between four walls, inhaling the pestilential atmosphere of their own breath.

On a warm summer afternoon, as I was riding from Mt. Carmel, turning a point of wood, came suddenly on a scene that arrested my attention; and, as a stream of

people were going in one direction, I joined them and went on. We were soon in front of the Methodist camp. It was in form of a hollow square, on the two sides opposite and on a portion of the third were the log-huts, with roof sloping outward, occupied by families from a distance, furnished with bedding and a few simple cooking-utensils; these were all, or nearly all, occupied. In the centre of the third side was an elevated platform for the preacher, in the shade of three tall, handsome oak-trees, which stood immediately at its back, in front and below was what was called "the anxious-pew", a space about fifteen feet square, enclosed by a light post-and-rail fence. The body of the square was covered with ranges of light and even-sized logs, smoothed on one side by the ax, affording sitting room for about three hundred people. There was an interlude in the service, and the seats were nearly vacant; people stood about in little groups, conversing, or welcoming some newly-arrived acquaintance. Inside the camp presented to me a singular scene. In one apartment was a family cooking, and the meal all going on, in company with acquaintances from without. In the next, a little prayer-meeting; and all were kneeling at their devotions. In the front of the next division, a lively party of young and old chatting together in high glee. In the next, stood a solitary man erect and with rigid mien, and eyes intently fixed on an open bible held in both his hands. Outside, strangers were continually arriving, some in buggies and some on horseback, fastening their animals to the branches of the trees, that in a semicircle stood round the camp. I withdrew to a little distance to take a general view. Nothing could be prettier. The camp itself, standing as it did in the little prairie, surrounded by beautiful timber, was an interesting object. The various parties of youths and gay maidens, with their many-colored scarfs and ribbons, streaming in the wind, gave to the whole an air of cheerfulness not to be exceeded. At a given signal, all assembled inside the camp and took their seats. The preacher ascended the stand, and began his discourse in a voice scarcely audible. As he raised it to a higher pitch, a sort of groan-like response could be heard from a few in the audience, and

now and then an emphatic "amen"! As the preacher raised his voice from bass to tenor, so the responses, in groans, amens, and shouts of glory increased in number and intensity. The scenes in the anxious-pew were getting exciting, and people crowded around. My curiosity induced me to press forward to a closer view. I confess I was startled; but a moment's reflection checked any censure that is apt to arise in the breast of every man who sees doings different from his own. All real feeling is spontaneous; the mode of its display is conventional, a mere matter of taste. There were about fifteen persons then under the highest excitement, chiefly females. One man, a Yankee, a near neighbor of mine, was there rolling and groaning as if in extreme pain, and uttering loud cries for pardon. Among the many shouters and exclaimers, one respectable, middle-aged female, of pleasing personal appearance attracted my attention among the many extraordinary attitudes, erratic motions, and various voices and sounds, in that extraordinary place. With eyes raised upward, arms raised straight above her head, incessantly clapping her hands and shouting glory, leaping continually upward, as high as her strength would carry her; with all her fine black hair streaming down her back, and perspiration trickling down her face, she presented rather a fine picture of the frenzy. Two young women, recently from Scotland were there, affected quite as strongly, but rather differently. Short hysterical laughter, sobs, sighs, and weeping exhibited the depth and sincerity of their feelings. The preacher lowered his voice; exclamations became fainter; he ceased; and silence was restored. It reminded me of those extraordinary scenes recorded in history, of children, women, and men, who went about for weeks and months, singing and shouting, the epidemic spreading wherever they went. But the scene in the "anxious-pew" was more pandemonian than paradisical. Fear and flattery, mingled with fevered hope, formed the basis of their violent ejaculations and their many mournful sounds; all seemed to be fearing that the God they worshiped would bestow an eternity of torment for an error or a crime. I was impressed, and somewhat depressed, by what I had seen; for I felt no sympathy and could yield but par-

tial approval. The social meeting of distant friends and acquaintance was the best feature of it all. I could not deny, that the whole affair was well suited to the times and to the people.

From early documents, I see Mr. Birkbeck acted as chairman at two meetings, to promote a subscription for a church, and several notices occur of the Episcopal service being read by Mr. Woods. It seems, the religious element was at work as soon as the Settlement existed. As the infidelity of Mr. Birkbeck was urged by the enemies of the Settlement, as a reason for its avoidance, let us hear what he himself says, on that head. In a printed pamphlet, entitled "Extracts from a Supplementary Letter from Illinois, dated January 1st, 1819, addressed to British Emigrants, arriving in Eastern ports, reply to Wm. Cobbett, Esq., July 31st, 1819," I find the following: "In the solicitude for the well-being of our Colony, I have deprecated the formalities practised in lieu of religion. I have, therefore, been deemed a foe to religion; that bond which connects the soul of man with the supreme intelligence in whom we live and move and have our being. It is the love of God increasing our good-will to each other. It is a principle of action aiding the moral sense; a divine sentiment, impelling us to pursuits reason approves, and restraining us from evil. If I have written in disparagement of this principle, I plead guilty." These were his sentiments, as published by himself, and should be accepted as standing on better authority than the imputations cast upon him by his theological foes and the enemies of the Settlement. Nothing more need be said on this subject. These were the aspects of religion in and about our Settlement during the first three or four years of its existence.

It should be remembered, that neither Mr. Birkbeck nor myself came here as preachers or teachers of religion. We had found a country especially adapted to the European emigrant, relieving him and his immediate successors from the heart-breaking toil of felling the forest before he could put in the plow. And what a country? For those who will come after us, and can never see it in its original beauty, I will give a brief record of its features as we first saw them.

In the month of April, the surface of the prairie becomes covered with a delicious green. It resembles, when viewed at a little distance, a smooth carpet or well-shorn lawn. About the first of May, the surrounding woods appear clothed in a verdure of a darker hue. As the season advances, the verdure increases in intensity, intermingled with flowers of brilliant hues, from the smallest to the largest. Herds of cattle and horses are seen quietly grazing, or reposing in the shade of the clumps of noble oak-trees that stand dotted about the prairie, enjoying the cool breeze. It is a fairy-like scene on which the eye delights to dwell, a perfect picture of rural felicity and peace. As summer advances, both herbage and foliage attain to greater amplitude and richness of color. The great heat of the summer's sun, from which all animals seek a shelter, seems to make perfect every variety of vegetable life. Autumn finds the tall grass of the prairie in full size, but of a less brilliant green. Later in autumn, the trees, as if to defy the god of day, exchange their sober livery of green for robes of greater brilliancy and more gorgeous beauty. Standing side by side are trees of various but perfect colors. The pale yellow contrasts with the violet or the copper-color. Whole clumps, of bright scarlet or rich crimson, intermingle often on the same tree with bunches of yellow or carnation. In spring and autumn, the temperature for many days together is delicious—about 75° Fahrenheit. Sitting at ease, enjoying the beauties of the scene, fanned by the soft zephyrs that come rolling up from the south, laden with the perfume of sweet flowers; the lungs inhaling the delicious balm, redolent of health; every sense is gratified and simple existence is a joy. As winter approaches, the grass becomes dry and brown. A brand from some camp-fire ignites it. Preceded by dense volumes of smoke, the flames spread wider and wider. Fanned by an ever-increasing wind from the vacuum made by its own heat, the progress of the fire becomes terrific. Animals all fly before it. Those that are paralized perish in the flames. The trees are burnt. Their leaves, small branches, and old trunks are consumed. For want of material the fire goes out; but the smothering smoke for a time rolls on, then

lifts, displaying a scene of desolation almost dreadful to behold. The landscape, a few minutes before arrayed in the brilliancy of autumn coloring, is now a monotonous, dreary, black waste. And so it remains until winter advances and the cold sets in. A heavy fall of snow transforms the whole scene from black to white. The dazzling whiteness is painful to the eyes. In its extent, its uniform surface of purest white, its dazzling glare, there is a grandeur in its very dreariness. With the temperature ten or twenty degrees below zero, which sometimes is the case, the traveler may obtain experiences of the steppes of Tartary or the plains of Siberia on the prairies of Illinois. After a short period of rain, mud, and swollen streams, the annual changes on the face of nature again appear to go their perpetual round. This was the country we had found, made known, and recommended to others. The almost uniform success of those who came has justified our choice and vindicated our judgment. Our after-mission was to point out its situation and the way to it; to defend it from the misrepresentations and barefaced lies, unscrupulously uttered by its enemies; to spread before the European public from time to time our progress and success; to aid many who had expended all their means; to assist, both by pecuniary means and long periods of time and labor, any great object of public advantage, whether of roads, schools, buildings, or laws. And this we did from the first to the last. In the infancy of the Settlement, Mr. Birkbeck's pen was active to rebut the calumnies so assiduously propagated, and in defence of freedom from the evils of slavery. In the middle of our course my "Errors of Emigrants," two thousand copies of which were sold by the publisher in London in two weeks, gave a fresh impulse to emigration. Still later, by special request, I published a letter in the *Lowell Courier*, descriptive of the prairies, and giving other general information. This was translated by a Mr. Anderson, a native of Norway, into the Norse language, and circulated widely in Norway and Sweden, giving some impulse to the emigration of Swedes and Norwegians, who formed settlements in the northern part of our State. In after years, I received letters from Norwegians, inquiring after their countrymen settled in Illinois. They, not

realizing the extent of our Western States, little thought that their friends whom they supposed to be my neighbors, were at least four hundred miles from where I lived. This we did gratuitously; and if any charges were incurred, at our own cost. Thus were we engaged. Religion we left to the people. If we differed from others in their speculation of things, unseen and unknown, we tolerated all opinions, and as far as was proper, promoted the wishes of our neighbors. Doubtless we should have given a site for any building of a public purpose. If for religious purposes, we should never have put any hinderance to the building of a temple, a synagogue, a mosque, a pagoda, a church, or Friend's meeting-house; and this we should do without feeling ourselves committed to a single dogma contained in any one of their creeds.

CHAPTER IX.

Consultations as to how to Advance the Interests of the Settlement —The Backwoodsmen begin to Leave the Country—The Michaels Brothers—Moses Michaels Elected to the Legislature, and a "Weak Brother"—Descriptions of Moving Emigrants—Two Early Settlers at Albion—One of them become Governor—English and Americans have Different Ways of Doing Things—Emigrants from Europe bound for Albion, Land at nearly every Port from St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico—A Welshman Rides on Horseback from Charleston, S. C., to Albion—British Sketches Recognized by Britains at Albion—Cobbett's Abusive Letters about the English Colony—Cobbett's Character—Replies by Richard Flower and Morris Birkbeck—Dr. Johnson's Charges —Mr. Fearon's Book of Travels—Adverse Influences—The Evil Genius of Slavery.

THE members of our family often met at my house, but more frequently at my father's, to canvass some measure of interest to the town or settlement. Myself, my father, my brothers-in-law, Mr. Ronalds and Mr. Pickering, and sometimes an additional friend or two, composed the party. Measures for the advancement of the town or country were then discussed—the erection of some public building, school, library, a new road, a petition to the Legislature—and action in each case was often decided upon. If opinions were divided, we would take an appeal to the public sentiment, and a town-meeting was called. These meetings and discussions were often discordant and sometimes stormy. However they kept things alive.

In 1819, the hunter-class of backwoodsmen began to move off, to keep their true position between the receding Indian and the advancing white man. With all their faults, they were an interesting class. We were getting too populous and civilized for them.

Three brothers, Moses, John, and George Michaels, from one of the Eastern States—Connecticut, I think—were

among our earliest settlers on the prairie on which Scavington and Brissenden had settled, three miles east of Albion. With them came two families of Browns, from the same section. Moses Michaels,* for several years a magistrate, was our first representative in the Legislature, that met first at Kaskaskia, and afterward at Vandalia. A most striking example of a man being placed in the front rank, without possessing a single qualification to lead or to command. Without one positive, his character was made up of all negative qualities. It may be observed in higher offices than those filled by our humble representative, men are often chosen for their moderate, rather than their superior, ability.

Other settlers, from the class of poor whites from slave-states, came in and settled among us; and, now and then, a more substantial farmer from New York and Pennsylvania. It was curious to see the different appointments of these various American settlers. The eye could detect from whence they came as far as it could discern them.

When a large wagon came in sight, strong and complete, generally painted blue, drawn by four strong horses in high condition, its feed-trough behind, tar-buckets and water swinging beneath, laden with a full supply of bedding and household gear, on which sat sturdy boys and buxom girls, all dressed in stout homespun clothes, a stalwart man in his deep-seated saddle driving; that wagon came from the Keystone State.

Another traveling establishment, of a far different character, was more frequently to be seen coming along—a little rickety wagon, sometimes a cart or light carryall, pulled by a horse as lean as a greyhound, scarcely able to drag the vehicle, which contains only a skillet, a small bag of meal, and a little piece of bacon; a gaunt, emaciated man and a large family, chiefly daughters, walking barefoot, and without a change of raiment. "Where from, good folks?" The answer is sure: from Alaba*ma* or Carol*ine*; a more perfect picture of destitution can not be

* Michaels was not a member of the legislature when it sat at Kaskaskia, but only once a member of the House, after the seat of Government had been removed to Vandalia, and that was in 1820–22. According to Mr. Flower's account of him, that was quite enough.

seen. Give them time, and with good soil, with freedom to work it, they will soon get on, *if sober*, which many of them are. Their only tools are an axe and a hoe, with, occasionally, a one-horse plow. They have no team to break up the prairie, and, necessarily, settle in the woods, girdle a few trees, and make a few rails, and get in a corn-patch. After all, these are the best settlers we get from the South. Their little corn-patch increases to a field; their first shanty to a small log-house, which, in turn, gives place to a double cabin, in which a loom and spinning-wheel are installed. A well with a sweep, a grape-vine for a rope. A few fruit trees, and their improvement is complete. Moderate in their aspirations, they soon arrive at the summit of their wishes. The only difference between the roving hunters and these stationary settlers, appears to be in the greater sobriety of the stationary class.

Quite a respectable man, a neighbor, told me that all he possessed was put into a bee-gum, and carried by himself and wife, when they came into the State on foot. We have some from the South with greater pretentions. But they neither plow, nor sow, nor build houses, nor make garments. The best of them get into the professions—a doctor or a lawyer—but their great ambition is to get to the legislature, and then to congress.

Another class, from another quarter, and with other abilities, also come to us. Young men fresh from college, from the New-England States. I have two examples now in my eye. These two young men came to Albion, their wits their only fortune. I mean their legitimate wits; that is, the power of turning their acquirements to the best account, losing no opportunity. They too decline manual labor. One went to Carmi. He was a magistrate while there; afterward cashier of a branch of the State Bank, at Mt. Carmel; and now conducts a large moneyed institution at Evansville. The other, at first, took small children to teach, at two dollars a-quarter, and taught them their a, b, c. Whenever he could get a little writing in the clerk's office, he employed himself there. He was soon seen on a horse, riding the circuit with the lawyers, and becoming one himself. Tacking his political sails to suit the breeze, he got elected to the legislature, and afterward

became governor of the State of Illinois.* This is a class representing the active intellect of the country, possessing a great deal of tact and intelligence.

It is very curious to see how differently the Eastern American, the Southerner, and the Englishman proceed in their way of farming, where they all begin with little or nothing. The Southerner, as I have before stated, goes into the woods, girdles a few trees, and raises some corn and pumpkins. It is hard to say how he employs himself the rest of the year. Industry, that is, systematic and continuous labor, he seems utterly to avoid; but he gets along after his own fashion, and, occasionally, by fits and starts, he will accomplish more than either of the others. But his periods of hard work are, for the most part, separated by long periods of inaction. The Eastern man, or Yankee, as we call him, shows great dexterity and good management in all he does. He has a certain sleight that seems to make his work go off rapidly and easily; and this quality is observable in the women as well as the men, in the housework as well as in the farmwork, and is very noticeable when contrasted with the mode of labor of most of the Europeans. If he meet with a difficulty he evades it, or lets it stand by, until he is better able to contend with it. Industrious, economical, and with a thrifty experience, he seems to get along easily, and surpasses the

* This must have been Augustus C. French of Palestine, Crawford County, elected governor of Illinois in 1846. His nomination, by the Democratic party, was the result of an accident. The convention could not agree on any of the prominent candidates, and in the present parlance, French became the *dark horse*. He was a very quiet, unobtrusive, honest man, but not in any way distinguished; living on the Wabash, had never mixed much with society, and had but little knowledge of etiquette when he first went to Springfield. It was the custom then, as now, for the governor to give occasional receptions to the members of the Legislature, judges, lawyers, strangers from abroad, etc. The story goes, that Hon. Thompson Campbell of Galena, who had been secretary-of-state under Governor Ford, and who was not only a great wit, but remarkably quick at repartee, attended one of these receptions. Entering the house, not finding the governor receiving his guests in the front parlor, he straggled into a back room, where he found him sitting alone on a sofa. Approaching him, the governor extended his hand and asked Mr. C. to excuse him for not rising. Quick as a flash, Campbell replied, "*Oh! certainly, certainly, Governor; we never expect anything like politeness on these little occasions.*" Mr. Campbell represented the Galena District in Congress for two years, from 1850 to 1852, and was then made a judge of the United States Land-Court in California. He has been dead some years.

Englishman at a great rate. The Englishman, unpractised in the ways of the country, does not take hold of things by the smooth handle. He plants himself squarely before his difficulties, he evades nothing, but works hard and steadily to remove them; not always with dexterity, on the contrary, he often seems to take hold of things the wrong way. But the Englishman has a higher standard in his mind. He has seen well-cultivated farms, and substantial and convenient farm-houses; mansions surrounded by verdant lawns, kept as closely shorn as the pile on a Turkey carpet, and the gravel-walks kept as clean as the floor of the drawing-room. These high standards he may not reach, but he approaches somewhat toward them. His improvements are more substantial, and he stays upon them. After some years, comparing the two, the Englishman has surpassed the American. In a few more, the American is gone; but the Englishman remains.

The three brother Michaels, who seemed to have less of the roaming propensity than most Americans that settled in the same prairie, with Wood, Brissenden, and Scavington, are gone; but the latter remain there stronger and more flourishing than ever.

It is a noticeable fact that emigrants bound for the English Settlement in Illinois, landed at every port from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. This arises from the fact that the laborers and small-farmers of England are very imperfectly acquainted with the geography of America. Indeed, among all classes in England there is a very inadequate idea of the extent of the United States, and scarcely any of the nationality of each state. The child at school, looking at the map of England, sees all the counties, and London as the metropolis of the kingdom. On the map of America, he sees the States, and Washington as the metropolis of the Republic. He feels that the States of America and the counties of England are relatively the same. I question if half-a-dozen maps are to be found in all England, of the different states marked with county boundaries. It is a point not explained to him by his teachers. Thus the error grows up with him. As various as their ports of debarkation, were the routes they took, and the modes of conveyance they adopted.

Some came in wagons and light carriages, overland; some on horseback; some in arks; some in skiffs; and some by steam-boat, *via* New Orleans. One Welshman landed at Charleston, S. C. "How did you get here?" I asked. "Oh," he innocently replied, "I just bought me a horse, sir, and inquired the way." It seems our Settlement was then known at the plantations in Carolina and in the mountains of Tennessee. The great variety found among our people, coming as they did from almost every county in the kingdom, in complexion, statue, and dialect, was, in the early days of our Settlement, very remarkable. Of the variety of places from which they came, I had some singular indirect testimony.

When a youth, I accompanied my drawing-master on his annual sketching tour into the southern counties of Wales, and adjoining counties of England. From some three hundred pencil-sketches, we selected six for pictures in body color, an art I was then learning. Like many first productions of children, my parents put these, my first efforts, into frames, and hung them up. By some means they came in our baggage, and were hung up in my cabins on the prairies. One day, the Welshman, Williams, looking earnestly at one of them, asked me where that place was. I told him it was "Pont ne Vaughan," Glamorganshire, South Wales. "I thought it was, sir, or I should not have asked; and there stands the Widow Griffith's house. I have been there, sir, a hundred times." And there he stood, exclaiming sometimes in Welsh, sometimes in English, pleased at the representation that recalled to him the happy scenes of his youth.

On another occasion, my shepherd challenged another picture. "Is not that the River Severn, near Bristol, sir?" "Yes." "And there are the two islands, called the 'flat' and the 'steep holmes', on which I have gathered bushels of birds' eggs," said he. In this way were my early pictures nearly all recognized. That representations of places, taken nearly a half-century before in secluded places in England, far apart from each other, should be sent into a wilderness of another hemisphere, there to be recognized by persons, some of whom were not born at the time the sketches were taken, seems a very strange thing.

It will be seen that our position is not on any of the great highways of travel. We caught none of the floating population as they passed. Most of those who came set out expressly to come to us. This circumstance indicates some leading sentiment that, in a greater or less degree, is common amongst us all. We are, generally speaking, republican in politics, with a strong bias for equal freedom to all men. A portion amongst us are of more liberal sentiments than strict sectionalism will allow. All, more or less, of a reflective and reading class, with a certain vein of enterprise, or we should not have been here.

Thus far we had been successful, contending and overcoming material objects. We were now to have our share of trouble, annoyances, and bitter contentions. Enemies were rising up, seeking to arrest the current of emigration.

New towns and settlements forming deeper in the interior, and with a fresher popularity, have to encounter envy and disparaging remarks from many of the inhabitants of older towns and settlements, themselves young and wanting population. To pass them and their town is felt as a sort of insult. There are persons in almost all places ready to exaggerate the difficulty of travel, and dilate on the disadvantages of the place, to which the traveler is bound. Others, less scrupulous, give utterance to every plausible falsehood to arrest the stranger. This we had to endure, and we suffered from its influence, perhaps in a greater degree, from the circumstance of our Settlement being more widely advertised and known. We lost many families, that came out to join us, from this cause. Scores and hundreds were, by these fabulous stories, arrested, and many of them ultimately detained from thirty to a hundred miles east of us.

The most remarkable instance of this kind of influence occurred in the person of Mr. Filder, who came over in my ship. He was over fifty years of age, of apparent firmness and resolution, worth forty thousand pounds, and came out expressly to make a member of our Settlement in Illinois. He was one of those who made the journey from Pittsburgh on horseback. He traversed the states of Ohio and Indiana, and arrived at the old town of Vincennes. He had doubtless passed over much rough country, and expe-

rienced many annoyances—bad roads, swollen streams, bad cooking, buggy beds—altogether enough to put an elderly gentleman a little out of sorts.

Finding that he was a man of property, and hoping to detain him at Vincennes, they plied him with awful accounts of the English Settlement, and the way to it. When he got there, he would find no water to drink; all the people there were shaking with the fever and ague. To get there, he must sell his horse and buy a canoe, to get through the swamps and waters; and much more of the like kind. Although within one day's ride, forty miles, and on the verge of the prairie country, for which he had taken a voyage of three thousand miles, and a journey of one thousand inland, for the purpose of seeing them, these unfavorable reports made such an impression on him, that he rode back the journey, and recrossed the Atlantic, without seeing what he came to see.

It was as early as the year 1819, that William Cobbett wrote his two letters to Morris Birkbeck, which appear in the third part of his "Year's Residence in the United States of America." These had a wide circulation in England and in America. Written with his usual force and talent, these letters, with his after-efforts, had a decided effect in checking the current of emigration to our Settlement, and in diverting it to other channels. The more so as there was truth mingled with his special pleading, mistaken premises, and erroneous deductions. He accused Mr. Birkbeck of propagating misstatements, in the form of letters, addressed to fictitious persons in order to give them the semblance of truth. He quotes from a particular letter as containing evidence of its own falsity. Now this particular letter I took to England, and delivered to the person to whom it was addressed, Mr. John Graves, a gentleman of great worth and respectability, of the Society of Friends, living near St. Albans, Hertfordshire.

In replying, Mr. Birkbeck made use of an expression to this effect (for I have not the words to quote from), "there is something in your character that throws a doubt on the motive of your statement." The expression, I think, is correct. With all the strong points of Cobbett's character, and in them there was much to admire, there was still that

doubt existing in the minds of his most ardent admirers. His sobriety, amazing industry, persistent perseverance, self-instruction, the bringing of himself from obscurity to name and honorable notice, are admirable powers and traits of character. The cloud of mistrust, which hung over his motives, even among his many admirers, I presume was from his peculiar position as a political writer. No man could, for so many years as he did, and writing with his force and ability, maintaining one set of political opinions, praising all who agreed with him, and pouring out vituperation and abuse on all who differed from him, change suddenly, argue for all he had formerly denounced, praising those he had blamed, and vilifying those who he had formerly eulogized, either maintain his character for consistency, or dispel all doubts of his honesty. I have known many of Cobbett's admirers, and I rank myself among them; but I have never known a half-dozen persons who yielded to him their implicit confidence. Be this as it may. He was in a position, by issuing his disparaging statements through his widely-read *Register*, to do us much harm, and would have done us much more, had he been implicitly believed.

Some of these statements were replied to, in England, by the pen of my father, and in letters to individuals by myself, and by Mr. Birkbeck, in a printed address in pamphlet form, "To Emigrants arriving in the Eastern States; published by C. Wiley & Co., 3 Wall Street, New York." The reports, spread in the Eastern States, at first from sources to us unknown, were anonymous. They were most dismal—"That all our bright prospects had vanished, and that we had been visited by every calamity, physical and moral; by famine, disease, and strife; that the sound have been too few to nurse the sick, and the living scarcely able to bury the dead," etc. Cobbett's active pen, it was said (with what truth, I know not), was employed by certain land-speculators, in New York and Pennsylvania.

A Dr. Johnson, personifying, as he professed, a society for the benefit of European emigrants arriving in the port of New York, makes charges, without any scruple, against our situation and ourselves. It turned out that he was a large land-owner in New York and Pennsylvania. These

calumnies were forcibly and well answered. But the venom had spread before the antidote could be applied. Hundreds who saw the denunciatory accusations, never saw the replies. When these statements were all tripped up, the last charge was made, and the cry of infidelity was raised. But we were out of reach. Their abuse was, in some sort, an advertisement. We had powerful interests to oppose us. The British Government did not like to see its people strengthening the United States, and neglecting its own colonies. A number of books and newspaper statements appeared suddenly in England, some anonymous, some under assumed names, and one or two with real names, full of disparagement, falsehood, and abuse.

Mr. Fearon's book of travels, although appearing under his own name, it is said, was edited and published by the poet-laureate, and so worded by him as to give an unfavorable turn to everything American in the eyes of the English emigrant. To sum up, the British Government lent the weight of its influence against us. The most popular writer of the times was actively engaged against us. The Eastern land-speculator. Tories everywhere. The bigoted religious (and they were legion) were all against us. They disparaged where they could not deny, and scrupled not to substitute falsehood for truth, whenever the occasion suited. They influenced the wavering, intimidated the weak, and forcibly restrained those over whom they had control.

Thus stood the war without, when we were suddenly called upon to turn our weapons to an enemy at home—an enemy more to be dreaded than all the political writers and land-speculators put together. It was the evil genius of SLAVERY that stood within our borders, plotting and contriving how to make the whole State its prey.

CHAPTER X.

Conspiracy against Liberty—The Convention Question—The Salines—Slaves to Work them—How Slavery got a Foothold in Illinois—Provision of the First Constitution—Gen. Willis Hargrave—System Adopted to Change the Constitution—The Project Exposed—The Pro-Slavery Men holding all the Offices—Judge Samuel D. Lockwood an Exception—Letters of "Jonathan Freeman" and "John Rifle"—Handbill "Pro Bono Publico"—Letters of Morris Birkbeck—The Election takes Place—Vote of Edwards County—Slavery Men Active and Unscrupulous—Gov. Coles and Mr. Birkbeck—The latter appointed Secretary-of-State by Gov. Coles—The Outrages on Gov. Coles by the Slavery Party—Letter of Gov. Coles to Mr. Birkbeck—Honorable Exceptions among the Pro-Slavery Men, Judges Wilson and Browne—The Cloven-Foot Exposed by the "Shawneetown Gazette"—The Death of Mr. Birkbeck—Buried at New Harmony, Ind.—His Memory to be held in Respect and Gratitude.

THERE are questions asked at the present day. Scarcely any one person can give all the answers. It is something like asking a soldier to give a description of a battle in which he fought. He necessarily gives the history of that part of the field that came under his own observation. This effort to obtain a convention undoubtedly had a local origin. But the ramifications of this conspiracy against liberty, soon after its inception, extended over all the State, even to the extreme north. There are those, doubtless, now living, who can tell what part the centre and north of the State took in this transaction, as I am about to describe the action of the south. My impression is that the treachery came from the south, and the traitors*

* Mr. Flower is at fault when he describes the "traitors" as coming from the "north." The northern counties of the State, as they existed in 1822, were Greene, Pike, Fulton, Edwards, Bond, Fayette, Montgomery, Wayne, Lawrence, Crawford, Clark, Madison, and Sangamon. In the Senate, in the "Convention Legislature," these counties were represented by *five* anti-convention men and *two* convention men. In the House, in the same Legislature, these same counties were represented by *nine* anti-convention men

from the north; at least, so many of them as were necessary to give an effective aid to the southern faction, that desired to introduce slavery and establish it over the State.

The better to understand the coming controversy, the circumstances of the territory must be referred to, as they existed previous to the year 1817, and the different tone of feeling that existed in the two parties living in the southern part of Illinois; one strongly opposing, the other as determinedly sustaining, the introduction of slavery into the new State.

A saline, or water strong enough to make salt, was found in a district of country about ten or twelve miles north-west of Shawneetown, on the Ohio River. The salines were reserved from sale by the United States. The General Government leased these salines to individuals, and afterward to the State of Illinois, allowing slaves to be brought into the Territory for the purpose of working them. Under the Territorial law, hundreds and thousands of slaves were introduced into the southern part of the Territory, chiefly from the states of Kentucky and Tennessee.

For all practical purposes, this part of the Territory was as much a slave-state as any of the states south of the Ohio River. To roll a barrel of salt once a year, or put salt into a salt-cellar, was sufficient excuse for any man to hire a slave, and raise a field of corn. Slaves were not only worked at the saline, they were waiters in taverns, draymen, and used in all manner of work on the north side of the Ohio River. As villages and settlements extended further, the disease was carried with them. A black man or a black woman was found in many families, in defiance of law, up to the confines of our Settlement, sixty miles north, and in one instance in it. In some, but not many, cases, they were held defiantly; in others, evasively, under some quibble or construction of law; in most cases, under a denial of slavery. "Oh, no! not slaves; old

(including Hansen) and *four* convention men (excluding Shaw). It will be seen, therefore, that the great body of the anti-convention men in the Legislature were from the northern counties of the State having an organization in 1822. The only anti-convention senator from the middle or southern portion of the State, as settled at that day, was Andrew Bankson of Washington County, and the only anti-convention representatives were Thomas Mather and Raphael Wieden of Randolph County.

servants attached to the family; do n't like to part with them," etc. And in many cases it was so. In some of those "attached" cases, however, there was found no bar to trading off the poor darkey for a few loads of salt, or, what was better, a little ready cash. This was the planting of slavery on our soil, within the bounds of the saline, legally and without virtuality. The evil plant took such strong root, that, in a few years, it was found difficult to pluck it up and cast it from us.

In article IV, section 2, of our first constitution, will be found the limitations to the term of service and the period fixed for the termination of slavery, before legally permitted in this section of the State. It reads thus: "No person, bound to labor in any other State, shall be hired to labor in this State, excepting within the tract reserved for the salt-works, near Shawneetown, nor even at that place for a longer term than one year, at any one time. Nor shall it be allowed there after the year 1825. Any violation of this article shall effect the emancipation of such person from his obligation to service."

Here the whole thing was supposed to be settled. Everybody thought freedom established, and slavery excluded; and, under that belief, emigrants from free-states and from Europe came in, and began to make permanent settlements for themselves and families.

As the time for excluding slavery drew near, the lessees of the saline—Granger, Guard, White, and others, and conspicuous among these, for the zealous advocacy of the convention cause, was Major Willis Hargrave,* afterward legislator and general, with other characters in the neighborhood, made a bold stroke to perpetuate their system of servile labor, not by asking for an extension of time for hiring hands to work the saline, but they sought so to change the constitution as to make the whole of Illinois a slave-state.

* Gen. Willis Hargrave was the official inspector of the Gallatin Saline. His residence was at Carmi, White County. He represented that county in the Territorial Legislature, in the sessions of 1817-18, and was a member of the first Senate of the State from 1818 to 1822. He was a man of influence in his day, and was one of the boldest and most outspoken advocates of a change in the constitution, so as to make Illinois a slave-state. While others temporized and hesitated, he openly advocated making Illinois a slave-state.

Their mode of proceeding was in private caucus. In these meetings, they adopted resolutions, embodying a system of action. After the system of action was more matured, they appointed a committee of five from each county, empowered to appoint a subcommittee of three in each precinct, well-wishers to slavery, to act in such a way as they thought best, to induce the citizens to vote for a convention to amend the constitution. At first it was endeavored to keep the main object out of view. It was for a time stoutly denied that the amendments proposed to be made in the constitution were intended to introduce slavery. But it was impossible to keep the secret, and very soon the true object was no longer denied.

Then came articles in the newspapers, advocating the introduction of slavery for a limited time, quite plausible and mild at first. They were trying to tickle the fish, and did not want him to flounder before their fingers were in his gills, and they could then throw him out of his element.

After the action of the conventionists at Vandalia, the advocacy of slavery, in full, appeared in all the papers in the southern part of the State, and in those of Louisville and St. Louis. For a long time, the people were asleep on the subject, and the slave-holders were enabled, under cover of this apathy, to mature all their plans. Neither is this surprising, when we consider the state of the country. Settlements were far apart; but few took newspapers, and fewer read them; personal communication was infrequent. The country people were all engaged in their daily labor, not dreaming of any impending change in our system of laws and government. As to the tone of feeling among the people residing in that large portion of the State south of our Settlement, it was actively or negatively in favor of slavery. Our influential men, and all who held office, from the governor to the constable, were from slave-states. Every sheriff and every clerk of the county were pro-slavery men. Every laywer and all our judges were from slave-states, and pro-slavery. I know of but one* excep-

* Samuel D. Lockwood was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, January 19, 1825, and held the office continuously till December 4, 1848. As a lawyer he held a good rank, and was distinguished by the probity of his character and the purity of his life. Illinois never had a magistrate more respected and beloved than Judge Lockwood.

tion in the whole bar that attended our courts, and that was Samuel D. Lockwood, for many years a lawyer and judge, now living, I believe, at Batavia.

The people were almost all of the class of poor whites, from the Southern States. Many of them had been negro-overseers. Such was the population south of our Settlement in Edwards County. The feeling in Edwards County was widely different; the English Settlement in the west and the Methodist Settlement in the east were strongly against slavery. When the action of the conventionists become known to our people, it aroused the indignation that had slumbered too long.

The mode of proceeding to influence the vote of the legislature, I will give, in the words of an eye-witness, to all the proceedings. The history of the business appears to be shortly this: "Certain members of that body (speaking of the assembly), anxious to introduce a forbidden system among us, formed themselves into a junto or caucus, soon after the commencement of the session, and offered to other members their votes in favor of any proposition which those members had any interest in carrying, in consideration of their pledging themselves to support the measure of a convention. By the accession of these, their first victims, the caucus, in fact, became the legislature, as by comprising a majority of both houses, it was capable of carrying every question, *that one excepted.* Other representatives, who had not as yet bartered away their independence, soon discovered that they were completely at the mercy of the junto; and, in order to recover the means of serving their constituents on those points of local interest which, when combined, form the general weal, suffered themselves, one by one, to be bought over, until the faction had acquired nearly two-thirds of the whole number of votes—the strength requisite to carry their favorite measure, without the accomplishment of which, they declared, they would not quit Vandalia.

"They repeatedly tried their strength by preparatory resolutions, and at length, on the 5th of February, brought forward the main question; but it was decided against them by a majority of two. They were not, however, to be so baffled. They carried a vote of reconsideration, and

the resolution was laid upon the table. On the 11th of February, having gained over the deficient votes by means which it would seem invidious to mention, the resolution was again brought forward, and again lost, through the defection of a member who, on a former occasion, had voted for it. Notwithstanding this second decision, they persevered in their purpose.

"One of the party, although in the constitutional minority on the last division, again moved a reconsideration of the question. The speaker declared the motion to be out of order, because the mover was in the minority. They attempted to overrule the decision of the speaker, by an appeal to the House; but the chair was supported by a majority of three. Here, it might be supposed, the question was finally decided, and would have been allowed to rest; but it proved otherwise. On the succeeding day, the vote confirming the speaker's decision was reversed and the motion for reconsideration, made by one of the minority, carried; and to extinguish the vote of the defaulter, and create a favorable one in the room of it, as no such vote could be found in the House, they had recourse to a proceeding, the most injust and impudently tyrannical that ever, as I believe, disgraced the legislature of a free country."

"By an arbitrary resolution, in direct violation of law, they expelled one of the representatives who had been established in his seat, by the decision of the House, and introduced in his room a man favorable to their views, who had been declared, by the same decision, not to be a representative. Thus was Mr. Hansen illegally expelled from his seat in the legislature, and Mr. Shaw illegally placed in. Having accomplished this, they brought forward the main question the third time, and carried it by the vote of this man, whom they created a member for the express purpose, at the close of the session."

Ford, in his "History of Illinois," confirms this statement, but makes the tergiversation of the assembly more apparent. He says, at page 52: "When the legislature assembled, it was found that the Senate contained the requisite two-thirds' majority; but in the House of Representatives, by deciding a contested election in favor of one of the can-

didates, the slave-party would have one more than two-thirds; but by deciding in favor of the other, they would lack one vote of having that majority. These two candidates were John Shaw and Nicholas Hansen, who claimed to represent the county of Pike, which then included all the Military Tract and all the country north of the Illinois River, to the northern limits of the State. The leaders of the slave-party were anxious to elect Jesse B. Thomas to the United States Senate. Hansen would vote for him, but Shaw would not. Shaw would vote for the convention, but Hansen would not. The party had use for both of them, and they determined to use them both, one after the other. For this purpose, they first decided in favor of Hansen, admitted him to a seat, and with his vote elected their United States senator; and then, toward the close of the session, with mere brute force, and in the most bare-faced manner, they reconsidered their former vote, turned Hansen out of his seat, and decided in favor of Shaw, and with his vote carried their resolution for a convention."*

We had now no other recourse than to vote against a convention or become the accomplices of this base faction. We thought, at that time, that such a scene of base intrigue was never before exhibited under a representative government, as prevailed at Vandalia during that session. Some of the doings of other legislatures, and of Congress, have enlightened us since that time, and shown us that men are to be found as unscrupulous now as they

* In the account Mr. Flower has given of the celebrated contest between Shaw and Hansen, he has simply followed the accepted historical version. Gov. Reynolds and Gov. Ford are both mistaken when they state that Hansen was admitted to a seat in the lower branch of the Legislature, in order to vote for Thomas, for U. S. senator, and was then put out in order to admit Shaw, for the purpose of having his vote for the convention resolution. Hansen was the sitting-member whose seat was contested by Shaw. The contest was settled in the early part of the session, and without any reference whatever either to the senatorial or convention question. The House decided that Hansen was entitled to his seat. It was only at the end of the session, and after Hansen had held his seat unchallenged for eleven weeks, that he was turned out, to put Shaw in so by his vote to carry the convention resolution. The proceeding was lawless, revolutionary, and utterly disgraceful, and contributed largely to the defeat of the convention scheme before the people. [See "Sketch of Edward Coles and the Slavery Struggle in Illinois, in 1823-4, by E. B. Washburne, Honorary Member of the Chicago Historical Society."]

were then. Small rewards were dealt out to small men. Larger *douceurs* were offered to larger interests. One thing, very well known, is, that the southerners offered to the northerners their support and votes in these terms: "If you will vote for our convention, we will vote for your canal." Whether the northmen were invulnerable, the legislative record will best show. So the measure was carried in the legislature.*

Taking Edwards County, on the Wabash, which threw a decisive majority for no convention, following the same line of latitude westward, to where the Rev. Mr. Peck of Rock Spring, I think in St. Clair County, headed the no-convention ticket; then to Edwardsville, where Gov. Ninian Edwards did good battle for freedom, and on to Alton; here was presented the first line of batteries against the slavery-shock from the south. After the vote of the legislature, up to the time of election, the war waxed warm. From our Settlement many communications were constantly issuing, generally in reply to the advocates of slavery from the south. The discussion took every form. The religious, the benevolent, the political, the expedient arguments were all used by our opponents, and as constantly replied to by us, principally by Mr. Birkbeck. The native question showed itself then as now. It will be in place to give a sample of the controversy in an address from our Settlement which appeared in the *Illinois Gazette:*

"*An Address to the Citizens of Illinois for the day of Election, and worthy of their serious attention preparatory thereto:*

"Blessed beyond all the nations of the earth in the enjoyment of civil and political freedom, under a constitution which is the admiration of the wise in every nation to which the knowledge of it has extended, the

* Mr. Flower is perhaps not entirely accurate in this statement. At this time the canal question could not have cut much of a figure. The first grant of land, for the construction of the Illinois-and-Michigan Canal, was not obtained until 1827. There was then no *northern* part of the State, as we now understand it. Sangamon and Pike were then the most northerly counties, though there were a few settlers in Fulton. All the counties, afterward particularly interested in the canal, were established subsequent to 1822-3.

citizens of this Great Republic have yet to deplore that there exists within it a system of oppression, greatly exceeding in its cruelty and injustice all other calamities inflicted by tyranny upon its victims, an inheritance of wretchedness, extending from generation to generation.

"In those sections of the Republic where this system prevails, a large proportion of the people distinguished from the rest by color, but alike susceptible of pain and pleasure, with minds capable of improvement, though disgraced by their condition, are deprived of all rights, personal and civil, and groaning in hopeless servitude. The effect of this evil upon the states, laboring under this curse, (in addition to the every-day misery of the slaves), is to obstruct their improvement to an astonishing degree, especially by repressing population. According to a census made by congress in 1774, Virginia, at that period, contained 650,000 inhabitants. New York, including Vermont, and Pennsylvania, including Delaware, contained together only 600,000—that is to say 50,000 less than Virginia alone. In 1820, by the last census, New York, Pennsylvania, and Delaware contained, omitting fractions, two millions six hundred thousand free persons; having increased above fourfold in forty-six years, eight of which were under the pressure of a consuming war. But these states had, during this period, delivered themselves from slavery, that still more consuming plague with which we are now threatened. Virginia unhappily remained in bondage; and by the census of 1820, instead of a population of two millions and a-half, which she probably would have attained, if free, had little more than one million, of which four hundred and forty-five thousand were slaves; exposing a deficiency arising from this source in that single state, of two millions of free persons. In the value of land and the amount of manufacturing and commercial capital vested in public institutions, canals, hospitals, seminaries of learning, etc., the contrast is still more remarkable; a tenfold proportion in favor of the Free-states is probably below the truth. To this add the number and vast superiority of their towns and cities and cultivated farms, with the industry, tranquillity, and security of the inhabitants. Pursue the comparison throughout the Union, and such

is the lamentable result; misery and vice, restraining population where slavery prevails, and drying up all the sources of prosperity.

"We are assembled this day to make our election between freedom with its blessings, and slavery and its curses unutterable; between good and evil. Indiana, our sister state, has given us an example of wisdom by an overwhelming majority against a slave-making convention. Ohio, another sister rejoicing in her own freedom, is exerting herself in the generous hope of laying a foundation of universal emancipation; as appears by an earnest appeal to the Union lately issued by her legislature. United as we are with these states in a solemn compact against the admission of slavery, let Illinois prove herself worthy of their affinity, and coming forward with one consent on the side of wisdom and virtue, let us disappoint the hopes of a short-sighted party among us, who would sacrifice our permanent interests to their mistaken views of temporary advantage. The individual who presumes thus to address you is no politician; has no objects at variance with the general welfare; no ambition but to be a friend of mankind, and especially his brethern and fellow-citizens of this State."

This address was also published in handbill form, and freely distributed previous to the election. It was the last address from our side previous to the vote; and as it has been said to have been attended with effect, I have given it the first place here.

In June, a series of letters signed "Jonathan Freeman", on the free side, replied to by "John Rifle", appeared in the *Shawneetown Gazette*. The following are specimens of the style and talent of each writer:

JONATHAN FREEMAN'S LETTER, NO. I.

"*To the Editor of the Illinois Gazette:*

"*Sir*—I am a poor man; that is to say I have no money. But I have a house to cover me, and the rest of us, a stable for my horses, and a little barn, on a quarter of good land paid up at the land-office, with a middling fine clearing upon it and a good fence. I have about thirty head of cattle, some of them prime, and a good chance of hogs;

and by the labors of my boys, we make a shift to get along. We help our neighbors, who are generally as poor as ourselves;—some that are new-comers are not so well fixed. They help us in turn; and as it is the fashion to be industrious, I discover that we are all by degrees growing wealthy, not in money to be sure, but in truck.

"There is a great stir among the land-jobbers and politicians, to get slaves into the country; because, as they say, we are in great distress; and I have been thinking how it would act with me and my neighbors. I read your paper as it comes out, but don't find anything to clear it up. First of all you gave us an address from a meeting at Vandalia in praise of a convention; next you published the protest of the minority against the tricks of the slave party; and then you said we had the whole matter before us. Though you seem to hang that way, you have not said *how* slavery is to do good to me, and the like of me—that is four citizens out of five in the State. I have already seen people from Kentucky, and some of the neighbors have been traveling in that country. They all agree in one story, that the Kentuckians are as bad off for money as we, some say worse. People that have been to New Orleans say it is the same all down the river; no money but a power of plantations to sell, if there were any buyers. As money seems to be all we want, and they want it just as much as we do, I don't see how those slave-gentry are to make it plenty, unless sending more produce to New Orleans would raise the price; as to neighbors, give me plain farmers, working with their own free hands, or their hands of free workmen. Not great planters and their negroes; for negroes are middling light-fingered, and I suspect we should have to lock up our cabins when we left home, and if we were to leave our linen out all night, we might chance to miss it in the morning. The planters are great men, and will ride about mighty grand, with umbrellas over their heads, when I and my boys are working perhaps bareheaded in the hot sun. Neighbors indeed they would have it all their own way, and rule over us like little kings; we should have to patrol round the country to keep their negroes under, instead of minding our own business; but if we lacked to raise a building, or a dollar, the devil a bit would they help *us*.

"This is what I have been thinking, and so I suspect we all think, but they who want to sell out; and they that want to sell, will find themselves mistaken if they expect the Kentuckians to buy their improvements, when they can get Congress-land at a dollar and a-quarter an acre. It is men who come from free-states with money in their pockets, and no workhands about them, that buy improvements. Yours, JONATHAN FREEMAN."

"JOHN RIFLE'S" LETTER IN REPLY TO JONATHAN FREEMAN'S FIRST LETTER.

"*Sir:*—I have seen in your paper of Saturday last, a letter signed Jonathan Freeman, about which I wish to make a few remarks. This Freeman lives near the Wabash, and is a neighbor of mine, and from what I know of him, I am certain there is something not right about this letter. I know that he could not have wrote it himself, for two reasons; first, the man has not been sober for three months; and, second, he can't write. Freeman used to be an honest, industrious man, until about a year ago, when he got into the habit of going to Albion, keeping company with the English, and drinking beer. He has got so haunted to the place, that there is no breaking him off; and it will be the ruin of him; for beer, you know, has the effect of stupefying and clouding the mind, as we may see by all the English that come over. Some chance ones are *peart* enough, but in a general way they have what I call a beer-fog over them. If it had not been for this, Freeman would never have allowed any man to put his name to such an instrument of writing as the one in your paper. There is no doubt that the English have been cologing with him on the subject of the convention, taking advantage of him when he was not rightly at himself, and may be some of them wrote that piece for him; however, I don't think he ever knew anything about it.

"Now as to the letter itself, let us see whether it is true. He says in one place, 'I discover that we are all by degrees growing rich, not in money to be sure, but in truck.' This, I do say, is not true. I appeal to the farmers throughout the State, whether any of them are getting rich, in money or truck, or anything else. They will answer—No. He

says there is a great stir among 'land-jobbers and politicians to get slaves into the country;' let me ask who does he mean by land-jobbers and politicians? Does he mean the Legislature? If so, the people will not thank him for libelling two-thirds of their representatives as land-jobbers, nor will truth justify him; for, in fact, a large majority of the Legislature were plain farmers like ourselves. Perhaps he means the people, and there he is equally wrong. The farmers of this country have no right to be called land-jobbers; whether they are politicians or not, will be found out at next election, when, I think, they will show that they will not be fuddled by British beer, nor cajoled out of their rights by British influence.

"He says, 'the planters are great men, and will ride about, mighty grand, with umbrellas over their heads, when I and my boys are working, perhaps, bareheaded in the hot sun.' I now ask all the Kentuckians in this State to give evidence on this point. Do the people of Kentucky ride about, mighty grand, with umbrellas over their heads? We have a great many Kentuckians, Tennesseeans, and North Carolinians in this State, and we don't find that they are more grand and proud than other folks. As for working bareheaded in the sun, I did not know that it was usual to do that in this country. They say the poor devils in the old country have to do it; but there is nothing to prevent their covering their heads here; and if they are too lazy to do so, I say let them go bareheaded. The fact is, that the man who wrote that letter for Freeman has been used to have poor white folks for slaves; and they want to keep up the same rule here, which God forbid. If they expect to introduce nobility, taxes, and white slavery among us, they will be mistaken. They tried that before the Revolution, and much they got by it.

"Again, the writer of this letter says the 'negroes are middling light-fingered', and he gives this as an objection against their admission. This is as much as to say the blacks are thieves, and therefore we will not admit them among us as slaves, and keep them under control; but we will let them in as free people, and allow them the chance of stealing like gentlemen. I am a little surprised that the objection to light-fingered people should come from

that quarter, for I am told that the people of a certain island over the water are so highly gifted in this way, that they can scarcely keep their hands out of each other's pockets; and that they are hung for it by dozens; but perhaps they wish to keep the business in their own hands in this country.

"Mr. Editor, I have now done with my neighbor Freeman. I would advise him to mind his farm, and not be writing letters to the printer. Or, if he is so very anxious to be high up in the papers, to get some of his own countrymen to write his documents. I don't think that any good will be done by writing, no how; for the people of this country will have their way, and the majority will govern, in spite of nabobs, who would make white slaves of us. JOHN RIFLE.

"*June 17, 1823.*"

FREEMAN'S SECOND LETTER.

"*Sir:*—As you have printed my homely letter, showing the sort of neighbors the slave-gentlemen and their negroes would be to us plain Illinois farmers, I send you my simple thoughts, on what is brought up by way of excuse, by people who, I believe, know better, though they think that such as I do not. They say that if slaves from Kentucky come into Illinois, there will be as many less in Kentucky as there will be more here; so that the number of the whole will not be greater than if they had stayed there. I see the matter differently. When a man moves, it is because he is uneasy, and can't thrive; so he goes where he can do better; the better people are off, the faster they will increase. Many people in Kentucky are deep in debt, and have nothing left to call their own but slaves. In that case, they can't carry on to any good purpose. It goes hard with such men's negroes, with bellies pinched and short of clothing, they roam about by night, and pick up any thing they can find, to cover their backs or satisfy hunger. This is a great plague to a neighborhood, and very hurtful to the slaves. When a gang of these hungry, naked creatures, that hardly keep up in numbers, owing to their misery, move into a country where their master gets good land almost for nothing, they make plenty of corn

and pork, and breed two for one. The neighborhood they left goes on better without them, and soon fills up their room; so that the slaves now in Kentucky are just as many more. If Ohio had been a slave-state, there would have been, at this time, about two hundred thousand more slaves in the world, and two hundred thousand fewer free persons. Which do you think best, Mr. Editor, to raise freemen or slaves? Some say we ought to let them into this country from humanity, because they would be better off. This sounds mighty well; but it is a hypocritical argument; because kindness to the negroes is not the object. If they want room, why should they come to Illinois? There is plenty of wild land in Kentucky. All Missouri is open to them, besides the Southern States. We should consider, too, that when we open a country to slaves, we close it against freemen, who also want to better their situation. JONATHAN FREEMAN."

"*To the Editor of the Illinois Gazette:*

"*Sir:*—There are some persons, who, after all the pains that have been taken to open their eyes, are still hankering for slavery. Men, under the dominion of passion, can not hearken to reason. Passion is both deaf and blind, and Avarice is an overbearing passion, they acknowledge to be wrong; they are convinced that in the end, it would be impolitic; but urged by this demon, on they rush. I can compare them to nothing but the herd of swine we read of in the Testament, which, 'being possessed by a devil, ran furiously down a steep place into the sea;' and a sea of trouble it would be, a sea of troubles from which they would never be extricated. Suppose twenty thousand negroes to be in the State (no great number, only about two to a family) then begins a war to which there will be neither truce nor treaty; a war of oppression on the one hand, and of revenge on the other, rendering both parties wretched during its continuance, and to be ended, sooner or later, by the destruction of one or other of them. Look at old Virginia, which in 1774, was by far the most powerful State in the Union, containing six hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, more by fifty thousand than New York and Pennsylvania together, including Vermont, and

I believe Delaware. Look at her condition during the last war with Great Britain. She could not contribute her quota of militia to the general defence, through fear of her slave population. Look at the Carolinas and Georgia. Consider their constant alarms; the system of nightly patrols, which, horrible as it truly is, is but the beginning of sorrows, something by way of prevention. As yet the power and the show of fighting has been all on one side; and so seems to be the suffering. The white man holds the rifle and brandishes the cow-skin, while the wretched victims, like the souls under the altar, are crying, 'How long, oh, Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood?' But is the suffering all on one side? How fares it with the trembling females when their husbands and fathers are out on this hateful but necessary duty? Do you think they sleep, and if they do what are their dreams? When they have gathered up every tool which might be converted into a weapon of destruction, and barricaded their houses, and laid themselves in their beds with their little ones around them. How fare they? The midnight torch and the club, and the spirit of vengeance are abroad and awake, and do you think they repose in tranquility?

"Such, my fellow-citizens, advocates of this accursed system, is the inheritance you would provide for your posterity! I pray you to count the cost before you make the purchase. What I faintly describe to you is a very small part of the misery you would bring on yourselves and your children; these are pains of precaution, merely; all this and more must be endured, to put off the evil day which, sooner or later, will surely arrive. Besides this, on which would depend your very existence, there would be on every plantation a perpetual conflict between the eagerness of the master and the apathy of the slave; the simplest work must be carried on by violence and terror.

"The white man, even the white woman (odious to contemplate), must be ready to apply the lash; and there would be an incessant war of plunder, in which the whites would have to act on the defensive. Every thing that can be secured, must be under lock. Your clothing and provisions and choice fruit and poultry; you might watch them,

but it would be in vain. One thief in a neighborhood is a sufficient nuisance, but then there would be a hundred. If mischief to your property, by theft, would be increased a hundred fold, so would danger from fire; not through negligence only, but through design. What precautions are found necessary in slave-states against this devouring calamity! Yet fires are continually occurring; if you ask how they happened, the invariable answer is: 'from the carelessness or the malice of the negroes.' Then, too, would arise an overwhelming flood of gross immorality, carrying all decency before it. But I restrain my pen; the catalogue of calamities would be endless; and could all the advantages, which the conventionists most absurdly expect, be realized and weighed against any one of the evils which I have enumerated, they would be as a feather to a millstone. JONATHAN FREEMAN."

A reverend divine enters the list, with Bible-arguments for slavery; his letter, over the signature W. K., appeared in the *Republican Advocate;* I never learned his name or residence. He was the Parson Brownlow of that day. We will give him a hearing, and see how he is handled by Jonathan Freeman:

"*To the Editor of the Spectator:*

"*Sir:*—The following article, with the signature W. K., has appeared in the *Republican Advocate* and the *Illinois Republican.* As it is an extraordinary production, to give it a still more general circulation, I request the favor of your inserting it in your paper, with a reply to it from your ob'd't serv't, JONATHAN FREEMAN."

"'Several gentlemen, who are raising a great hue and cry against the introduction of slavery into this State, appear to be influenced strongly by religious considerations and scruples of conscience. One would conclude, from what they say and write on this subject (if we can believe them sincere), that they really suppose it contrary to the spirit and precepts of our holy religion to reduce the black, curled-headed Africans to a state of bondage to white men, and bring them into the Western Hemisphere, and compel some of them to serve the good Christians of Illinois.

"'That it would better the condition of all Africa to bring her unhappy sable children to the American Conti-

nent, no one, it is presumed, can be found so stupid and destitute of common sense as to deny or, indeed, for one moment, to hesitate to believe. Therefore, I say nothing on this head; and shall content myself by referring the religiously-scrupulous part of the community, and especially the preaching and exhorting part thereof, to such passages of holy writ as I would think ought to close their lips, and which are conceived to be unanswerable, in favor of reducing the negroes to a state of bondage to the whites, and of introducing and treating them as slaves among us.

"'The passages of scripture to which I would refer, and which may be deemed conclusive by reasonable and candid men, are to be found in many different parts of the Bible; but it is considered sufficient for our purpose to quote from the 25th chapter of Leviticus, the 44th, 45th, and 46th verses: "Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you, and of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall you buy, and of their families, which are with you, which they beget in your land, and they shall be your possession; they shall be your bondmen forever." From these passages, we see very plainly that the Israelites were permitted to make slaves of the heathen that were around them. It is very evident that the African negroes are to be considered as "strangers" and "heathen" to us Christians, who stand in the place and footsteps of the ancient Jews, God's chosen people; and whatever was lawful for them to do, is lawful for us also.

"'I call upon the teachers of the Christian religion, and the expounders of the sacred book, which contains its precepts; likewise the cunning and crafty opposers of a convention, for the purpose of so amending our constitution, that we may legally enjoy the *blessings of slavery*, to explain away, if they can, the plain and obvious meaning of those passages which I have transcribed. W. K.'"

To our reverend brother, if we yield to him nothing else, we must thank him for his candor. He at least wishes, through the medium of a convention, so to amend the constitution, that we may legally enjoy the blessings of

slavery. He goes the whole hog; and for that I rather like him, in comparison with that hypocritical, fast-and-loose crew, who, while working and pleading for a convention, denied that the object was to introduce slavery. But I leave him to Jonathan Freeman:

"To W. K., *Reverend Sir:*—I am one of those who are strongly influenced by religious considerations and scruples of conscience in opposition to slavery; being quite certain that it is contrary to the spirit of our holy religion to reduce any human being to a state of bondage, excepting as a punishment for crimes. I have attentively considered the passages you have quoted, and I learn from them that the laws of Moses permitted the Hebrews, according to the custom of those barbarous ages, to buy bondmen and bondmaids, of the heathen round about them; but I do not discover that they were permitted to make them slaves. On the contrary, it is evident from all collateral passages, that the persons who might become bondmen and bondmaids to the Israelites were such as had forfeited their freedom, and were, by law, subjected to the penalty of slavery. Nothing is said respecting their 'curled hair' or sable complexions, or any title we have to stand in the place of the ancient Jews in this particular, or any other.

"The Legislature of the United States has taken a different view from yours of the practice of bringing the 'unhappy sable children of Africa to the American Continent, that they may enjoy the blessings of slavery'; having declared it to be a crime of the first magnitude, and punishable as such. In regard to making slaves of the heathen roundabout us, which you conceive to be our right as God's chosen people, that also is prohibited. I shall, therefore, confine my observations to the enslaving of the 'strangers' who sojourn among us; and, in illustration of your extracts from the law of Moses, on this subject, I invite your attention to the following collateral authorities taken from the said code:

"Exodus, chap. xxii. 21, 'Thou shalt neither vex a stranger nor oppress him: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.'

"Exodus, chap. xxiii. 9, 'Thou shalt not oppress a stran-

ger; for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.'

"Leviticus, chap. xix. 33, 34, 'And if a stranger sojourn with ye in your land, ye shall not vex him; but the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt. I am the Lord thy God.'

"Leviticus, chap. xxiv. 22, 'Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger as for one of your own country; for I am the Lord your God.'

"Exodus, chap. xxi. 16, 'He that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he is found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death.'

"Now, as the law of Moses, respecting strangers, is in perfect conformity with the principles of our free institutions, and as you, sir, consider the peculiar object of those laws applied in our case, I shall call upon you to exert your influence, as a good citizen and as a teacher of religion, that our practice may be brought to correspond with the true principles of Christianity and Republicanism. This would be better employment and better suited to the character of a minister of the Gospel, than advocating slavery. Jesus Christ is the interpreter of the Mosaic law to Christians; and the following is his interpretation:

"Mathew, chap. vii. 12, 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.' Allow me to remind you that the 'black, curled-headed Africans' are men; having the same relation to the Universal Father with yourself, or it may be a nearer, for it is written, 'he giveth grace to the humble; but he beholdeth the proud afar off.'

"JONATHAN FREEMAN."

The insidious manner in which the convention question was broached by its friends and supporters, was one of the marked features in the early proceedings of the conventionists. They denied at first that it was the object of the convention to introduce slavery. The annexed extract from the pen of the editor of the *Illinois Gazette*, which precedes the two letters that immediately follow it, will show the tone held by the conventionists at that time:

"The writers of the following communications take two things for granted, which we deem very questionable, if not positive, mistakes: First, that the main object of the convention was to introduce slavery; and, secondly, that the saline can be worked with more profit to the State by free laborers than hired slaves.

"We do not believe that the introduction of absolute slavery is the object of the friends of a convention, speaking of them as a body; though there are individuals, doubtless, who would desire it. We answer for ourselves, that it is not ours, nor ever was; and we believe we may say as much for all the most influential and intelligent persons of that party throughout the State. As to working the saline, we are clear that it can not be done either to private or public advantage by free laborers. Indeed it is a primary object of the friends of a convention in this quarter, to procure a prolongation of the privilege of hiring slaves at those works. Such is the conviction of the greater advantages to be derived from that species of labor in the present paucity of our population."

"'*To the Editor of the Illinois Intelligencer:*

"'*Sir:*—In the *Illinois Intelligencer* of December 6, is an account of a meeting of certain individuals styling themselves 'Friends of a Convention,' held at Vandalia, of which Gen. Willis Hargrave was the chairman.

"'As it is thoroughly understood by every citizen who is capable of distinguishing his right hand from his left, that the main object of the convention of which these gentlemen profess to be the friends, is the introduction of slavery. I can not refrain from expressing my extreme regret that the General should have allowed himself to be placed in such a situation. I should have thought that the lamentable condition of the Gallatin Saline (of which I understand he is the official inspector) might have induced him to raise a warning voice so loud and so earnest as to be heard through every county and every plantation in the State, proclaiming to his fellow-citizens that their hard-earned dollars expended in salt have passed away into Kentucky and Tennessee for the hire of negroes; not leaving a sufficiency to pay even the rent in our depreciated

currency, at the rate of twenty-five cents to the dollar! He should have laid before us this distressing fact; and have reminded us, that if free laborers have been employed instead of slaves, the amount of their wages, at least, would have remained in circulation among us, and would have prevented this valuable national estate from being an enormous drain upon our specie, instead of being a source of profit to the public. ONE OF THE PEOPLE.'"

"'*To the Editor of the Illinois Gazette:*

"'*Sir:*—At a time when avarice and folly are combining on the one hand, for the introduction of slavery into our State, and virtue, with good sense, her never-failing coadjutor, on the other, are combining to oppose it, it is amusing to observe the artifices of the slave-party, by which they endeavor to impose on the public, by mustering and manœuvring under the colors of the friends of freedom. In the *Illinois Intelligencer* of November 1, and in several other papers, is an account of an affair of this kind. Certain citizens of Fox-River Township, in White County, to the number of about sixty persons, being assembled for the purpose of electing county-commissioners, formed themselves into a society in support of a convention, which everybody knows is designed to bring about the toleration of slavery; but, instead of proceeding like men, who have no cause to conceal their intentions, they drew up the following resolutions:

"(These resolutions were published in this paper of the 8th; lack of room compels us to refer to them in this way.)

"'Here the first resolution, unexceptionable in principle, is held up as a standard. Governments are instituted to secure the rights and insure the happiness of the governed, etc.; under these colors they march to the second resolution, by which they bind themselves to use every honest exertion to induce their neighbors and fellow-citizens to act with them in bringing about a change of government; and by which projected change a portion of the governed, instead of having their rights secured to them according to the tenor of the first resolution, are to be held, with their children after them, in perpetual bondage. They then proceed to appoint a committee to carry into effect, not the

resolutions including the first, but the resolution meaning the second; thus, laying down the colors of freedom, they take up the black banner and cut the figure which all people do when they are ashamed of their own transactions.

"'The majority of my fellow-citizens of White County will, I trust, put a just value on their rights and their independence, and faithfully adhere to the first resolution.

"'People talk of the right of slave-owners to hold their fellow-man in bondage; but there is a great difference between power and right. There may be a power but not a right to do wrong. The State of New York had the power to practise slavery, but never the right to do it. The people of that and other free-states, to their honor and incalculable advantage, have relinquished that noxious power, and they can not resume it. The states which have abolished slavery have abolished it forever. Nothing short of a dissolution of all government can introduce slavery among a free people. The end of government is the intellectual and moral, as well as the corporal good of the whole. Should slavery be among their customs, the legitimate object of government would then be to mitigate the evil during its existence, and abolish it as soon as practicable. Such has been the course of the States alluded to. They have extirpated the accursed thing. We have bound ourselves, by a solemn compact, not to plant it; and on this express condition, we have been admitted to all the rights and privileges of the original States. The criminal power, which the advocates of slavery are coveting, and would sanctify under the name of a right, was not one of those rights and privileges. Slavery was a calamity under which they were afflicted, and from which we are happily exempted by our constitution; and this exemption is one of the most precious of its gifts.

"'JONATHAN FREEMAN.'"

"*To the Editor of the Shawneetown Gazette:*

"*Sir:*—I beg leave to submit to you and the other gentlemen of the legal profession at Shawneetown the following queries, arising from facts, which I shall premise:

"The property of the soil of this State, being vested in the General Government, offices were opened for the sale

of land, and certain rights and immunities granted to purchasers.

"*Query 1.*—May not such purchasers require of the United States protection and support in the enjoyment of those rights and immunities? When they attained the number of sixty thousand, or at an earlier period with the consent of Congress, they had a right to form a government under certain definitions and provisions, *viz.:* that it should be a republic; that it should have no hereditary nobility, no church establishment; and no slavery, except as a punishment for crimes.

"*Q. 2.*—If the majority had preferred a monarchy, would not the United States have upheld the minority in its right to form a republic?

"*Q. 3.*—If the majority had attempted to create hereditary rank, or an established church, would not the United States have supported the minority in their rejection of those usurpations?

"*Q. 4.*—If the majority had attempted to introduce slavery, would not the United States have been bound to enable the minority effectually to resist it? There was, however, no need of the interposition of Congress in regard to these matters! The constitution of Illinois was framed in consistency with these stipulations; and under those express conditions and limitations the people of the territory were admitted into the Union as a State.

"*Q. 5.*—Did that contract cease to be binding the moment after it was executed?

"If your honorable fraternity shall see good to enlighten your unlearned fellow-citizens on these points, I may be encouraged to propose a few after-queries for your solution.

"JONATHAN FREEMAN."

In reply to some sneering remarks, as to the absurdity of comparing the capacity of a curly-headed black fellow with white men, the following pertinent piece of history was given:

"*To the Editor of the Shawneetown Gazette:*

"*Sir:*—Before the admission of slaves into this State, I would counsel the Solomons in our legislature to devise some plan to prevent any from being bought or stolen, or

in any manner procured or brought among us, who are able to read or write; as it is to be feared they might soon be an overmatch for us in those exercises. A negro fellow, called Du Vasty, in St. Domingo, took it in his head to write a book in answer to Mr. Mazere, a white gentleman, who had written in defence of the slave-trade. In this answer the black breaks out in the following language:

"'I have discovered,' says he, 'such absurdities, falsehoods, and equivocations in this work,' meaning the book of the white gentleman, 'that I have been twenty times on the point of throwing down my pen, and abandoning him and his brethren to the profound contempt they have inspired. I am a man! I feel it in all my being: I possess thought, reason, strength. I have every feeling of my sublime existence. I am humbled at being obliged to reply to such childish sophisms, and to prove to men like myself that I am their fellow. My soul, indignant at this excess of falsehood and folly, leads me in my turn to doubt if they are men who dare to discuss a question no less impious and immoral than absurd.'

"You may perceive from this specimen, Mr. Editor, that the Carolinians and Georgians have some reason for prohibiting the instruction of their slaves. Yours,

"JONATHAN FREEMAN."

"*Sir:*—As the following six queries may be answered in seven words, and require but little legal knowledge, through your indulgence, I propose them to our fellow-citizens in general; I would request them to answer ingenuously, to the satisfaction of their own conscience, each query severally and in succession as they read it; and then to make up their minds about voting for or against a convention designed to bring in slavery:

"*Query 1.*—What was the original title of the white man to the negro?

"*Q. 2.*—The power of enforcing it excepted, has not the negro as good a title to the white man?

"*Q. 3.*—Can the transfer of a bad title improve or confirm it?

"*Q. 4.*—Is not the receiver of stolen goods, knowing them to be such, as bad as the thief; and should they pass

from one such receiver to another, and so on, is not the last receiver as bad as the first?

"*Q. 5.*—Which is the greatest villain, a horse-thief or a man-thief; a receiver of stolen horses or a receiver of stolen men?

"*Q. 6.*—If the majority of the legislature should happen to be of the latter class, and they were to pass a law, authorizing their constituents to steal men, women, and children, or to receive them, knowing them to be stolen, would such a law justify the villainy?

"JONATHAN FREEMAN."

"*To the Editor of the Illinois Gazette:*

"*Sir:*—The complaining tone which has become so common among us, is no doubt occasioned by inconveniences, which we pretty generally feel as wants, which we are at present unable to satisfy.

"People who suffer are apt to complain, and I suppose there is relief in it; but sometimes we indulge this propensity unreasonably, and spend time and strength in grumbling, which well applied might set all to rights. This, I am inclined to believe, is our present case. Here we are, about sixty thousand persons, old and young, possessing the portions of our choice in a rich and beautiful country, lately a wilderness, but under well-directed industry fast becoming a fertile field. We labor for ourselves and our children, and have nothing to pay but for our benefit.

"Our operations commence in the creation of real wealth. We build houses, and they are our own; make enclosures, which produce more than enough for our subsistence. We have planted orchards, and are beginning to gather their fruit. We have store of cattle of all descriptions (sheep excepted) beyond our wants. We have also made ourselves clothing; but in this particular, our industry may have been somewhat deficient. Things have arrived at this point without much money; for the little we brought with us has been mostly expended in paying for our land, and in purchasing articles of the first necessity, which are not to be found in a new country. There are, however, other articles necessary for our comfort, if not for our subsistence, which can not be procured without money; and here lies our

difficulty. The times are somewhat 'out of joint.' The old world does not, as heretofore, take off the surplus produce of the new. The plain articles of food yield at New Orleans, which is our emporium, little more than the cost of freight, and afford us a very scanty supply of foreign productions of luxury and comfort.

"What is our reasonable course under these circumstances? *To direct a portion of our industry to the supply of our own wants, instead of raising unmarketable produce.* Let us examine into the resources of our country, and avail ourselves of them. Have we no iron-ore in our State, no clay suitable for pottery? At all events, we should grow the materials of our clothing, as we have certainly skill to manufacture them; and the *skill which is not exerted, is dormant capital, lost to the public.*

"No country ever acquired lasting wealth and prosperity by exporting raw produce. It will be a fortunate event, which we are now deploring as a calamity, should it put us in the way of working up, and consuming our own produce. We shall then be as independent as any people ought to be. Foreign commerce is not to be viewed as the source of wealth, but of convenience. We must give an equivalent for all we receive. The balance of trade is held by the even hand of mutual interest; both parties are served by it. The merchants in each country may grow rich, but it is at the expense of their home customers.

"The real wealth of a country is of its own creation; consisting in its arts and industry, its productive lands, its buildings, its roads, canals, and public institutions; and in the means of enjoyment possessed by the people. Illinois might be both rich and happy, though walled in from the rest of the world; certainly neither so speedily, nor to an equal degree, as through a liberal communication with other nations. Let us have patience and perseverance, and all will be well. We generally left our ancient abodes under the pressure or apprehension of distress; some from want or fear of it; some from the galling of political oppression. Now let us be thankful. Want is far from us, and we are free. Just escaped from the gripe of poverty, or the more horrible gripe of tyranny, it becomes us not to murmur because we have nothing better than liberty and plenty.

Shall we complain because our corn-cribs are overflowing and our harvests too abundant? If any of us choose to exchange four or even eight bushels of corn for a pound of tea, we have good right so to do; or if we choose to give a hundred and twenty bushels of corn for a coat of British broadcloth, so be it, but no grumbling; the better way might be to do at present without the tea, and forever without a coat of foreign fabric, 'to wear our old coats', as Dr. Franklin said on another occasion, 'until we can make new ones'; but this will never take place if we tolerate slavery; for that would encourage extravagance, cripple industry, keep us poor, and blight all our prospects.

"JONATHAN FREEMAN."

"*To the Editor of the Shawneetown Gazette:*

"*Sir:*—I would freely commit the question, which now agitates and disgraces this State, to a congress of wise and conscientious men, taken from a slave-holding state, and consent to abide by their decision, confined to this simple question: 'Is slavery considered as affecting the enslaving party, a blessing or a curse?'

"There is not at this moment a civilized nation on the face of the earth which has tasted the bitterness of slavery (and it is impossible to drink of that cup without tasting its bitterness) that does not loathe it as a nauseous and poisonous draught. The old slave-states of this Republic are writhing under it as an evil for which they can find no remedy. The entire Republic, of which we form an inconsiderable section, as a body, detests it. Europe, though enveloped by political thraldom, declares even in the congress of Verona her abhorrence of the system; and Great Britain in parliament, urged by petitions from the people, has determined on measures leading to the emancipation of the slaves in her colonies. Whence then is the infatuation of the citizens of this State, who would beckon into their land of freedom this outcast abomination of the whole earth? Are there men among us who can exult in the hope that a majority of their fellow-citizens will be so base as to hold up their hands for slavery? Such men, sir, are unworthy the blessings of this free constitution; they are unworthy of the age they live in. Unworthy, as I trust it

will appear, of that community to whom they presume to look for support in their iniquitous attempt to enslave their country.

"Liberators of mankind are embalmed in history; we dwell upon their names with filial fondness. But those who in this age of intelligence can employ their talents and their influence to rivet the fetters which avarice in times of ignorance has fixed upon their fellows, what shall we say of them? Language is unequal to the expression of our indignation and our pity!

"I believe, sir, and in that belief I do exult, that the number of those unfortunate persons is very limited, and diminishes continually; and that the day of trial will find the citizens of Illinois worthy of their station. Other nations are struggling manfully against inveterate institutions of political bondage from which we are free; one and all we pray for their success; and blessed as we are in the enjoyment of those equal rights (with which our Creator has endowed all mankind) and with equal laws founded on those rights, we are not going to introduce into the very bosom of our families the most cruel and detestable oppression.

"Our forefathers of many generations would have sacrificed themselves to secure these privileges for their offspring. Let us then, with grateful hearts and hands of industry, improve the blessings we enjoy, and in due season we shall abound in wealth and comforts honestly acquired. JONATHAN FREEMAN."

"*To the Editor of the Illinois Gazette:*

"*Sir:*—Early in last year, about the time that the convention question was forced through our legislature, the following resolutions passed the British House of Commons without a dissenting voice:

"'That it is expedient to adopt effectual and decisive measures for ameliorating the condition of the slave-population in his majesty's colonies.

"'That through a determined and persevering, but at the same time a judicious and temperate enforcement of such measures, this House looks forward to a progressive improvement in the character of the slave-population, such

as may prepare them for a participation in those civil rights and privileges which are enjoyed by other classes of his majesty's subjects.

"'That this House is anxious for the accomplishment of this purpose at the earliest period that shall be compatible with the well-being of the slaves themselves, with the safety of the colonies, and with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of private property.'

"On the 15th of March of the present year, Mr. Canning, the prime-minister of that Government, stated to the House the measures which had been adopted in pursuance of the above resolutions; from which statement I have extracted some particulars for the entertainment and instruction of our fellow-citizens.

"It is proper in the first place to observe that the British colonies in the West Indies are of two classes; the one class is governed by authorities formed after the model of the mother-country; in those every proposition for the amelioration of the condition of the slaves is uniformly and violently rejected. In the other class of colonies, the Government of Great Britain rules without the intervention of legislative assemblies, and in these it was determined to establish by law such regulations as seemed best adapted to their present condition; and, accordingly, in the island of Trinidad, the following provisions are made compulsory on the Government:

"'1. The chastisement of females by the whip, to be entirely abolished.

"'2. The whip as a stimulus to labor to be abolished, even for males; and only retained as an instrument of punishment for crimes, and then under strict regulations.

"'3. Institutions of religious worship are provided for the slaves, and the encouragement of marriage strictly enjoined.

"'4. It is strictly provided that in all future sales (for, as Mr. Canning observed, the sale of slaves could not yet be prevented) the husband and wife, the reputed husband and the reputed wife, and the parent and the child, shall not in any case be separated from one another.

"'5. To secure to the slaves by law whatever property has been secured as theirs by custom; and this law includes the right of bequest.

"'6. Those who shall take charge of the religious instruction of the negroes shall have the power, and it will be their duty, to certify the fitness of the slave to give testimony in a court of justice; not in any individual case, nor at the moment the testimony may be required; but generally, that such a slave has made such advances under instruction as to be conversant with the nature of evidence; and of these a register shall be kept, and they shall be considered in that respect as a privileged class.

"'7. It is also prescribed, in addition to other provisions favorable to manumission, that every negro shall be allowed to purchase his own freedom or the freedom of his child.'

"Thus has a process begun, under the authority of government, by which it is hoped that such an improvement in the moral condition of the slaves may be effected, as will, besides the abatement of their present miseries, fit them for the enjoyment of their freedom.

"In addition to the above regulations, that Government has, during the last year, formed a treaty with our own, on the subject of the slave-trade, which is declared by both Governments to be piracy, and punishable by death. By this treaty, the mutual right of search is admitted; and thus the natives of the United States and Great Britain will in future coöperate for the purpose of extinguishing this infamous traffic.

"In melancholy contrast to the enlightened spirit of the present age, the retrograde movement attempted by the advocates of slavery in this State will be viewed by future generations, even of our own posterity, with astonishment and disgust, as it is viewed at this time by other nations. 'What!' they will exclaim (when they read the history of our present contest), 'would these diffusers of misery and crime have conveyed the pestilence into the bosom of every family? Was no spot within our extended and still extending limits of the American Republic, to be exempt from this defilement? Already has three-fifths of the million of square miles, which had there been appropriated, become a field of oppression, by the toleration of slavery; and were they not yet sated? Over every district and over every plantation must resound the lash of the slave-driver, and

the yells of its victims, to satisfy their unnatural, their infernal appetite? Yet they called themselves Republicans; with liberty on their tongues and tyranny in their hearts; one hand displaying the declaration of equal rights, the other clenching the code of slavery with a monstrous avidity! In evidence of the demoralizing influence of slavery on the society which tolerates it, (this they could do with unblushing effrontery, whilst other and minor abominations skulked in corners and hid themselves from the public eye,) thus the master-vice of depraved humanity could stalk abroad in open day; could raise its head in the Senate; seat itself on the bench; and dared even to approach the altars of benevolence and peace.' Such will be the impressions of impartial posterity. But it is with heartfelt satisfaction I perceive this scene of gloom and discouragement receding from our horizon; with confidence I can declare to my fellow-citizens that the good cause, the cause of humanity and of our true interests, is prevailing in almost every part of the State. The first Monday in August will, I trust, shine brightly upon us, and find us a wiser and a better people than our enemies have hoped, and that some of our friends have been ready to fear. We must not, however, allow our zeal to relax under these favorable expectations, but continue to exert ourselves in promoting right feelings and sound principles, so as to meet the question on that day, not only safely but triumphantly, and not with the advantage of a few votes only, but with an overwhelming majority. Many estimable citizens of other states are waiting with anxiety for a happy issue of this controversy. Upward of a hundred families, substantial farmers of one neighborhood in Pennsylvania, whose names could be given, if necessary, are intending to move into this State when the question of slavery shall be set at rest by a righteous decision. If we vote faithfully against a convention, that question, as regards the State of Illinois, will be settled forever; and then, I firmly believe, true prosperity will begin to beam upon us, and the blessings of heaven will reward our honest industry. We shall receive a great accession of population and of capital; manufactures of various kinds will spring up among us; and a home-market for produce will gradually infuse new life into all our undertakings. JONATHAN FREEMAN."

"*To the Editor of the Spectator:*

"*Sir:*—In addition to the strictures on the letter signed W. K., I would impress on the minds of my fellow-citizens, that many people read the history of the Hebrew nation in the Old Testament to great disadvantage; because they read it without reflecting that their institutions were adapted to the 'hardness of their hearts,' and to the state of society in those early times of ignorance and barbarism.

"But the beneficent Creator has implanted in man a principle of improvement, as is expressed by the figurative declaration: 'I will take away their hearts of stone, and give them hearts of flesh.' The object of the teachings of Jesus Christ was to promote this happy revolution, not only in the Jews but in all nations. He, the great and good interpreter, has by one simple passage applied the law to every man's understanding and conscience: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them, for this is the law and the prophets.'—Math. vii. 12. Consequently, whatever we find in the institutions imputed to Moses, or in the customs of the Israelites, which may appear inconsistent with this fundamental principle of morality and justice, we may be assured is not the law to us, or proper for our imitation. Those who cling to the harsh and the barbarous in the Jewish history, neglecting justice, mercy, and truth, are not Christians, whatever may be their pretentions. Nor are they, as the reverend W. K. presumes, 'God's chosen people.' The chosen of God are those 'of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, who work righteousness,' who observe the law written in the heart in these simple characters: The love of God and the love of our neighbor. This is the Universal church in which eastern Seba bends with the native of the farthest West, and Ethiopa bows her head and worships. Returning to the letter of W. K., let us admit (what no one, excepting this reverend person, pretends to believe) that the progenators of our American negroes were the lawful prey of the Europeans, who tore them from their country. Now, as the present race is known by tradition only, of their African origin, I ask what was the kind and degree of guilt in their forefathers, which could transmit

this dreadful doom of servitude through succeeding generations? The slave-holder thinks nothing of this matter, but retains the infant in bondage under no pretense of right, but by force merely, reduced into a form of law by the slave-holders themselves. If there be a crime to be visited by punishment, like that which the negroes are now suffering, *this is that crime;* and should power, in the course of events, change hands, and be transferred from the white man to the negro, I pray God that the negro may be a Christian, with a creed directly the reverse of that professed by W. K. JONATHAN FREEMAN."

"BY AUTHORITY.

"Whereas certain evil-disposed persons did, in the month of December last, assemble at Vandalia, and enter into a combination to control the freedom of election, enjoyed of right by the good people of this State, in order to exclude from public service, all citizens who are not of the convention-party, however suitable and well qualified they may be to promote the public interest; and for that purpose did presume to appoint certain secret committees of five of the said party in every county, who were to appoint subcommittees of three for every precinct, for the carrying into effect of the scheme as above mentioned. And whereas, the first Monday in August next is the day appointed for the trial of the authors and abettors of said conspiracy against the sovereignty of the people. *All good citizens* are hereby required, for the furtherance of political justice, to find out and detect, as far as in them lies, these *county and township committee-men*, and to publish their proceedings, in such manner as shall most effectually bring to light their underhand transactions. All newspapers, which are friendly to freedom and independence, are desired to give this notice a conspicuous place.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO."

Toward the close of the wordy warfare, the feelings of each party became somewhat embittered. The letters of "Americanus", to which the two following replies, signed by M. Birkbeck, were given, are not at hand; but the nature of their contents may be judged of by their replies:

"WANBORO', *January 6, 1822.*

"*To the Editor of the Illinois Gazette:*

"The writer in your paper of Jan. 3d, signed 'Americanus', is not to be depended on for the truth of his statements. His arguments will speak for themselves, as will his candor and politeness.

"In publishing my sentiments on the important question of a convention, I perform a duty, as I conceive, to myself, my family, and my adopted country. In subscribing my name to those sentiments, I give my fellow-citizens the means of judging of their sincerity; by the stake I hold in the general welfare, which is equal to that of 'Americanus', *whoever he may be.* Having been an inhabitant of the Territory before it became a State, I am as old a citizen as any in it; therefore, no man has a right to stigmatize me as a foreigner; and no *man of honor*, under a fictitious signature, would call his neighbor a 'foreign incendiary'.

"He represents me as a Quaker, whether by way of compliment or reproach is immaterial; because it is not the fact; nor do I appear in the garb and character of that sect. But what bearing has this on the question? I object to slavery, not as a Quaker, but as a man, and an American citizen.

"His account of the proceedings at Vandalia is of the same stamp with his personal civilities—a tissue of absurd deductions from erroneous statements. The 'many jocular proposals' he alludes to, such as '*if you will support the resolution for calling a convention, I will support the law for cutting the canal*,' and the jocular proceeding of burning in effigy the opponents of a convention, and the jocular yell of 'Slavery or death', were unseemly methods of conducting the business of legislation, on behalf of a free people, who may say, like the frogs in the fable, 'It may be sport to you but it is death to us.' Poor frogs as they deem us! I trust we shall not allow them to finish the game.

M. BIRKBECK."

"*For the Intelligencer:*

"TO 'AMERICANUS', *Sir:*—Under a fictitious signature,

you have presumed to stigmatize me, your fellow-citizen, with equal standing as yourself as regards this State, with the odious appellation of 'foreign incendiary and exile.' This you have done to inflame the public mind against my personal character, and to divert it from the arguments I have adduced against the ruinous schemes of your party. It would have been more manly to have attempted, at least, to refute those arguments. You call yourself 'Americanus'. An American, a true American, declares, in the face of the world, 'that all men are created equal, and endowed with unalienable rights of liberty;' and will 'pledge his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor,' in support of this 'self-evident truth.' This, sir, is my principle, and these are my pledges; and shall you, who are an advocate for slavery, call me a foreigner?

"An 'exile,' too, you are pleased to style me. Unless you chance to be of the few among us who were born in Illinois, you are also an exile from the land of your nativity. Whether this be to either of us a matter of disgrace or otherwise, will depend on the causes of our expatriation. Come forward, sir, in your own name, and state those causes; let us know your standing, with the occasion and circumstances of your removal. I will then do the like; and the public may decide how far you are entitled to reproach *me*, as an exile.

"You represent me as deficient in due returns for politeness received. In what, sir, have I been wanting on that score, in regard to yourself or any other, to justify the imputation that I am void of gratitude and every virtue? In making a solemn appeal to my fellow-citizens against measures and principles pregnant with calamity, I have performed a duty to my adopted country; and I subscribe my name, that they might judge of my sincerity from the stake I hold, in common with themselves, in the prosperity of the State. You have availed yourself of this, to direct your attacks against my character; thus betraying the weakness of your cause. The falsehood of your statement respecting the proceedings of the conventionists, has been exposed by others, which relieves me from that task, and yourself from farther notice. M. BIRKBECK.

"WANBOROUGH, *Feb. 18, 1824*."

These are specimens of the many communications on this subject from our Settlement; and I believe there is no record of any pro-slavery document from our Settlement or County.

The day of election came; and thus stood our vote for congressman and convention:

Election, August 2, 1824.

		Albion.	Ball-Hill Prairie.	Total.
For Congress:	Cook,	207	280	487
	Bond,	89	14	103=384
No Convention,		153	237	390
Convention,		135	54	189=201

It will be seen that the vote of our Settlement was more nearly divided than might have been supposed. This may be accounted for, in part, from the larger number of poor Southern-settlers in the western precinct, who were acted upon by the clerk of the court, Jesse B. Browne, and the sheriff, Henry J. Mills, both pro-slavery men.

The slavery committees were active and unscrupulous in their endeavors to obtain a majority in our precinct. They were in the streets and in the grog-shops electioneering with the greatest blackguards in the county. We were not sufficiently alive to the weight of this species of influence. Our mode of operation was different; we spoke our sentiments freely and gave them publicity through the press. And there we let the matter rest. Whatever influence our opinions might have was felt more at a distance than at home. Cook, the congressman, received 384 votes majority; and the no-convention ticket 201. The election was conducted without violence, although each party went into it with feelings fully charged with political and personal hostility. The backwoodsmen were told to vote against the damned British, who fought with the Indians against them during the war, and were no better than they. We—that is a few of us—that took a deep interest and an active part in the contest, looked on our opponents as Tories, traitors to the liberties of their own country, and enemies to mankind. The political contest over, the bitterness long remained.

The acquaintance and friendship in England between Mr. Coles and Mr. Birkbeck induced Mr. Coles to appoint Mr. Birkbeck his secretary-of-state. A better appointment could not have been made. The office, before his appointment, was in a state of great disorder and confusion; during his brief career in office it was reduced to perfect order and arrangement. Governor Duncan said to a friend of mine: "I came to Vandalia with every prejudice against Mr. Birkbeck as secretary-of-state. But when I entered the office and saw the order and arrangement, especially when contrasted with the previous confusion, my opinion was completely changed." From what has been seen of the legislature, and the one object that the slave-party had in view, it is quite apparent that on no condition would they endure Mr. Birkbeck as secretary-of-state.

Mr. Coles has been censured for abandoning Mr. Birkbeck too hastily; but the two after-nominations that he made, rejected also by the senate as soon as made, shows clearly that they had selected their man, and would have no other. Their after-conduct showed them to be perfectly unscrupulous in attaining their end. Considering the circumstances of menace and intimidation by which he was surrounded—an infuriated mob led on by two Democratic judges, yelling and vociferating under his windows—"Convention or death"—his position was embarrassing. At Edwardsville, whilst he was there a short time before the assembling of the legislature, the same means were resorted to, with the additional insult of burning and hanging him in effigy. Governor Coles, I think, should receive due credit for maintaining as well as he did the side of freedom when surrounded by insult, opposition, and threatened assassination, rather than censure for partially yielding, in a doubtful point of constitutional power, under his difficult and dangerous position.

To show that I have in no way exaggerated the nature or degree of opposition exhibited against Governor Coles, the following letter from Governor Coles to Mr. Birkbeck will show:

"VANDALIA, *January 9th, 1824.*

"*Dear Sir:*—I had the pleasure to receive, in due course of mail, your letter of the sixth *ult.*, together with six of

your pamphlets, which you were so good as to send me, for which I return you my thanks. I had previously seen republished in a newspaper your pamphlet, and had read it with great pleasure. I could not but wish that every conventionist in the State had it, and was compelled to read it with attention. Our society at Edwardsville intends having another large edition of it printed, for the purpose of having it extensively circulated. I took the liberty of sending one or two of your pamphlets to some distant and particular friends, who take a deep interest in the slave-question in this State. By the bye, should not the review of your pamphlet, which appeared first in the *Illinois Gazette*, and since republished in all of the convention papers of the State, be noticed? It is very ingeniously written; but what more particularly requires correction are the fabrications and misrepresentation of facts. One or two of these were hastily noticed and sent to be inserted last week in the paper published here; but no paper has since issued from the press.

"During the sitting of the courts, and the sale of the lands of non-residents for taxes, we had a considerable number of persons assembled from all parts of the State, and a pretty good opportunity was afforded of collecting the public sentiment in relation to the great question that is now convulsing the State. The friends of a convention pretend to be pleased; but it was very apparent they were not; and the more honest and liberal among them acknowledged that they thought their prospect bad. Our friends, on the other hand, were much pleased, and rendered much more sanguine of success from the information they received. The friends of slavery were caucusing nearly every night, and made many arrangements for their electioneering campaign. Among others, it is said, they have appointed five persons in each county, with a request that these five appoint three deputies in each electoral precinct, for the purpose of diffusing their doctrines, embodying their forces, and acting with the greatest concert and effect. This is well calculated to bring their strength to bear in the best possible manner, and should, as far as possible be counteracted. When bad men conspire, good men should be watchful. The friends of a convention

appear to be more and more bitter and virulent in their enmity to me, and seem determined not only to injure my standing with the people, but to break down my pecuniary resources.

"A suit has been lately instituted at Edwardsville, against me for the recovery of the sum of two hundred dollars for each negro emancipated by me and brought to this State. The suit has been brought under a law passed on the 30th March, 1819, which was not printed or promulgated until the October following. In the meantime, that is about the first week in May, my negroes emigrated to and settled in this State. What is truly farcical in this suit is, that a poor worthless fellow, who has no property and of course pays no taxes, has been selected to institute it, from the fear he has of being taxed to support the negroes I emancipated; when they, who are all young and healthy, are so prosperous as to possess comfortable livings, and some of them pay as much as four dollars a year tax on their property. I should, indeed, may friend, be unfortunate, were I now compelled to pay two hundred dollars for each of my negroes, big and little, dead and living, (for the suit goes to this), after the sacrifices I have made and the efforts to befriend and enable them to live comfortably. For I not only emancipated all my negroes, which amounted to one-third of the property bequeathed me by my father, but I removed them out here at an expense of between five and six hundred dollars, and then gave each head of a family and all those who had passed the age of twenty-four, one hundred and sixty acres of land each, and exerted myself to prevail on them to hold to an honest and industrious and correct course. This they have done in a remarkable degree; so much so, with all the prejudices against free negroes, there never has been the least ground for a charge or censure against any one of them. And now, for the first time in my life, to be sued for what I thought to be generous and praiseworthy conduct, creates strange feelings; which, however, cease to give me personal mortification, when I reflect on the character and motives of those who have instituted the suit.

"Just about the time this suit was instituted I had the misfortune to lose by fire two-thirds of all the buildings

and enclosures on my farm, together with about two hundred apple-trees and many peach-trees, many of each kind large enough to bear fruit. And, soon after, the State-house having been consumed by fire, a project was set on foot to rebuild it by subscription. Luckily, to the plan and arrangements, I declined subscribing, and proposed others which I thought would be more for the interest of the State, of the country, and the town, and which it is now, by the way, generally admitted to have been the best.

"This, however, was immediately laid hold of by some of the factious conventionists, who, being aware that the loss of the State-house would operate to the injury of their favorite measure, and being anxious to display great solicitude for the interests of the people here, and that too as much as possible at the expense of the anti-conventionists, busied themselves in misrepresenting my measures and motives for not subscribing my name to their paper, and, with the aid of large portions of whisky, contrived to get up a real Vandalia mob, who vented their spleen against me in the most noisy and riotous manner nearly all night for my opposition to a convention, and for my refusal, as they termed it, to rebuild the State-house.

"All these, and other instances of defamation and persecution, create in my bosom opposite feelings, one of pain and the other of pleasure. Pain, to see my fellow-man so ill-natured and vindictive, merely because I am the friend of my species, and am opposed to one portion oppressing another; pleasure, that I should be in a situation that enables me to render service to the just and good cause in which we are engaged; and so far from repining at their indignities and persecutions, I am thankful to Providence for placing me in the van of this eventful contest, and giving me a temper, zeal, and resolution which I trust will enable me to bear with a proper fortitude the peltings which are inseparable from it. In conclusion, I pray you to do me the justice to believe that no dread of personal consequences will ever abate my efforts to promote the good of the public, much less to abandon the great fundamental principles of civil and personal liberty; and to be assured of my sincere friendship.

EDWARD COLES."

Having made mention of the unscrupulous conduct of many southern Illinoians, in their intrigues with the legislature at Vandalia, candor obliges me to acknowledge a class of honorable exceptions in the ranks of the conventionists. Although in favor of the convention, and no doubt at that time in favor of the introduction of slavery into the State, they acted with their party in a legitimate way, casting their votes in favor, but participating in no way with the disgraceful mobs, and more disgraceful acts with the legislature, led on by the party of whom Willis Hargrave, Esq., was the representative. Among these exceptions I record with pleasure the names of our two Judges, Hon. Wm. Wilson, and his associate, Judge Thomas C. Browne—the former of Carmi, White County, the latter of Shawneetown, Gallatin County. Their quiet and dignified conduct at Vandalia was appreciated and remarked on to me by Governor Coles as strikingly contrasting with the disgraceful position the other two judges had assumed as leaders of a drunken mob, yelling "convention or death," under the windows of the chief-executive officer of the State, to endeavor by intimidation to gain his compliance with their infamous conspiracy against the liberties of the people. I lamented to differ with many worthy friends, men of influence and standing, in our part of the country; many of whom have since with manly frankness acknowledged their error.

If any doubts remain as to the intention of the convention, the following editorial remarks from the *Shawneetown Gazette*, June 14, 1823, must dispel them:

"The Convention.

"The vote of the last Legislature, recommending the call of a new convention, seems to have produced a good deal of excitement in the western part of the State, and to have called forth already some pretty warm discussion. In this quarter, as yet, we have heard but little said on the subject, owing probably to the great degree of unanimity which prevails in favor of the measure. The people in this part of the State (in this and the adjoining counties particularly) have too great an interest at stake in keeping up the manufacture of salt at the saline, to be

easily diverted from the course they intend to pursue, by making the question turn upon the propriety or impropriety of introducing negro slavery. They are persuaded that, unless the time can be enlarged, during which the slaves of the neighboring states can be hired to labor at the furnaces, the works, after the year 1824, must be abandoned, and this main source of revenue to the State be lost; besides all the advantages which they individually derive from the market, which, when in operation, those works create. The people in this part, also, in common with others in all parts of the State, desire an amendment of the constitution in other particulars wherein it has been found defective, and many (we are far from concealing it) are in favor of the introduction of slavery, either absolute, as it exists at present in the slave-holding states, or in a limited degree—that is to say, to exist until the children born after its admission shall arrive at a certain age, to be fixed by the constitution."

This, I think, tells the whole story. It will be seen during the slavery controversy that Mr. Birkbeck was assailed as a Quaker; as by the land-speculators and the enemies of the Settlement in the East he had been charged as an infidel. By these gentry, any epithet that was unpopular it was considered fair to throw at an opponent.

In one short year from this time Mr. Birkbeck was no more. His sudden death altered the intentions and changed the destiny of his family. To Mr. William McClure of New Harmony, Mr. Birkbeck's library, consisting of many hundred volumes of choice books, was sold. And, I believe, through the influence and introduction of Mr. McClure, the two brothers Bradford and Charles Birkbeck went to Mexico to try their fortunes. They have succeeded—Bradford as a miner at Zacatecas; Charles, four hundred miles distant from his brother, as an agriculturalist. Although the general manner of Mr. Birkbeck's death is well known to me, the minute circumstances attending that sad event being recorded in the journal of Mr. Hall, I make from it the following extract: "June 4th, 1825, Mr. Birkbeck went to Harmony, and took a packet of letters for us to Mr. Owen, who, being on the eve of his departure to England, had kindly promised me to deliver

them. On his return, on Friday, happened the melancholy catastrophe of Mr. Birkbeck's death, who was drowned in Fox River on his return from Harmony. On his crossing at Fox River with his third son, Bradford, they found the flat on which they expected to be carried over had been taken away. They entered the water with their horses with the intention of swimming over. Bradford's horse plunged and threw him in the water. Being a good swimmer, he, although encumbered with a great-coat, and very weak from recent illness, had nearly reached the opposite shore, when he heard his father's voice calling for assistance; and turning himself round he saw him struggling in the middle of the stream, and returned to his assistance. Upon reaching him his father caught hold of him and they both sunk together. Upon rising he desired his father to take hold of his coat in another place, which he did, and both sunk again. But this time Bradford alone arose. Throwing himself upon his back, he floated, and, quite exhausted, reached the bank; when, after some time, his cries brought a person to his assistance, who endeavored to recover the body of his father. But in vain. It was not found until the day following, when it was brought up with an umbrella firmly grasped in his right hand. Mr. Birkbeck's horse was also drowned, but Bradford's got over safely. The body of Mr. Birkbeck was taken to Harmony and there interred with every mark of affection and respect. So perished Morris Birkbeck, in the sixty-second year of his age."

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Birkbeck, by those who would square every man's opinion by their own; the inhabitants of the State of Illinois, if for nothing else, should hold his memory in respect and gratitude for the decided part he took against the introduction of slavery, in his letters of "Jonathan Freeman."

CHAPTER XI.

Interest in the Convention Question—Difference between Slaves and Servants—Asperity and Bitterness of the Contest—The English Spoke their Minds Freely—Estrangement of Friends—The English Settlement Persecuted—Outrages on Colored Men—Lawsuit in Albion—Threatening Letters from Kidnapers—Negroes Kidnaped in Illinois and Indiana—The White-River Desperadoes—Their Arrest—Persecution of the Colored Men in the English Settlement—Mr. Flower sends a Colony to Hayti—Account of Difficulties Encountered—The Colony a Success in Hayti—The Settlement the Object of Detraction and Misrepresentation—The Fate attending Discoverers of New Countries and Founders of Colonies—Illustrated in the Case of William Penn—Treatment of Mr. Flower—The Cause of It.

It was no wonder that we felt deep interest and manifested much excitement on the convention question. We had chosen, as we thought, one of the freest governments in the world, and one of the freest states in the Union, because it was *new and free*, for our future residence. We had brought to it our property and our families, and to be there betrayed into the jaws of Slavery, excited our indignation and determined opposition. But, says the slaveholder, you bring your servants, why may not we bring ours? Because you have no servants to bring; you have only slaves. The term servant designates one of the parties to a free contract. The master has no more legal power over the servant, in England or America, than the servant has over the master. But you have stolen our term and applied it to your slaves. Servants in the South there can be none, as long as the poor, degraded negro slave stands in the way. Keep to the proper designation, and call them not your servants, but your slaves. A slave, although in human form, is a being despoiled of all the rights of

humanity; purposely kept in ignorance, driven by the lash, or the fear of it, to his work, for which his master gives him no pay. An unfortunate wretch, from whom all the good to which his nature aspires is withheld; steeped in all that is vicious and depraved. This is a slave; the man-made brute. To this poor, degraded being is the slave-holder obliged to entrust his property, his domestic animals, and his children. We desire not that compound of society found in a slave-state, a degenerate European aristocracy, and a full-blooded African barbarism! Besides, we acknowledge no property in man; with principles and practices so opposite, there can be no peace; let us therefore keep apart.

Under every form of government, even the most despotic, where property in man is disavowed, there may and do exist a variety of ties, both political and social; not severed by any line of distinct demarkation. They may have family connections, and many other interests in common. The rich are frequently brought to poverty, and the poor often become rich. These classes are not naturally hostile to each other; for they have a common interest; friends in peace and companions in war. But in a nation composed of free and slave, there is no society. One portion of the people is separated from the other by an impassible gulf. The laws made by one class are known to the other only by their severity. Whatever this may be, it is no republic. Give to this tyrannical confederacy some proper name.

The contest through which we had passed was carried on by that degree of asperity and bitterness which must ever be felt, where principles and practices are so opposite as freedom and slavery. We spoke our minds freely, perhaps rashly, as Englishmen are apt to do, and this, doubtless, gave to many persons offence, which our silent vote might not have done. Many families and friends were separated and estranged from each other; and individuals who had hitherto met in easy social acquaintance, found avoidance less disagreeable than meeting. I look back to the part we took in that contest with some pleasure, and with some pride. It may be too much to say that our Settlement decided the fate of the State in favor of freedom; when other settlements and small communities were exerting

themselves as heroically, and as well. But when we consider the small majority by which this Free-state held to its integrity, it may perhaps be inferred that, if our influence, as well as our votes, had been cast the other way, Illinois would probably have been at this day a slave-state. This important election over, the people, once more in quietude, pursued their accustomed vocations.

The negro question, having been settled by the State-vote governmentally, came upon us individually in no pleasant way. In these bickerings and disturbances, whether political or personal, we should always bear in mind the difference of feeling that exists between Englishmen and Americans, toward the African race. Englishmen, never having witnessed in their own country suffering, destitution, and degradation connected exclusively with any peculiarity of complexion, have no feeling of superiority or inferiority as connected with a cuticle of any color. Americans, on the contrary, North as well as South, retain the old colonial feeling of hatred to color. In our own neighborhood, the recent contest left the feelings sore. A grudge was owed to us; we had pitilessly exposed and zealously fought the pro-slavery party.

Three black men and their families—Gilbert Burris, Neptune Calvin, and Matthew Luther—came from the neighborhood of Carmi, for employment. They appeared to be very decent men, had been brought up in the habits of industry and sobriety by the Shakers, by whom they were emancipated and brought to this State. Their papers were examined, found to be regular, and were recorded. Luther was a miller, and attended the mill in Albion, that was built by my father, and after his death owned by me. The other two were farmers, and right good corn-farmers, too. To these I rented land on the usual terms of ten bushels of corn to the acre. To us it made no difference, black or white; if they did our work we paid them their wages. Whenever they or their little property received injury from wilful theft or violence, I gave them protection. I soon found this in some sort to be an offence; and to my surprise, by some Eastern men as well as Southern. We were verdant in those days, and did not know that "black men had no rights that white men need

respect." A black man named Arthur, who had been in my service for more than a year, was suddenly arrested and taken before a magistrate, a New Englander, and claimed as a slave. As he came from Indiana, where he had resided many years, I pleaded that he could not be a slave—the laws of the Territory and the State alike forbidding slavery. They claimed to hold him by an indenture-law for ninety-nine years. I pleaded the nullity of the law. Our poor magistrate, Moses Michaels, who never dared say "boo to a goose," after spending half a day and going over to another magistrate three miles off to consult, did not give the black man up, but put me in unreasonably heavy bonds of two thousand dollars for his appearance at the next county-court, to be held at Palmyra, the then county-seat, on the great Wabash, nineteen miles and five months of time distant.

Long before the assembling of the court, parties were sent over from Indiana to steal the man away, that I might be mulcted in the penalty of the bond; whilst they might run him off and pocket his price when sold as a slave. The interval between the decision of the magistrate and the meeting of the county-court was spent in constant watchfulness, mental disturbance, and frequent skirmishes, often imperiling life. The man, Arthur, appeared duly at court. John McLean of Shawneetown, was counsel for plaintiff; Judge McDonald of Vincennes, for me, as defendant. The counsel conferred together. McDonald exhibited a decision of the supreme court of Indiana in a similar case. John McLean was too good a lawyer, and too shrewd a man, to allow any case to come into court where the law was dead against him. So the case was never called, and the man returned to my service as a free man. So this case was terminated in Illinois, that is to say, after I had paid my counsel his fifty-dollar fee.

When at Vincennes some months afterward, I was served with a writ and arrested by the sheriff, at the instance of the claimant of Arthur. I had to choose between going to jail and giving bond. The latter was easily effected. Before the meeting of the Indiana court, I received several threatening letters to deter me from appearing at court. When the time arrived three friends accompanied me there,

all armed. The law was again in my favor. But an enemy more mighty than the kidnapper fell upon us. A terrible epidemic, resembling the yellow-fever, prevailed at this time at Vincennes. We were all four of us taken down with it, and lay long in a precarious situation between life and death.

Another case of this kind from Indiana produced another set of tactics on the part of our opponents. A man of color was working for me. His pretended claimant, with suitable associates, suddenly surrounded the cabin of the black, and had him bound before the alarm at my house, a short distance away, was given. In this case the kidnappers gained their point, taking him before a magistrate of pro-slavery tendencies. He gave the man up to the claimant, who took him into Indiana, and the man was never heard of afterward. I presented the claimant, a man of note and in official station, to the grand-jury. Whilst stating the case, one of the jurymen called out with some excitement, that the man was quite right in taking the negro. The foreman of the jury said, "Sir, you only came to present the facts, and in so doing are quite right." In turning to leave the room, I saw at once the case was decided, and so it was. The bill was refused. The majority of the jury were decidedly pro-slavery.

My presentation to the grand-jury gave great umbrage to all in Indiana who held black men properly entitled to their freedom, under their fraudulent indenture-law, which had already been decided by their supreme court to be null, void, and of no effect.

Kidnapping of whole families of free blacks in the south of Indiana was no uncommon thing. The moral sense of the community received no shock at such outrages. A horse-thief was held to stricter accountability than a man-thief. The south of Indiana, like the south of Illinois, is chiefly peopled by Southerners, who hold property in higher esteem than liberty.

In the timbered regions of Indiana, on the White River, lived a set of desperadoes who had the appellation of "White-River Indians." Among these were a family sunk low in barbarism, and all the grosser vices. The sons of this family, three in number, associated with one or two

others more respectable, but who would not at that period decline a foray on the pro-slavery side, were sent over to molest us, especially me and my family, even to the taking of life. Yet these wretches found harbor and encouragement among the Southern settlers around us.

Suddenly alarmed by the sound of human voices, the barking of dogs, and the report of fire-arms, I ran over to my father's house a little before midnight. An Englishman, Thomas Harding, who lived at my father's as farm-servant, having occasion to step out of the house, was knocked down by the blow of a club on the back of his head, by some man who stood concealed in the shadow, close to the wall of the house. My father, alarmed by the noise, went out, saw one man retreating from the court-yard into the woods, and another lying bleeding on the ground, apparently lifeless. He dragged the wounded man into the house and closed the door. At first we thought it an attempt at house-breaking. But finding who the parties were, and their object, we assembled our forces. Many shots were exchanged, and the marauders for a time driven off. The annoyance from these fellows became so great, that we determined to rid ourselves of them at all hazards. Myself, Mr. Hugh Ronalds, Mr. Henry Birkett, together with a constable, mounted and went in pursuit. We overtook them after a hard gallop on a hot summer's day, in the open woods, ten miles distant. We were equal in number, man for man. They with rifles, we with pistols. Whilst the constable was reading his warrant, we rode up, got within the rifle-guard, and presented our pistols, each to his man. At this juncture, a very ill-looking fellow, one of the gang, suddenly rode up at full speed. This gave them the advantage of one in number, of which the last comer instantly availed himself, by jumping from his horse and leveling his rifle at Mr. Ronalds, whom he doubtless would have shot had not the man I was guarding as suddenly leaped from his horse and knocked up the rifle, when in the act of being discharged.

Many other things of the same character occurred. It was a state of warfare of the most disagreeable kind. They were taken back to Albion and bound over.

A circumstance inexpressibly ludicrous occurred in the

midst of the strife. Amid oaths, boastings, refusals to surrender or return, when every one was meditating murder on the other, our Yankee constable brought forward a quart bottle of whisky, with a deprecatory smile and good-humored voice—"Now, boys, come and take a drink; now come along with us quiet, and we'll treat you like gentlemen." The effect was sudden; the transition of feeling complete. We all laughed, and did as our worthy constable bade us—at least, all our prisoners did. We returned to Albion riding in pairs, with our arms in our hands. There never was a slave taken in our neighborhood, and I believe that there never was more than one that came to it.

These, and similar outrages on ourselves, and assaults on the peaceable blacks settled among us, were of frequent occurrence. Seeing no hope of just treatment to the free colored people that lived on my lands, or of relieving myself from the trouble of defending them, I proposed that they should go to Hayti. When they acceded to my proposal, I thought it due to them and myself to acquire more specific information of the island, and of the terms on which they would be received. For this purpose, I employed Mr. Robert Grayham (formerly an English merchant), a gentleman who spoke the French language with fluency. He was at the time living with his brother-in-law, Mr. Sorgenfrey, in a prairie west of the Little Wabash. Their former habits not suiting them to prairie life, Mr. Sorgenfrey went to Carmi, and Mr. Grayham took this mission as a first step to a future change. I gave him five hundred dollars to bear his expenses, with a letter to Gen. Boyer, then president of Hayti, representing the case, and asking an asylum for my party of blacks, big and little, about thirty in number; also for other free people of color of the United States, if they chose to go there. Mr. Grayham returned in good time. He gave me a very pleasing account of his visit to the island, his interview with Inginac, the secretary, and with Boyer, the president.

When Boyer heard from Mr. Grayham that I had given five hundred dollars to get this information for the poor blacks, he, in the handsomest manner, handed him the amount, requesting him to give it to me, which he did on

his return. The document he sent me in reply to my long letter, and many inquiries, was an official one, from the office of the secretary-of-state, stamped with the insignia of the republic, with national mottoes and devices. For propriety and perspicuity of diction, and for the neatness and beauty of its mechanical execution, it will favorably compare with similar documents from any government, whether European or American.

The following spring, the colored emigrants prepared to take their departure. Among them were three brothers, men of extraordinary stature, standing six feet four, and over. This family of Joneses, able-bodied men and good farmers, with two or three other colored families, formerly lived higher up the Wabash, and were mustered into the service of the United States by Gen. Harrison, who formed a colored company to aid in defending the frontier during the war in 1812. Provided with a good flat-boat, stocked with sufficient provisions for their inland navigation and sea voyage, well furnished with axes, hoes, and plows, this party of colored people left the mouth of Bonpas Creek, where Grayville now stands, in March, 1823, under the guidance and care of Mr. Robert Grayham, the only white man on board.

The testimonials of their freedom were complete; signed by the clerk of the county, the secretary-of-state, and by Governor Coles himself. They floated down the Wabash, and entered the Ohio in safety. As they were floating quietly and peaceably down the stream, when opposite to Shawneetown they were hailed, and invited to land, which Mr. Grayham acceded to, having many acquaintances, and being well known in the town. When about to depart, he was compelled to remain, with threats of sinking his boat if he made the attempt to go. He and the people were forcibly detained for four and twenty hours. They were at length suffered to depart, amid much confusion and violent denunciations. Of the peaceable demeanor and lawful objects of the emigrants, there was no question. By a strange inconsistency, the very people who profess to dislike the existence of free blacks among us, were the most bitter opponents to their removal.

At the expense of slight repetition, I will insert a letter

addressed by me to the editor of the *Shawneetown Gazette*, dated Jan. 22, 1824:

"*Mr. Editor:*—It will be gratifying to the friends of humanity to learn, that the party of colored people that left the Wabash last March, arrived safely in the island of Hayti on the 8th of June. To those good people of Shawneetown, and others who have expressed apprehensions that Mr. Flower and Mr. Grayham had sold these poor blacks, it will doubtless be a high source of satisfaction to hear that upon their arrival at Hayti, they were welcomed by the people and kindly received by the president, who put them on a good plantation, about twenty miles from the capital. To remove erroneous impressions arising from false reports concerning this party of blacks, I will give a brief history of their emigration. A few families of colored people, living on my land as tenants, wished to go to some country where their liberty and property would be better secured to them than in this. Some of them made application to the African Colonization Society; but, receiving no encouragement or assistance, gave up the plan. I recommended St. Domingo as a country better suited to them, and one to which they could transport themselves with ease. Particular information being wanted, I sent Mr. Robert Grayham to Hayti, to learn the expense and difficulties of the voyage, the state of the country, and what encouragement would be given to black emigrants from the United States. He returned in October, 1822, with the requisite information. The answer of the government of Hayti to my inquiries was published in your paper. In March, 1823, a party of colored people, about thirty in number, left the Wabash in a boat of their own, with some freight put on board by myself and others, under the care of Mr. Robert Grayham, who was to conduct the boat to New Orleans, and see the people on board a vessel for Port au Prince. The boat stopped at Shawneetown for a few hours. Mr. Grayham, having dispatched his business there, was in the act of departing, when a mob assembled on the shore and ordered him to come-to again, accompanied by a threat of sinking the boat, in case of noncompliance. The boat was again brought to shore. On Mr. Graham's inquiring what they wanted, these officious

people were somewhat at a loss. They wanted him to sleep on shore! To this unreasonable request he complied, on condition that a friend should sleep on board for the protection of property. The next day he departed. Upon his arrival at New Orleans, Mr. Grayham, as a matter of courtesy, waited upon the mayor, and informed him that his boat was manned by free colored people from Illinois and Indiana, who were going, with their families to Hayti. This official immediately replied that he would send them all to jail; and, if they were not sent out of the city in eight days, he would sell them all for slaves. The remonstrances of Mr. Grayham against such violent aggression upon the persons of free inhabitants of the United States, passing to a foreign country, was to no effect. The men were thrown into prison. But at the intercession of a humane friend, Mr. Gilbert, the women and children were permitted to remain on board their own boat; also two men, for whose appearance and good behavior this friend gave a bond. Mr. Grayham, placed in this unpleasant situation, hastily took a passage in a vessel about to sail in three days for St. Domingo. The poor men, deprived of the means of earning anything on the wharves, and more than all they had demanded of them for jail-fees, etc., were unable to pay their passage money, and would actually have been sold as slaves by the mayor of New Orleans, had not Mr. Grayham promptly drawn on me for the necessary funds—three hundred and sixty dollars—to carry them out of the country. Thus were the free inhabitants of the United States, while peaceably pursuing their way to a neighboring country, without fault or crime imputed or alleged against them, threatened with the doom of slavery, if they did not submit to the extortion of their money under the title of jail-fees, by the chief-magistrate of a city of this Republic, boasting the inalienable and inherent rights of man, and vaunting itself as the most enlightened nation of the earth.

"With what indignation will all those good people view the conduct of the mayor of New Orleans, who could not help expressing their apprehensions lest Mr. Flower and Mr. Grayham should have sold these blacks.

"ALBION, *Jan. 22, 1824.* GEORGE FLOWER."

The mayor of New Orleans was a refugee from Hayti, which accounts, in some degree, for the unusual violence he displayed on the occasion. But anxieties were not yet at an end. The brig, often becalmed, was long on its passage.

In the meantime, many sinister reports began to be spread about, and afterward more openly circulated, that Mr. Grayham and myself had enveigled the black men, and, under pretence of sending them to a land of liberty, had sold them all for slaves in the South. The return of Mr. Grayham, some months afterward, with a stock of goods to open a store, in the eyes of many confirmed the report. It was several months (and I confess to some anxiety during the time) before I could confute these slanders by the publication of any letters, either from Mr. Grayham or the colored emigrants. They came, at last, from both sources—from the poor people, rejoicing in their change of country, and thanking me for my assistance in getting them there.

A lie once widely spread is seldom entirely eradicated. There are probably now living, those who believe that George Flower sold the free colored people, and pocketed the money; but only, I am happy to say, among that class who would have no scruple in doing it themselves.

The emigration of this small colony of blacks from Illinois produced movements of greater importance than were involved in their own personal destinies. So well pleased were the rulers of Hayti with the efficient farming, sober habits, and general industry of the Illinois emigrants, that they conceived the idea of encouraging the free blacks of the Unites States to emigrate on a much larger scale. For this purpose, the Haytian Government sent their citizen Granville, a well-informed and well-educated man, on a mission to encourage the emigration of free people-of-color, and offered fourteen dollars a head as passage money to Hayti.

His mission was successful so far as numbers were concerned. Five thousand or more went, chiefly from the cities of New York and Baltimore. The influential citizens of Philadelphia took a different view of the emigration of their free-colored population to Hayti, and decidedly

gave it discouragement. As the question may again arise in this State, the reasons that influenced the Philadelphians should be duly appreciated. I therefore give the following letter which I received at the time:

"*Dear Sir:*—You will have learned by the public prints that Citizen Granville arrived some weeks since from Hayti, for the purpose of encouraging emigration of free people-of-color to that country. He was accompanied from New York by Professor Griscom, who was very sanguine that a society for promoting this object would be desirable here, as well as at New York. A meeting was held a few days since with ten or a dozen of our influential characters, and a full development of the subject was discussed; the result of which was unanimously against promoting the views of Granville. Among other objections, he admitted, that the government was a military despotism; that the land proposed to be allotted to emigrants was to each one fifteen acres; that these lands are still claimed by the Spanish authorities, and may still be a source of much contention; that the prevalent religion is the Roman Catholic; and that with industry a laborer would not earn more than two dollars a week. The citizens of Philadelphia are by no means likely to promote the emigration to Hayti while those of New York are engaged in the object, and now about dispatching a vessel with passengers. Very respectfully,

"*August 18th, 1824.*" "JEREMIAH WARDEN.

But these city-bred Africans were not farmers, like the Illinois men. Barbers, waiters, and a large portion of them found in the lower strata of city life, afforded poor materials for any beneficial purpose, and the removal of most of them was a disappointment to themselves and to the Haytian Government.

This event, well known at the time, occurred in 1824 or 1825, and is doubtless recollected by many persons now living. As the convention question, and the contests about the rights of the free blacks, formed two prominent points in our early history, I have dwelt more fully upon these details. Thus ends the black chapter of our history. But ill-feelings engendered during the contest manifested them-

selves in other forms, and for some time continued to disturb and distract us.

There are certain classes of men who appear destined to receive sometime in their life, and oftentimes during their whole career, a large share of opposition, detraction, and misrepresentation. The inventors of new machines, whose labor-saving power benefits the whole family of man, receive cruel opposition in their first attempts to perfect their inventions and bring them to the notice of the public. Scorn, contempt, and ridicule are poured upon them during their lives, and after dying in their fruitless struggles, some one steps in and reaps the reward of their labor, and disingenuously claims the honor of the invention. Fitch and Fulton, of the steam-boat, and Whitney, inventor of the cotton-gin, are familiar instances of this class in America. Discoverers of new countries, whose penetration and perseverance have carried their attempts to a successful issue, and whose toils have changed and improved the condition of the world, are subject to the same fate. Witness Columbus pursuing his great idea, with slender and apparently inadequate means, through scorn, neglect, and opposition, to a successful issue, after short *eclat*, in a dungeon and in chains. The first-founders of settlements in new or uninhabited countries, seldom fail of receiving a large share of opposition, detraction, and pecuniary loss. The most remarkable instance of this kind is to be witnessed in the life and fortunes of the founder of the great State of Pennsylvania, William Penn. Under ill-luck and miscarriage the world seldom fails to visit on the leaders of any great enterprise, reproach and condemnation. But in the settlement of Pennsylvania a combination of happy circumstances led to complete success. The munificence of the grant! The whole province of Pennsylvania given in fee-simple to its founder; its advantageous situation on the sea-board; the peculiar state of the mother-country, sending forth emigrants in number, and many of worth and character; the talent and integrity of its founder; his ample fortune and life-long devotion to the interests of the province; a combination of fortunate circumstances rarely, if ever, witnessed in any other similar enterprise, did not save the illustrious founder from the fate of men

in his position. Pursued during his whole life by falsehood and defamation, we find him at its close in debt, compelled to mortgage the whole province for five thousand pounds, himself confined to the limits of the Fleet prison, and in that humiliating situation would have died, without one friendly voice or helping-hand from the great province he had successfully established, but for the assistance of some individuals of his own religious persuasion in England.

For facts so conspicuous the reasons seem rather obscure. Is it some great law of compensation that runs through all things, balancing advantage with disadvantage? pleasure with pain? As the old poet has it,

> "Every *white* must have its *black*
> And every sweet its sour."

Or is it to be found in the universal but unextinguishable propensity in every human breast; the love of giving pain; ethics, morals, and religion notwithstanding?

There is a mysterious antagonism in the order of nature, running through all life, vegetable and animal. Every plant as well as animal has its own peculiar enemy, persecutor, and destroyer. But man is the chief enemy of man. Let no man think to pass through this life without his share of annoyances, and as in duty bound I had mine. If he belongs to either of the classes I have mentioned, he is an imperfect calculator, who does not sum up a considerable share to his own account. It was about this time that hostile feelings seemed to culminate against me. I was assailed by legal proceedings, as well as other annoyances, in every way that malice and ingenuity could invent. But the whole of this hostility was local, confined to our Settlement, and from a portion of my own country people. With American gentlemen and their families, far and near, from my first entrance into the State up to the present day, my intercourse has been one of unbroken kindness and courtesy. It is true, I neglected somewhat that shield of popularity which men of any standing in our new western country might not at that day with impunity neglect. I rode into our little town most days to attend to any business, or speak with those to whom I had anything to say. I did not linger much, or enter grog-

shops, for I used neither whisky nor tobacco, their chief articles of sale. I did not sympathise in these matters with the population around me, and this position an enemy could turn to my disadvantage at any time. A man to be popular in our new western towns and with the country people around, should be acquainted with everybody, shake hands with everybody, and wear an old coat, with at least one good hole in it. A little whisky and a few squirts of tobacco-juice are indispensable. From much of the former you may be excused if you treat liberally to others. If there is one fool bigger than another, defer to him, make much of him. If there is one fellow a little more greasy and dirty than another, be sure to *hug him*. Do all this and you have done much toward being a popular man. At least you could scarcely have a jury-case carried against you. I did not do all this and was therefore at a disadvantage against active enemies who did, and who were leagued against me to drive me and my family from the Settlement. This period was the only exception to an unusual happy life of thirty years' duration. And thirty years is a large slice of a man's life.

CHAPTER XII.

Murder of Richard Flower, son of George Flower—Murderer Acquitted—Large Outlays for Food—Relations between New Harmony and the English Settlement—Robert Owen Buys Out the Harmonites—New Harmony under Robert Owen—Men Eminent in Literature, Science, and Art Flocked Around him—His Doctrines Promulgated Spread far and wide—Mr. Owen's Ability as a Conversationist and His Equanimity of Temper—His Address to the People of Albion—Rapp's Society at New Harmony.

ABOUT this time, a melancholy event occurred in my family. Myself and father were at Pittsburgh, returning from the Eastern cities, when the news of the death of my eldest son was communicated to us by Frederick Rapp. It was occasioned by violence, and occurred in the following manner: My eldest son, Richard, then a promising lad, was living at Park House with his grandmother, during my own and his grandfather's journey to the East. Late in the evening, some backwoodsmen of the lowest description, as they came from Albion, probably full of whisky, rode by the house, uttered several whoops and yells, as if in defiance, as they sometimes would do. The noise they made, induced the dogs to rush out barking. My son Richard ran out to call off the dogs, which he did. As he turned round, to walk into the house, one of the fellows dismounted, and, picking up a large bone, threw it at the poor lad. It struck him with violence on the back of his head. He was assisted to bed, from which he never arose. The scull was crushed and the brain injured. Notwithstanding all medical assistance and care that was given him, he died in a few hours. A court was called; the man tried, and, of course, acquitted.

Large outlays were required for food during the first three years; and these expenditures fell almost exclusively upon the heads of the Settlement. These were drawn, some from Shawneetown and some from Harmony, the former sixty, the latter twenty-five miles distant. Between Albion and Shawneetown, for several years, John Morgan's

horse-team and William Harris' ox-team constantly traveled; these brought us groceries and other commodities from those quarters. But the chief supply of flour, meal, whisky, woollen and cotton cloths, all the manufacture of the Harmonites came from Harmony. My first bill with the Harmonites amounted to eleven thousand dollars, and I afterward paid them many large sums. It is said that, between the years 1818 and 1824, the Harmonites received from our Settlement, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in hard cash.

The first herd of thirty head of large cattle were purchased by me for sixteen dollars a-head. The following spring, my father sent, from Lexington, Ky., sixty fine steers and a noble bull, of English breed, a large and hardy animal, that imparted the first improvement to the neat stock of the country. In this way, the Settlement was at first supported, until it raised enough to live upon, and a surplus to spare. The low price of all produce, for some years, although advantageous to incomers from the old country, was discouraging to the farmers. With corn at ten and twelve cents a bushel; pork, two cents; beef, one and a-half cents a pound; hiring labor would not pay; and the farmer who worked for himself, could not feel any adequate money-remuneration.

In 1824, my father was requested, by Mr. Frederick and Mr. George Rapp, to act as agent and endeavor to sell, in England, all the possessions of the Harmonites, on the Great Wabash, on which between four and five hundred Germans, of both sexes, had labored and built for the last nine years, with all the perseverance and method of that singular and interesting community.

My father undertook the business, and almost immediately proceeded to England, accompanied by his youngest son, Edward Fordham Flower, my junior by twenty years, then a slender stripling youth. My father left him in England; and there he is now, a wealthy proprietor of one of the largest breweries in the kingdom, at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire.

The description and the advertising of the Harmony property in England, attracted the attention of Mr. Robert Owen of Lanark, Scotland, who came over, viewed the

property, and became the owner, by purchase, of all the possessions of the Harmonites, on the Wabash. The quantity of land sold by Rapp to Owen was thirty-two thousand acres, and a large portion of it of the best quality, between two and three thousand acres under fence and good cultivation. The town of Harmony was included in the purchase; and this was no ordinary little western town. It consisted of several brick and frame two-story houses, for the use of small families, all built after one model, and with ample gardens, well fenced in, and neatly cultivated; and a vast number of log-cabins, then inhabited and neatly kept. There were also five or six very large brick-buildings, three stories high, which contained the community families, of sixty to eighty individuals each; Rapp's large brick-mansion; a very large building called the granary, built of the most solid masonry; and a very large brick-church, itself a curiosity, the plan, it was said, being given to Father George Rapp in a dream. There were four entrances to the church, each entrance closed by lofty folding-doors; the doors are opposite, and one hundred and twenty feet from each other. The upper story is supported by twenty-eight pillars of walnut, cherry, and sassafras. The walnut were six feet in circumference and twenty-five feet high; the others were twenty-one feet high, with proportionate circumference; a surprisingly large building for this new country. There was a very large water-mill at the cut-off, about a mile from town, complete and in full operation; an oil-mill; the shops of the various trades —as blacksmiths', wheelwrights', coopers', carpenters', tannery, shoemakers', etc.—all included; with two magnificent orchards of grafted fruit in full bearing, and two extensive vineyards. The whole land and town for one hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars. There was an after purchase—such as the stocks and tools of various trades, and a considerable amount of live-stock, altogether amounting to fifty thousand dollars. Thus did the whole possessions of the German Harmonites change hands; and what was the property of Rapp and his associates, became the property of Robert Owen.

This singular community of Germans had little or no

communication with the people of the surrounding country, excepting through the miller, store-keeper, tavern-keeper, and their secular head, Frederick Rapp, the adopted son of old George Rapp, their spiritual leader, and founder of the society. All who went to Harmony, with surprise, observed with what facility the necessaries and the comforts of life were acquired and enjoyed by every member of Rapp's community. When compared with the privations and discomforts to which individual settlers were exposed in their backwoods experiences, the contrast was very striking. The poor hunter that brought a bushel of corn to be ground, perhaps from a distance of ten miles, saw, with wonder, the people, as poor as himself, inhabiting good houses, surrounded by pleasant gardens, completely clothed in garments of the best quality, supplied regularly with meal, meat, and fuel, without any apparent individual exertion. He could not fail to contrast the comforts and conveniences surrounding the dwellings of the Harmonites with the dirt, desolation, and discomforts of his own log-hut. It opened to his mind a new train of thought. One of them said to me, in his own simple language, "I studies and I studies on it"—an expression that depicts the feelings of every person that obtained a sight of Rapp's German community at Harmony. Rapp—his people and their language—departed; Mr. Owen, now the sole proprietor of all the possessions of its former owners, spoke to the people in a language they could understand.

Nothing could be more opposite than the systems pursued by the two distinguished leaders, on the same field of operation. Whatever might be the merits of Rapp's community, an avoidance of intercourse between the mass of its members and all outside barbarians was strictly maintained; and dissimilarity of language presented a complete bar to prying curiosity from without.

Mr. Owen proposed his plans and gave his lectures and discourses, not only to those of his own opinions, but to all that chose to come and hear him. Mr. Owen, who was very powerful in colloquy, seldom lost an opportunity of explaining, what was then called, his new system of society. Discussion would arise; his system, doctrines, and

their probable consequences were all discussed, fully criticised, and often warmly opposed. Mr. Owen possessed so steady a temper, that no attack, however violent and personal, could disturb it. The equanimity of his deportment, the quiet flow of argument, the steady and unaltered tone of his voice, I never knew to be ruffled by the most violent language and the sometimes hasty imputations of his opponent. Mr. Owen made a short visit to me and to my father, and took a brief view of our Settlement. During the evenings large numbers of settlers would call in to see and converse with him. It was about Christmas time, and the season was unusually warm and fine. On Christmas day, 1824, Mr. Owen delivered an extended and extemporaneous address to the citizens of Albion, assembled in the open air on the public-square of the town. For the accommodation of the people, chairs and benches were arranged in a semicircle. These discussions produced some effect, and some of our citizens went to Harmony, in the hope of realizing some portion of the happier future predicted by Mr. Owen. Some came back, and are prosperous citizens in the vicinity of Albion; some remained, and are prosperous citizens of Harmony.

We need not be surprised at the care with which Rapp tried to keep his community from general intercourse. Notwithstanding their strong religious bond, it is very doubtful if Rapp's society could have been kept together if they had spoken English. During this visit, Mr. Frederick Rapp came to see Mr. Owen, and in my house the bargain which transferred the property was consummated. On this occasion, Frederick Rapp was accompanied by his niece, Gertrude Rapp, then a young lady of some seventeen years, in the full bloom of health and youthful beauty, now I believe Miss Rapp is the only representative of the family of Rapp living at Economy.

Among the endless variety of people that flocked around Mr. Owen were some eminent in art, literature, and science. This gave to Harmony a pre-eminence in character and attractions to many neighboring towns.

That the material wants of man can be procured in profusion without anxiety or injurious labor, has been satisfactorily proved by Rapp's community, by the Shak-

ers, Moravians, and other well-organized communities. Following this idea, Mr. Owen argued, that if the mental powers of man, well trained and developed from his earliest infancy, were also organized for the public weal, all the evils existing in our present form of society would vanish, as completely as destitution and want have vanished from the communities above named. Whether this happy consummation is ever to be attained is yet doubtful.

Although Mr. Owen failed to make his community, the doctrines he taught and the opinions he promulgated spread far and wide. Accepted by some with fervor, opposed and denounced by more, they nevertheless were in a fragmentary way accepted by a vast many. This we saw in after years, when indiscriminate opposition to all that Mr. Owen said had ceased. The halls of legislation, the courts of law, and the family government have been modified and influenced by the opinions promulgated by Mr. Robert Owen in the early days of his Harmony community, followed up by the after-efforts of his son, Mr. Robert Dale Owen, in the State legislature.

A father of a family, a religious man, opposed to most of Mr. Owen's opinions, said to me: "Well, in one thing I think he is right—in the treatment of children—and I shall leave off whipping."

Mr. Owen wished to carry on this first successful step of Rapp's a step or two farther. He argued, that when people were relieved from anxiety and toils, now often endured by parents in the support of a family, every child might receive the best education and training. If all the evils now inflicted on society from want, suffering, neglected education, and bad training were removed, there could not be much left to complain of; and there would be no longer any necessity for enduring that formidable power called Government—under all its forms a combination of restraint, tyranny, and corruption, now found necessary to suppress, by its superior force of combination, the numerous individual crimes engendered in our present organization of society; that if the community would only go on and apply its powerful combination to supply man's intellectual wants, as it had already supplied most of his physical wants, all the great evils of which we complain would cease.

Rapp appeared to be content in supplying physical necessities, so far as house, clothing, food, and fuel, and in checking those moral evils which arise from their want, or an indiscriminate scramble to obtain them. Other evils he thought must be endured, and compensation looked for in another world. There were some in Rapp's society, it was said, who had higher aspirations. But Rapp was content with what they had already gained, and discouraged innovation; probably from a fear of losing what they had already obtained. "In effect," he said, "the plan can not be improved; be content with what you have got, go on as you are going on—do *you* do all the working and *I* will do all the praying." As to children, he told them they had better not have any. Rapp was probably right, to a society of such moderate aspirations, and who were so well schooled in resignation to a certain class of evils. The plan could not be improved; it was perfect as far as it went.

Owen said—"Go on. You have banished many inconveniences and evils already, and this should encourage you to proceed; apply the same power of combination and do more. Have children, as many as you can bring up, educate, and properly train. Attend to their health, and make them strong men; to their intellect, and make them wise men; to the supplying all their wants, and make them happy men. You will find that temperance in all gratification attains the maximum of enjoyment. Be as happy as you can here, and the better qualified will you be for happiness hereafter." So, in effect, said Owen; but his views were not carried out in the way he desired them to be. The materials that gathered around him were probably too dissimilar and heterogeneous to be formed into a community of any kind.

From Mr. Owens' addresses and publications we learned his opinions and intentions. We knew the Harmonites from our dealings at their store, and what we saw in our frequent visits to the town. In business they were punctual and honest. Industry and order were apparent everywhere.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Emigration to the Settlement Recommences—The Character of the New Emigrants—The Crackles Brothers—Mr. Joseph Applegath—The Good Farms about Albion—The Courts at Albion—Attended by Eminent Men—Judge Wilson, Edwin B. Webb, Col. Wm. H. Davidson, Gen. John M. Robinson, John McLean, and Henry Eddy—Their Visits to Mr. Flower—"A Good Supper and a Bowl of Punch"—Dreary Travel to Vandalia—Bear-Meat and Venison—An Enormous Elk, the Patriarch of the Prairies—The Wrestling-Match between Indians and White Men—The Indians "Down" the Pale Faces—Perilous Ride from the Wabash to Vandalia—Judges Wilson and Lockwood and Henry Eddy out all Night in a Dreadful Storm—Horseback the only Mode of Conveyance—Its Fatigues and Dangers.

AFTER the check given to emigration, from causes before mentioned, the tide began to flow again. Individuals and families were frequently arriving, and occasionally a party of thirty and forty. A fresh cause induced this tide of emigration. It arose from the private correspondence of the first poor men who came. Having done well themselves, and by a few years of hard labor acquired more wealth than they ever expected to obtain, they wrote home to friend or relative an account of their success. These letters handed round in the remote villages of England, in which many of them lived, reached individuals in a class to whom information in a book form was wholly inaccessible. Each letter had its scores of readers, and, passing from hand to hand, traversed its scores of miles. The writer, known at home as a poor man, earning perhaps a scanty subsistence by his daily labor, telling of the wages he received, his bountiful living, of his own farm and the number of his live-stock, produced a greater impression in the limited circle of its readers than a printed publication had the power of doing. His fellow-laborer who heard these accounts, and feeling that he was no better off than when his fellow-laborer left him for America, now exerted every nerve to come and do likewise. Among the many that came, induced by this sort of information, were three

brothers, Thomas, Kelsey, and Joseph Crackles, three Lincolnshire men—a fine specimen of English farm-laborers, well skilled in every description of farm-labor, and particularly in the draining of land. They lived with me for three years after their arrival. They soon got good farms of their own; or, I should rather say, made good farms for themselves. I heard an American neighbor remark, on the first farm they bought, that nobody could ever raise a crop or get a living from it. It had not been in their possession two years, before it became noted for its excellent cultivation and abundant crops. In this way we have given to Illinois a valuable population, men that are a great acquisition to the Country. It was observed that these emigrants who came in the second emigration, from five to ten years after the first settlement, complained more of the hardships of the country than those who came first. These would complain of a leaky roof, or a broken fence, and all such inconveniences. The first-comers had no cabins or fences to complain of; with them it was conquer or die. And thus emigrants came dropping in from year to year.

We received a valuable settler in the person of Mr. Joseph Applegath. Mr. Applegath was a bookseller in London, a man of good education and general information. He came out with the intention of joining Mr. Owen's community at Harmony. That failing, he took his apprenticeship in country life in our Settlement. He was a striking instance with what comparative ease a well-informed and cultivated man can change his occupation and even his habits of life. From knowing nothing of farming or country life of any kind, for several years he followed it energetically and successfully, acquiring the habit of labor, which in general seems to go so hard with those unaccustomed to toil. One secret of this was, he had nothing to unlearn, and no prejudices on that subject to eradicate. He looked over the fence of his neighbor to see how he did a piece of work, and copied after him. In a few years he retired from habitual labor, but not from active employment; he frequently gave familiar lectures to young people in Albion, on useful or scientific subjects, made easy to their comprehension by his simple language and arrangement.

But it was the class of farm-laborers and small-farmers, of whom I have before spoken, that furnished the bone and sinew of the Settlement. Well instructed in all agricultural labor, as plowmen, seedsmen, and drainers of land, habituated to follow these occupations with continuous industry, the result was certain success. Their course was a uniform progress and advance. Many of them without money, and some in debt for their passage, they at first hired out at the then usual price of fifty cents a-day without board, and seventy-five cents for hay-time and harvest. In two or three years they became tenants, or bought a piece of unimproved Congress-land at a dollar and a-quarter an acre, and gradually made their own farms. Several of them, now the wealthiest farmers of the county, earned their first money on my farm at Park House. It is chiefly the labor of these men, extending over twenty, thirty, and even forty years, that has given to the Settlement the many fine farms to be seen around Albion.

Among the advantages of the meetings of the courts of law in Albion, not the least were the periodical visits of intelligent and educated men of the legal profession. Hon. William Wilson, a native of Martinsburgh, Va., was, when appointed to his office of circuit-judge, a very young man. He possessed great amiability and good sense, and was extensively known through the State; a good lawyer respected and beloved wherever known. Between him and myself a lasting friendship existed until his death, which occurred in 1857. He settled near Carmi, in White Co., thirty miles south of Albion. Carmi was the home of Edwin B. Webb, Esq.,* so many years the represen-

* Edwin B. Webb of Carmi, White County, was one of the best-known and most influential Whig politicians of his day, in south-eastern Illinois. He was first elected to the lower branch of the legislature from White County in 1834, and reëlected in 1836, 1838, 1840. In 1844, he was elected to the senate, from White County, and reëlected in 1846, and finally closing his legislative service in 1848, which was continuous from 1834 to 1848, with the exception of two years, from 1842 to 1844. I knew Mr. Webb well. He was a well-known figure in Springfield for many years. He was a little under the middling height, always dressing genteelly, and of pleasant and agreeable manners. A native of Kentucky, he was a devoted friend of Henry Clay, and was the Whig candidate for Governor of Illinois in 1852. At the breaking up of the old Whig party, Mr. Webb declined entering into the Republican party, and joined the Democrats. He was always called "Bat" Webb, from his middle name, *Bathurst*. He died at his home in Carmi, in the fall of 1858, universally beloved and regretted.

tative of White County in the legislature. Mr. Webb was one of our best lawyers, and was always relied on as such. He had a greater hold on the affections of his many friends and neighbors, by exerting the influence of his position in healing all breaches, and allaying those irritations which so frequently accompany legal disputation.

Col. William H. Davidson, for many years in the State senate, and often its presiding-officer, was much beloved for the amenity of his manners in public and in private life. Gen. John M. Robinson, then a young lawyer riding the circuit, and afterward, for many years, our senator in Congress—these two were Carmi men.

John McLean, a good lawyer, a loud speaker, of sterling good sense, and blunt and somewhat boisterous manners, was the most popular lawyer in the earliest days of the State. A native of Kentucky, he was afterward sent to Congress.* Henry Eddy, long the editor of the *Shawneetown Gazette*, was a good lawyer, and a most kind-hearted and benevolent man, universally respected and beloved.† Judge Hall (afterward known as the editor of the *Illinois Monthly Magazine*) was also a practising lawyer, with a

* John McLean was, undoubtedly, the ablest and most influential man in Illinois at the time of his death. He was elected United States senator in 1825, to succeed Ninian Edwards, who had resigned to accept the position of minister to Mexico. Having served out the term of Gov. Edwards, of only a few months, Elias Kent Kane was elected his successor for the long term. In 1829, Mr. McLean was elected for six years, to succeed Jesse B. Thomas. He died, however, shortly after the commencement of his term of service, in 1830. Had he lived, he would have left an indelible impress upon the history of the State.

Mr. McLean was a member of the House of Representatives from Gallatin County from 1820 to 1822, and of which he was made speaker. He was also a member from 1826 to 1828, and from 1828 to 1830. He was speaker of the House both sessions, and elected senator while holding the office in 1829.

† Henry Eddy of Shawneetown, was one of the ablest and most prominent lawyers of his time in the State. I can not recall that he was ever in political life, except being a member of the House of Representatives from Gallatin County from 1820 to 1822, when he was the colleague of John McLean. He was an anti-convention man in the great struggle in 1823–4, and the editor of the *Shawneetown Spectator*. Like Mr. Webb of Carmi, he was one of the prominent Whig politicians in the south-eastern part of the State. A man of education and intelligence, he was distinguished by his courteous manners and gentlemanly bearing. He was elected judge of the third circuit in January, 1835, but resigned the next month. No county in this State ever had two abler men in the Legislature, at the same time, than when Henry Eddy and John McLean represented Gallatin in 1820 and 1822.

reputation for literary talent. Judge Thomas C. Browne was associated with Judge Wilson, on the bench of the supreme court. These were all residents of Shawneetown, and usually made the tour of our circuit.

The law business, being small in those days, allowed of an early adjournment of court, giving time for friendly intercourse. They generally favored our family with a visit. Those of them that were farmers, as well as lawyers, would generally spend a day with me, in looking at live-stock and crops, discussing farming matters generally. In the evening, several other friends would join the party; the conversation, unrestrained, was generally free and good-humored. The hilarity was by no means checked by a good supper and a bowl of punch. After tales of adventure in their wild and widely-extended circuit, varied conversation, anecdote, and song, the party would retire, at a late hour generally, to meet again six months afterward.

The opening of the legislature at Vandalia, and the session of the supreme court, about the 8th of December, occasioned long and dreary journeys to those obliged to attend from the southern part of the State. The lawyers from Shawneetown, joining those at Carmi, would proceed to some point west of the Little Wabash, generally at Ramsey's station, and wait a little for any that might join them from Albion. I occasionally made one of the party. The distance from cabin to cabin was often from twenty to thirty miles. The host, on these occasions, was usually one of the earliest pioneers, who had pushed in among the red men and brown bears of the wilderness. After a supper of bear-meat and venison, the large log in the ten-foot chimney was set blazing afresh with brushwood. A large circle was formed in front, and we heard from our host some of his exciting or amusing adventures with wild men and wild beasts.

At the house of one of these men, a noted character of that day—John Lewis of the trace—said that he had seen, in his hunts, the tracks of an enormous elk. For months of search, he had failed to get sight of the gigantic animal that had made these tracks of such unusual size. The fortunate day came at last. Himself concealed by a point of wood, the huge animal appeared in full view, grazing in

the open prairie. Mustering all his wood-craft for concealment and approach, he succeeded in bringing down the animal at the first shot. He produced the horns; when set on their prongs, a tall man could walk under them without touching. This patriarch of the prairies met his death in 1818 or 1819.

Upon another occasion, at the same house, a party of Indians, accompanied by their agent, arrived. They were from some tribe far distant in the interior, on their way to Washington. They were regarded with some curiosity, and much admired as a fine specimen of their race—tall, thin, muscular men, of delicate features, with small hands and feet. There happened to be present, a party of backwoods-hunters, men of strong-set frames, used to fights of every description, and noted good wrestlers. Their number being equal to that of the Indians, some one expressed the wish to see a friendly combat or trial of strength in a wrestling-match, to see who could throw the other. With the consent of the agent, who explained to the Indians the nature of the proposal, the arrangement was soon made. Weapons being carefully removed from both parties, they met man to man. To the astonishment of the spectators, the Indians threw all their antagonists, again and again, and with such dexterity and apparent ease, that the white men could never get an opportunity to close with them.

In journeying alone or in company, great risks were run from floods, loss of way, and sudden change of temperature, especially in the winter season. Judge Wilson, Mr. S. D. Lockwood, and Mr. Henry Eddy of Shawneetown, undertook to reach Vandalia from one of the counties on the Wabash, a little north of us. The distance by section lines was about sixty miles, across the country, through prairie and timber, without road or track of any kind—no kind of habitation, not even the humblest cabin in the way.

Wilson took the lead, as the best woodsman. They continued to ride the whole of a fine winter's day without seeing man or his abode. Toward evening, the weather changed; it became very cold, with the wind blowing in their faces a heavy fall of snow. In this predicament,

without food or fire, there was but one alternative when night came on. Each man seated himself on his saddle, placed on the ground, with the saddle-blanket over his head and shoulders, holding by the bridles their naked and shivering horses. It continued to snow for hours. For a long time they sat in this condition, thinking they should all freeze to death before morning. They afterward tied their horses, and spread a blanket on the ground near a fallen tree, and then squatted down close together—Lockwood in the middle—and thus they spent the long and dismal night.

In the morning, they proceeded as they best could; before noon, reached the east bank of the Kaskaskia River, then booming full, at flood water. They all had to swim their horses across, Wilson again taking the lead. Dripping wet, all three rode into Vandalia, in the midst of the frost and snow of mid-winter. Lockwood, a confirmed invalid of some chronic disease, resigned himself to certain death. Extraordinary to relate, the disease from that time left him, and he lived to be, and is, I believe, yet living, a sound and healthy man.

When I look back at the inconveniences and perils of our journeys in the early days of our residence in Illinois, I wonder that any of us are alive to relate them.

Apart from accidents, a journey then required the expenditure of all our strength. Horseback was the only mode. To bear the excessive heat of a summer's sun, over the exposed prairies, from early dawn till night, or, to reverse the order of our habits, to escape the torments of the prairie-fly, by traveling all night and lying by during the day; or to be overtaken by night in the midst of winter, crouching on the frozen ground, without fire or shelter, are incidents that try the constitution. But of all the dangers of backwoods-traveling, those of crossing swollen streams and river-bottoms deeply flooded, with the surface of the water covered with floating or with solid ice, are the greatest. To be floundering in water of uncertain depth, the horse sometimes wading and sometimes swimming, obstructed, too, by floating logs and ice, produces sensations not at all agreeable.

CHAPTER XIV.

Long Horseback Excursions—The Cabin Found—Island Grove—The Tempest—A Horrible Night—John Ganaway's Roadside-Cabin—A Good Breakfast—Hugh Ronalds' Adventure—Narrowly Escapes Death—Long Journey by Wagon—The Delights of that Mode of Travel—Health and Spirits Renewed—Travel of that Day and the Present Day Contrasted—Mr. Hulme's Journey—Mr. Applegath, Bishop Whitehouse, and Mr. Kleinworth's—The First Crops and Cabins—The Progress Year by Year—The Peach-Orchard—A Happy Life—Children Growing Up—"Edward's Orchard"—The Herding of Sheep—The Boys and Girls—A Charming Picture of Rural Life—The Hospitable Home—Lingering on the Porch—The Welcome Guests—The Lost Child—The Finding and the Rejoicings—The Wild Animals, Wolves, Bears, and Panthers—The Panther—The Wolf-Chase—Savage Fight between Man and Wolf.

SOMETIMES, when not accompanied by gentlemen, my wife gave me her company in these horseback excursions into the interior of the State; and those journeys are, to this day, among the happiest recollections of my prairie life. One of these journeys is so characteristic of the time and country, as it then was, that I will give it:

Each of us well mounted, and equipped with well-filled saddle-bags, we started northward, on a fine July morning. For the first twenty miles, the country was settled thinly—six or eight miles between cabins. North of the trace, leading from Vincennes to St. Louis, the country was yet more thinly settled—from ten to twenty miles between house and house. We had difficulty in finding the little cabin we were in search of, for our first night's lodging, and but for a small column of blue smoke, betraying its locality in a small clump of brushwood, we should have passed it by. When found, it was of the smallest class of cabins. After a supper of corn-bread, milk, and venison, we rested for the night on one of the two beds, the whole family taking to the other.

Before mounting, the next morning, we were struck with the occupation of our host. He was greasing his wagon with good fresh butter. He might as well do so, he said, for when he took it to Lawrenceville, ten miles distant, he could only get five cents a pound for it, and that in trade. After riding across a prairie for about twelve miles, our horses being much tormented by the prairie-flies, we rested for some hours at a house in a point of timber, the last timber we should meet in a day's journey. About five in the afternoon, we mounted again. The direction we traveled, with scarcely the indication of a track, was due north, keeping the timber about two miles to the right. A few miles ahead, and a little to our left, stood a grove of timber, covering one section of land in the open prairie. It was appropriately called Island Grove.

Clouds, black and portentous, had been long threatening. The rain came down in torrents. The north wind blew in our faces with such violence, that, for a time, the horses could not face the storm. We had to allow them to turn round. Pursuing our way northward, night overtook us. The feeble rays of a young moon added but dreariness to the scene. The wind, growing more and more cold, pierced through our wet garments. It was about nine at night when we came to the track of the National Road, just being laid out and worked. This greatly relieved our anxious watchings; for we feared that we had passed over it, and were wandering northward in the interminable prairie. Following its course westward, we were suddenly arrested by a broad sheet of water, which we dared not enter and could not go round.

The moon set. We were in darkness. Wet through, exposed to a keen north-wind, without the slightest shelter, we stood by the side of our horses and waited the termination of this dreary night. I, at length, yielded to sleep, on the wet and sodden ground. My wife, with greater resolution, kept watch on foot, holding the horses' bridles in her hand, sometimes putting her fingers under the saddles to catch a little warmth, and sometimes waking me from what she feared might be a fatal slumber. One sound only was heard during these hours of dreary darkness, the dismal howl of a solitary wolf. At break-of-

day, so stiff and cold were we, that we could with difficulty mount our horses. Both ourselves and horses shook and trembled as with an ague.

We had to proceed about six miles, through mud and water, before reaching a small roadside-cabin, kept by John Ganaway. A good breakfast, and two hours sleep, set all to rights, and we proceeded on our way, none the worse for our late exposure. Such incidents were of common occurrence to travelers on the prairies in those days.

These encounters with the elements were not always so happily got through, especially in the winter season. Mr. Hugh Ronalds and his young son were traveling on the prairies, about thirty miles north-west of Albion, with a covered carriage and a pair of horses, in the winter season. On coming to a creek frozen over, in attempting to cross on the ice, the horses broke in; but the ice was too strong and the creek to deep to allow the horses to get through. It was necessary to detach the horses from the carriage, and to break the ice, to allow the horses to struggle out on the opposite bank; in doing which, Mr. Ronalds became wet to his middle. Before he could arrange the harness on the horses, his clothes became quite stiff, his legs seemed to be incased in boards. A house near the creek, the view of which was an additional inducement to risk the crossing, was found to be entirely deserted. No fire or the means of making any. Under these circumstances, it became a struggle for life. Mr. Ronalds, becoming weak from cold and suffering, desired his son (a lad of nine years) to make for a house, about three miles across the prairie, and send back aid if he should arrive there. He, with aid of men and women, returned and met his father. Mr. Ronalds proceeded at a slow pace with the horses. He soon became insensible. When met by the party from the house, he was standing between the horses, holding on by the harness, but nearly insensible and very numb. Covering him with blankets, and carrying him when he could no longer walk, they arrived at the cabin and put him to bed, stiff and unconscious. It was long before friction and warmth induced circulation or sign of life. The process of freezing, or dying, was attended by no remembered pain; but, in returning to life, he suffered much agony.

If a family party desired to make a journey of some distance—say two or three hundred miles—a wagon was found to be the most safe and comfortable conveyance. Wishing to visit a friend who had settled a few miles north of Peoria, on the Illinois River, more than two hundred miles distant from Park House, an old friend and neighbor, Capt. James Carter, wishing to see the country north, accompanied us, brought with him a wagon and a pair of oxen, to which I added another yoke. This was furnished with provisions and cooking-utensils, and some bedding. My own covered wagon, drawn by two stout and active horses, with a driver sitting on the near saddle-horse, conveyed my family, two sons and one daughter, with Mrs. Flower, and an infant at her breast. Two saddle-horses, one furnished with a side-saddle, for any of us to ride by way of change, completed our cavalcade. Proceeding thus leisurely along, we passed over some of the most beautiful prairies in the centre of the State. Pulling up at evening near some pleasant grove, we lighted our camp-fire and cooked our evening meal. As the evening advanced, we spread our blankets on the ground, and with feet to the fire took our night's rest. Breakfast over next morning, we proceeded onward through the day. A fresh venison ham, milk from some farm-house, or a prairie fowl, occasionally shot by one of the party, gave us the most wholesome and invigorating food. Including our short visit, we were six weeks going and returning, living day and night during our journey in the open air. The fine autumn weather continued with us until the last day of our return. On the afternoon of that day we were ushered into my own park gate by a gust of sleet and rain. We all returned with renewed health and spirits. Nothing can be imagined more enjoyable or was better enjoyed. The freedom from care, the gentle exercise in the open air, the ever-changing scene, the varied beauties of the landscape, gave renewed health, appetite, and happiness. On entering my park and pleasant dwelling, I confess to a feeling of approaching care. All had gone well during our absence. But letters were to answer, business to attend to; my wife had her household cares. We were again in harness, performing the drudgery of civilized life. These three journeys give

a fair specimen of the primitive mode of traveling in the early years of our settlement in Illinois.

The difference in speed and convenience of travel then and now is very striking. The mean time of travel for family parties from the Eastern cities to the prairies, in the year 1818, I find to be nine weeks—that is for the whole family or parties, composed sometimes of two or three families, with all their plunder. One of the most expeditious and economical family-trips on record was made by Mr. Hall and his family, consisting of himself, wife, and seven children. The items are therefore interesting:

Hire of wagon from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, for wife and seven children,	$75
Expenses for twelve persons, Thomas and myself walking all the way, for thirteen days,	42
Carriage of eleven hundred of heavy goods, at $3 per 100 lbs.,	33
Tavern expenses at Pittsburgh, 1 week,	20
Share of ark,	15
Three days in the ark and expenses to Shawneetown,	18
Three days in ark at Shawneetown,	9
Wagon-hire for the family and baggage to the prairies,	28
Expenses four days and ferriages,	14
For heavy goods up the Wabash and land-carriage from thence,	15
	$269

Time from May 7th to June 25th.

Mr. Hulme, who visited our Settlement, and going by the quickest mode of travel, in his journal writes thus: "Pittsburgh, June 3.—Arrived here with a friend as traveling-companion, by the mail-stage from Philadelphia, after a journey of six days, having set out on the 28th of May."

Mr. Applegath, in 1823, arrived at Vincennes from the city of Baltimore in ten days, then thought to be very expeditious traveling. In 1859, Bishop Whitehouse reached Olney, Illinois, from New York, in two days and a-half, by railroad. Olney is thirty miles north of Albion, connected

by a daily mail-stage. In August, 1860, Mr. Kleinworth arrived at his residence in Albion in thirteen days and a-half, from the city of London. Mr. Kleinworth lost one day and a-half by detention on the road, so that the time of his actual travel was but twelve days. I recollect what a visionary I was thought thirty years ago for saying that we were, at a moderate rate of traveling, but three days distant from New York. Now that prediction is more than verified, for when no impediment occurs the distance has been made in less than two days.

The first two years of settlement in a new prairie country does not present the abundance in the field crops that new-comers expect to see from the accounts they have heard of the fertility of the soil. The first year's planting on a prairie sod yields not a-third of a crop. The second year is much better, but it is not until the third year that cultivation and seasons have sufficiently acted on the soil to allow it to yield its full abundance. The houses and cabins present too often a naked and somewhat comfortless appearance, unless a little industry and taste is displayed in training flowers and creeping-plants around them. The rich and venerable mellowness of ivy and moss will not be attained for centuries. But the virgin soil and hot sun, with the least aid from an industrious hand, will soon give floral ornament and cosy comfort that can not be attained about a house in cooler climates for many years.

We had long left behind us the inconveniences and annoyances incident to first-settlers, and were enjoying the teeming abundance of a virgin soil under its first cultivation, stimulated by a glowing climate. Nothing could gratify the farmer more than to witness the progress of his crops, for the first fifteen years on the same fields without aid of manure. The deep green of the maize, in its gigantic and rapid growth, almost outstretching the capacity of its own fibres in its vigorous shoots and rapid growth, succeeded, in time of harvest, by large heavy ears, sometimes more than a hundred bushels to the acre, and wagon-loads of yellow pumpkins growing among the rows. Cattle increasing and thriving in condition in the range more rapidly than in the finest clover pasture, was surprising to

farmers from the cool and gradual climate of England.

On my farm, the profuse bearing of a large peach-orchard, the third year from planting the stones, surprised and gratified me. Among these seedling-trees, many produced fruit of large size and exquisite flavor. I turned a few of my favorite English pigs into this orchard. It was amusing to see the gluttons as they slowly walked along, giving to an ordinary peach a contemptuous turn with their little snouts, not deigning to taste one unripe or deficient in flavor. They, like ourselves, were sated with the fruit, scores of bushels lying rotting on the ground. The two following years were equally bountiful. One hard winter killed many and diseased the remainder of the trees, until at length I could not gather a peck of peaches from the farm.

I have said that I lived in a world of my own, and not a bad world either. My life seemed particularly felicitous. Based on domestic happiness, and surrounded by abundance. My children, as they grew up, taking their part of the care of the animals. At first, the two eldest boys, after an early breakfast, provided by their mother, took with them dinner, books, and slate, and led the fine merino flock, varying in number from four hundred to a thousand, into the prairie, where they stayed the whole day. As the family grew larger, a sister often went with the brothers. A small log-house, with overhanging porch and accommodations for their horses and dogs, was built for them on a pleasant hill overlooking the prairie, close by an apple-orchard, just coming into bearing, planted by my youngest brother Edward before he went to England. Although passed into other hands, the spot is called Edward's Orchard unto this day.

During the heat of the day, whilst the flocks were reposing in the shade of the clumps of oaks, the children were resting in the cabin, or, unconscious of fatigue and defying heat, were chasing, with their horses and their dogs, some rabbit on the prairie or wildcat in a neighboring thicket. Thus, with their little house-keeping establishment, useful employment in the open air, cheerful amusement with their horses and their dogs, and freedom from restraint, they had a good time generally. Now no longer children,

but fathers and mothers of families, with the cares and anxieties incident to their stations, they look back to this period as the happiest of their lives. At evening, one of their number came to the house to announce the arrival of the flock at the park gate. Myself or shepherd, if he was in the way, went to count them in. The children, relieved of their charge, came joyously in, bringing rabbit or squirrel or some trophy of the chase. After refreshment and rest, as day closed in, the young ones all sunk to sound and happy slumber.

In a fine summer's night, the house and its surroundings presented a picture of quietude and peace, enjoyed by myself and wife, walking together, as we sometimes did, in the early hours of the night, when all nature, in shadow, was reposing in silence. The beautiful cattle, as they quietly chewed the cud, allowed us to pass through them undisturbed. The flock of sheep, lying close together in one large clump, would begin to rise as we approached them, in accordance with their more timid nature. The refreshing coolness, the profound silence, the repose and security of the animals, with the shadow of night cast over all, was by every feeling acknowledged as a grateful relief, from the glare, the heat, and turmoil of day.

Returning to the house, and once more gazing on the children in their deep, unconscious sleep, we would often, while conversing in subdued tones, linger long in the wide porch, enjoying together the sweetest hours of the twenty-four. More frequently we had some company at the house; this being the rule, privacy the exception, was the more enjoyed. Occasionally, a party of neighbors would spend the evening with us, but my home was frequently graced and enlivened by one or more intelligent strangers, either native or foreign born, and this adds to a home in the country a fresh light of intelligence and cheerfulness, and breaks the bond of prejudice, which grows too stiff in a confined locality. To diversify and vary life, a few adventures, incidents, and accidents occurred to us, only to be met with by settlers in a new country.

Mr. Dransfield, living about eight miles from Albion, on the road to the Wabash, missed one of his children, about three years of age. Search was made by the parents,

through all the out-premises and in the woods round about the house, to no effect. The next day, we heard of it at Albion, and the news spread to the farmers and settlements for miles around. On the following morning, neighbors, as they were called, assembled for ten miles round. After searching the surrounding woods in vain, fifty horsemen determined to search French-Creek Prairie, a long narrow prairie, about four miles long and scarcely a-half-mile broad. The horsemen formed a line at short intervals from each other, examining every inch of the ground as they slowly passed along. In a blackberry patch, one of the horsemen saw a little white rag flutter; he rode up, and there was the child standing, but looking rather scared. A long, loud whoop, along the whole line of horsemen, announced the discovery of the child. The little one was soon in the arms of its parents, and suffered no inconvenience from its long exposure.

From wild animals, although destructive to our flocks and herds, we had no personal encounters or attacks. Chastised by the arrows of the Indians and the bullets of the backwoodsmen, they fly instinctively from the presence of man. Wolves, bears, and panthers, the two latter in small numbers, are but rarely seen. But the large grey and black wolf were felt as a severe scourge for many years. They devoured great numbers of pigs, sheep, and calves. First and last, I have lost more than three hundred valuable sheep from those fellows, besides the care, trouble, and expense they put me to in watching the flocks. It is rather a singular fact, that the last wolf known to have come into the Settlement, killed my last sheep. For thirty years, these vermin made incessant war upon me. My successors in sheep-keeping have one enemy the less to encounter than I had.

I once had six large black wolves keeping me closer company than I liked, in a lonely prairie, whilst driving in a buggy. We had reciprocal fear of each other, and no collision took place. As late as 1830, a panther showed himself within a few yards of my house, under the following circumstances. I was from home. A favorite pig, of a choice breed, was missed. A young hired lad and two or three of the children went in search. A rustling in a

bramble-patch attracted attention. Mrs. Flower, who had joined the children, I think, in parting the brambles to look in, was startled by some animal rushing out. It sprung upon the fence, rested for a second or two, and then bounded away. "Look at the tail," said the lad; and, in his astonishment, fortunately, forgot to fire, or fatal consequences might have followed. A wounded panther always turns upon its assailants.

One adventure with a large black wolf, from its singularity, may bear to be related. A friend of mine, with a companion, were riding together in a large open prairie, one hot summer's day. On one side of them the wood was four miles distant, on the other three. As they rode up a steep and grassy mound, a wolf was coming up on the other side. Both wolf and horsemen met on the top with equal surprise, no doubt; for both parties came to a sudden halt, gazing at each other. In a moment, the wolf was making off for the nearest woods, with the horsemen after him at full speed. They soon overtook him, and attempted to ride him down. But the horses, perhaps from an instinctive fear of his fangs, would never step upon him. In this way they continued the chase for a long time. At length, the wolf, exhausted and faint, lay down. My friend dismounted to dispatch him by a blow on the head from his heavily-loaded whip. The horse, free from restraint and made frantic by the flies, galloped away; my friend's companion riding after, endeavoring to catch him and bring him back. My friend was now alone with the wolf. As he raised his arm, to give the fatal blow, the wolf sprang to his feet, with his bristles erect, showing all his terrible fangs. Not liking the encounter, my friend, stepping backward, endeavored to retreat. Wolf would allow of no retreat, but springing at the throat of the man, was knocked down by a blow from the heavily-loaded whip. Three times were these attacks given and received, by wolf and man. At the last blow given, the load in the handle of the whip fell out. My friend was now without weapon. With great presence of mind, he threw himself upon the wolf, seizing him by the nape of the neck with one hand; and throwing upon him the whole weight of his body, both came to the ground, man

on top, still grasping him fast by the skin of his neck. Such was the strength of the wolf, that he rose up with the weight of the man upon him, walking and staggering along, until the disengaged hand of the man pulled up one of his legs, and threw him again. This struggle between wolf and man, with alternate advantage, continued some time, until the companion returned with both horses. For a time they were at a loss, being destitute of all weapons. At last a small penknife was found, with which the wolf was bled to death, by severing his neck-vein—my friend holding on like grim-death to the last moment, his face, in the struggle, often coming in disagreeable proximity to the jaws of the wolf.

CHAPTER XV.

Marriage Certificates—Average Cost of Marriage—Erecting Log-Houses—Farmers Trading down the Mississippi—English Farm-Laborers become Substantial Farmers and Merchants in the English Settlement—Death of Richard Flower—His Characteristics—Frequent Festivities and Family Reunions at his House—The Ancestors of the Flowers—Mrs. Richard Flower—The Buckinghamshire Party of Emigrants Arrive—German Families Come in—The Yorkshire Men—Good Pork and Beef at Albion—The Last Ship's-Party Arrive—Travelers Visiting the Settlement—Mr. Hulme—Mr. Welby writes an Abusive Book—Mr. Fearon writes about the Settlement, but never saw It—The Thompsons—Mr. Stewart an Edinboro' Man—Mr. D. Constable, the Man with a Knapsack and a Cane—An Admirable Character—Good accomplished by Mr. Constable—Sir Thomas Beevoir and Lady Beevoir visit Albion—The Beevoir Family in England—The Aristocracy of England not a Degenerate Race—Lord Frederick's Sermon—The American Clock-Peddler—Defamatory Books Published in England—Constitution for a Library—Albion in 1822 and 1860—Its Peculiar Characteristics—No Printing-Press, no Bank, no Lawyer for Thirty Years—Log-Cabins give way to Comfortable Dwellings—Town and County Affairs—The Steady March of Improvement in the Settlement—A Bank Established in Albion—Two Lawyers settle there—The Doctors—Joel Churchill, the "Poor Man's Friend"—Cotton grown in the Settlement at one Time—Limits of the English Settlement—Never any Quarrels between the English and Americans—Projected Railroads—The Southern Cross Railroad bought by Gen. Pickering—Solid Prosperity enjoyed by the Settlement—Annoyances by Insects—The "Tires."

WHEN wealth and its accessories shall have changed our simple customs, it may be curious to see how brief are the records of our marriage ceremonies, and how small their cost. In looking over the marriage certificates, from 1815 to 1820, the following specimens are literal copies, and they certainly have the merit of brevity, if they have no other:

"The within-named persons were joined together on the 30th September, 1816. G. M. SMITH."

"Was joined as husband and wife, Samuel Plough and Sare Plough by me, March 5, 1813. WILLIAM SMITH."

"January 1st, 1819. Then solemnized by matrimony, between David Payne and Margaret Stewart.
"W. SPENCE, J. P."

"August 2, 1815. There appeared before me, Jeremiah Ballard and Eliza Barney, and was joined in marriage.
"SETH GARD, J. P., Ill. Ter."

"Ill. Territory, June 18, 1816. By authority from you, I solemnize rights of matrimony between Samuel Bumbery and Mary Jones. DAVID MCGAHEE."

"Was married on the 8th February, 1820, Philip Scudmore to Ann Stone. MOSES MICHAELS."

But our magistrates were not always so exact as to make any returns. These were the certificates. We will now give the fee bills:

"Marrying License, -	$1.00	License, -	$1.00
Recording Certificates,	12½	Certificate, -	12½
Bill Cost, - -	25	Swearing Witness,	12½
	$1.37½		$1.25"

The average cost of marriage was one dollar, thirty-one and a-fourth cents. As many happy marriages were doubtless consummated under our brief and illiterate forms, as under the more formal and costly ceremonies that will succeed our primitive times.

The first years of our settlement, from 1818 to 1825, were spent by our settlers in putting up small houses (chiefly of logs), and shelter of the same sort for the work-horses and other domestic animals used in breaking up and fencing in the prairie for the first fields. In about three years, a surplus of corn, pork, and beef was obtained, but no market. Before they could derive any benefit from the sale of their surplus produce, the farmers themselves had to quit their farms and open the channels of commerce, and convey their produce along until they found a market. At first there were no produce-buyers, and the

first attempts at mercantile adventures were almost failures. In the rising towns, a few buyers began to appear, but with too small a capital to pay money, even at the low price produce then was. They generally bought on credit, to pay on their return from New Orleans. In this way, the farmers were at disadvantage; if the markets were good, the merchant made a handsome profit. If bad, they often had not enough to pay the farmer. Then the farmers began to build their own flat-boats, load them with the produce of their own growth, and navigate them by their own hands. They traded down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and often on the coast beyond. Thus were the channels of trade opened, and in this way was the chief trade of the country carried on for many years.

Afterward, partly from capital made in the place and foreign capital coming in, trade was established in a more regular way. The farmer is no longer called from his farm, but sells at home to the storekeepers and merchants, now found in all the small but growing towns, from ten to fifteen miles distant from each other, all over the country. They have now sufficient capital to pay for the produce on its delivery. In this way the trade established has continued, excepting in its increasing magnitude.

These farm-laborers of England, now substantial farmers and merchants in our land, may be considered the bone and sinew of our country. When considered, their enlarged sphere of action and change of destiny is truly wonderful. Once poor laborers, their experience comprised within their parish bounds, or the limits of the farm on which they daily toiled for a bare subsistence; now farmers themselves in another hemisphere, boat-builders, annually taking adventurous trading-voyages of over a thousand miles, and many of them becoming tradesmen and merchants on a large scale, and commanding an amount of wealth they once never dreamed of possessing. And well they deserve their success. They have earned it by perseverance and hard labor, flinching at nothing.

My father, Richard Flower, died September 8, 1829, aged sixty-eight years. He was a striking and decided character, of marked features and imposing mien; hasty

in temper, decided in speech, and prompt in action. He never sought to conceal his thoughts, but gave utterance to what he conceived to be the truthful convictions of his mind in the strongest language. Such a man could never be (what, it is true, he never sought to be) a popular man in America. Englishmen, used to free speech at home, here uttering their unpremeditated thoughts, are apt to give offence. Americans, more guarded and non-committal, escape that difficulty. Once convinced of the truth of his impressions, no earthly power could turn my father from his course. It was his belief in the obligation of public worship that induced him to officiate every Sunday before other organized societies opened their places of worship. Affectionate in his family, and hospitable to strangers, his mansion was the resort of many strangers who visited the Settlement, and the scene of frequent festivities and family reunions. He sustained every institution, and subscribed liberally to every public work that was likely to benefit the Settlement.

Our ancestors were men of strong and impulsive feeling. One of them, William Flower, is recorded in print and picture in "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," folio edition. He is there represented tied to the stake; the faggots piled around him; refusing to recant; but offering his hand, which the executioner has lopped off; and is holding on a pike, as an atonement for an act which he acknowledged to be wrong; striking a priest with his wood-knife whilst officiating at the altar. My mother lived some years after my father, at Park House. She was the daughter of Edward Fordham of Kelshall, a village on the borders of Hertfordshire, near the town of Royston. Clustering around the bleak hills of that district, in the villages of Sandon, Kelshall, and Therfield, the family of Fordhams have long resided. In the wars of the Protectorate, they were as numerous as they are now. With a company of some seventy or eighty men, all blood-relations, and of one name, they joined Cromwell's army. Ordered to a ford of a river, there stationed to check the advance of the royal troops, they were all killed but one man, and he left on the field badly wounded. From this one man, the seventy-three uncles and cousins—all Ford-

hams—that made me a farewell visit at my house at Marden before I sailed for America, all sprang.

Myself, the eldest son, and my brother, Edward Fordham Flower, the youngest son—one in the United States, the other in England—are the only representatives of our family of that generation now living.

In 1830, a large party arrived from Buckinghamshire, England, at our Settlement. They came by way of New Orleans, and landed at Shawneetown. Mr. James Buntin, a prominent man of the party, is now living with his numerous family on, or near, his place, north of Albion which he first chose immediately after his arrival. The whole party are scattered about the Settlement, all doing well.

Soon after this, several German families came in, and have continued to drop in ever since—one or two in Albion, but most of them on farms in the country. They make very good settlers, and are very good neighbors. Quiet, industrious, sober, economical, they seldom fail of success. Germans, we call them, although from Denmark, Prussia, and Bavaria; just as we, from England, Ireland, and Scotland, are called English. By the Americans they are called Dutch, as all persons from the continent of Europe are called, who don't come from France, or speak pure French.

A considerable number of emigrants, in addition to those already mentioned, came from Yorkshire, England. Two brothers, Charles and William Schofield, mechanics in Albion, with the families of Nailors and Stanhope, are all from Yorkshire. They are men generally of fair complexion, light, sandy, or red hair; evidently of that colony of Danes who were compelled by King Alfred, in the early period of English history, to remain in their colony in Yorkshire. However it might be in those days, Yorkshiremen scatter far and wide now. Strong and efficient settlers they make; and I have sometimes thought that but for the intermixture of blood by intermarriage, they and their descendants would eat out gradually the Southerners, made of somewhat softer materials.

The pork raised in the neighborhood of Albion, for several years, maintained a high character, and was sought

for by buyers. This was chiefly due to an excellent breed of hogs that I brought from England. From the fecundity of the animal, and the circumstance of every man breeding more or less hogs, the improvement and extension in this breed of animals was more general and rapid than of the sheep and cattle I brought. Of the sheep imported, the merinos did the best. The breed has spread about the country, considerably improving the wool all around. Two flocks of pure blood and high quality are now in the same prairie, in possession of my two sons, Alfred and Camillus Flower.

Drovers have told me that for several years they gave three dollars a head more for the steers in the neighborhood of Albion than in the settlements around. This was entirely owing to the first bull that I brought, and the second that Mr. Pickering brought, and gave to the Settlement. Dr. Samuel Thompson of Albion, imported a noble draught-horse, known in England as the Suffolk Punch. This gave great improvement to this class of animals. In a settlement of foreign origin, peopled from various localities, many novel and useful animals, plants, and implements are found. One brings some favorite breed of quadrupeds or poultry; another, a culinary plant or flower. Again, one brings a new and efficient tool, only known, perhaps, in his locality in England.

About fifteen years ago, the last ship's-party arrived. Most of them were assisted by, and some were at the sole charge of, my brother, Edward F. Flower, and I am afraid, like many another man that does a kind thing, he has been allowed to do it at his own cost. The party all came safe, and were immediately absorbed, and have all done well for themselves.

From its very infancy, the Settlement has been visited by travelers and tourists. Mr. Hulme of Philadelphia, is, I think, the first traveler that gave a printed account of what he saw. Mr. Welby* was, perhaps, the next. As I

* "A Visit to North America and the English Settlement in Illinois, etc., by Adlard Welby, Esq., South Rauceby, Lincolnshire."

Mr. Welby traveled in this country in 1820–1, and on his return to England, in 1821, published the account of his travels, and what he had seen. The author pretends that he came "solely to this country to ascertain the

rode into Albion (when it was about six log-houses old), I saw a handsome phaeton and pair, attended by a groom in top-boots and on horseback. An invitation to my house was cordially accepted, to the relief of the landlord, whose accommodations then were too limited to allow of him to give a satisfactory reception to such a turnout. Mr. Welby spent a day or two with me. There was not much then to see. A few log-cabins near to Mr. Birkbeck, a few more, the very beginning of Albion, was all to show of architectural display. I have no distinct recollection of what he said. But I think there was something in his book that called forth some strictures from Mr. Birkbeck's pen.

Mr. Fearon,* has, I think, made mention of the Settle-

actual prospects of the emigrating agriculturalist, mechanic, and commercial speculator." On the other hand, the book would seem to disclose that his *real* object was to descry the country and discourage the emigration of the English to it. It is written in a spirit of mean prejudice and is full of misrepresentation and abuse. He gives a chapter to an account of his visit to the "English Settlement in the Illinois." He reached the village after dark, and found poor accommodations for his entertainment, which must have put him in a bad humor. It was a time when there was an extreme scarcity of water in the Settlement. The next morning, he says, he sent to Mr. Birkbeck's well for water for his horses, which was refused to him; undoubtedly for the reason that Mr. B. had barely sufficient for his own family. He then sent to Mr. Flower, and had better luck. He therefore abuses Birkbeck and praises Flower, who extended to him a degree of politeness to which he proved himself not entitled, as is shown by his misrepresentations of the Settlement. Falling in with some shiftless and dissatisfied members of the Colony, he voiced their complaints against Mr. Birkbeck, who he arraigns in bitter terms for having held out false inducements to emigrants. While speaking of the Settlement as a "bad concern," and saying that it was no small pleasure for him to know "that he was in a situation to get away," he alludes in warm terms of the "polite and hospitable attention" extended to him by Mr. Flower.

* Mr. Henry Bradshaw Fearon published, at London, in 1818, "A Narrative of a Journey through the Eastern and Western parts of America; together with Remarks on Birkbeck's Notes and Letters." The author was never at the English Settlement, but he contents himself by devoting about sixty pages of his book to an adverse criticism on Mr. Birkbeck's "Letters" and "Notes." The book, as a whole, is a readable one, showing the impressions which an Englishman formed of the country sixty years ago. There will be found in this volume many interesting descriptions of men and things. Curiously enough, Mr. Fearon speaks of meeting at Gwathway's Hotel, in Louisville, Ky., Lord Selkirk, who was on his "return from his unsuccessful expedition in the North-Western Territory." He says he obtained for his lordship some Boston papers which were only two months old, which afforded him great satisfaction, as he had not heard any intelli-

ment; he never saw it. A Londoner, with city habits, is not very well qualified as an explorer in any new country. He traveled to Pittsburgh by public conveyance, down the Ohio and Mississippi in some river-craft. He knew nothing practically of the immense regions lying to his right hand or to his left. Mr. Fearon was sent out by a few families in London, who then thought of coming to America. He accordingly traveled and made his report, which is recorded in his book of travels. With Mr. Samuel Thompson, the father-in-law of Mr. Fearon, of London, I became acquainted, when last in London, in 1817. Mr. Thompson was the head of a religious sect, then called the Free-thinking Christians. The opinions of himself and

gence from Europe for nine months. This is an interesting fact, for it shows that Lord Selkirk, on leaving the settlement he had founded on the Red River of the North, did not return home by sea from York Factory, but made his way by land to Fort St. Anthony—afterward Fort Snelling—and thence down the Mississippi River to St. Louis. Lord Selkirk formed his first colony in 1811, which was reinforced by an emigration in 1816. This colony was under the protection of the Hudson-Bay Company. Then came the gigantic struggle between the Hudson-Bay and the North-Western Companies. The latter company undertook to expel Selkirk's colonists. When Lord Selkirk, who was then in England, heard of this, he procured permission from the British Government to take a military force from Canada to Red River, to protect his settlers. With a company of regular soldiers of the British army, and a certain number of volunteers, he returned with them to Red River, and drove out the representatives of the North-Western Company. After this had been accomplished, finding his colony weakened by the troubles it had gone through, he determined to return to Europe to beat up recruits for another colony. The original colonists had been mostly Scotch, but now he turned his attention to procuring protestant Swiss, mostly from the Jura. This last colony, having been organized, sailed for York Factory in 1821. But in the meantime, and without the knowledge of the colonists, before they had taken their departure, Lord Selkirk had died at Pau, in France. This was a fatal blow to the success of the colony. Deprived of the fostering care of the founder, and with unlooked for and terrible hardships, and in the presence of frightful sufferings, the colonists were obliged to totally abandon their enterprise. There was no ship to take them back by the way of the sea from York Factory; the only possible escape was to the nearest settlement in the United States. Their attention was undoubtedly directed to this means of deliverance by the fact that Lord Selkirk had taken that route when he left the country in 1818. Many of these colonists afterward settled in the Galena lead mines and became excellent citizens, distinguished by probity and honor, industry and thrift. A son of one of the prominent colonists has written a very interesting account of the colony of 1821.*

* See article "The Red-River Colony," by Brevet-Maj.-Gen. Augustus L. Chetlain of Chicago, published in "Harper's Magazine," for December, 1878.

followers are to be found in his many published works. Radical in politics, heretical in religion (according to the orthodox standard), Mr. Thompson and some members of his family and church then thought to leave England. America generally, and our Settlement in particular, at that time engaged their attention. So nearly were the minds of himself and friends made up for a removal, that they sent money by me to buy land. The land was bought. Fortunately for them, I think, they changed their minds, and never came.

In after years, Mr. Thompson's two sons, F. B. Thompson, the younger, and Sam'l Thompson, the elder brother, both came out as permanent settlers, and inherited their father's land and property in Albion. Mr. Stewart, an Edinboro' man, and a well-educated gentleman, after a wide circuit by Springfield, Jacksonville, St. Louis, and Vandalia came upon us from the west. Mr. Stewart did me the favor of a short visit. He took a more comprehensive view than most travelers. He published a large volume of travels, much appreciated in England as a storehouse of facts and statistics. He gave us, I think, a favorable review.

Among the many tourists, that, from time to time, visited our Settlement, one of a class, common in Europe, but rarely, if ever, seen in America, appeared among us in 1824. As a pedestrian tourist, performing all his journeys on foot, he could see more of persons and places than if conveyed by stage or carried on horseback.

On a summer afternoon, a gentleman of middle age, and middle stature, with a small knapsack on his back, and a light walking-stick in hand, came to Park House, and introduced himself as Mr. D. Constable from England. I had a slight knowledge of the name, and gained a complete knowledge of the family from his brother, who visited me some years afterward. We all spent a pleasant evening together. The next day he passed on, as unostentatiously as he came, to see other people and other places. He spent several days in the Settlement, staying a little time with those of congenial minds and similar tastes; and, no doubt, during those few days he obtained more information and correct impressions, than more pretentious and

less observant travelers. The most remarkable thing about Mr. Constable was his unremarkableness. His dress and address were as plain and simple as they could be, not to be singular—nothing absolutely wanting; but nothing superfluous could be detected about his dress or personal appointments. A superficial observer would pass Mr. Constable by, as an ordinary man, almost unnoticed. In conversation he did not press inquiry, or argue strongly; and never followed argument into controversy. He did not much care for what you thought, but liked to hear what you knew; and would freely give you any information that he thought would be of service to you. But with all this simplicity, he possessed a talent of discovering what his companions knew and thought, quicker than most men. This he could generally do from passing remarks, or replies to casual questions. If not successful, he had recourse to a little expedient, that never failed to give the tone of mind of all his companions, if there were a dozen of them. In his little knapsack, besides his two shirts, one handkerchief, one pair of socks, razor, and soap, he carried a numerous pack of cards. Each card had on one side a portrait, and on the other a short biography of the person represented. Both men and women, eminent in any way, were here pictured; and, according to the opinion he wished to elicit, he made his selection of the cards—say a dozen or more; and, taking some favorable opportunity of showing, perhaps to some member of the party, a portrait in which he or she would feel an interest, it would naturally pass from hand to hand, and the others would be asked for, and would receive some comment; some remark in approbation or censure of the life or opinions of the person represented, would escape the spectators. If he wished more distinctly to learn the religious or political opinions of any one of the party, he would show portraits of some eminent divines, and of Voltaire, Rousseau, Pitt, Fox, Mirabeau, Paine, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, and so on, with others famous in science, or notorious for crime. Thus, in five minutes from some run of argument or casual remark, he would be in possession of the opinions, predilections, and prejudices of all his associates; and this was no small acquisition to one who wished to pass on his way

smoothly, without conflict with his fellows. He would enter the humblest cabin and chat with its inmates. Traveling in this unostentatious way, he saw more of the whole people. It was not his fault if his entertainers did not gain something, however short his stay. If he saw a sick child, he would name some remedy or palliative within its parents' reach. If the woman was cooking, he was likely to tell her of some simple preparation for a palatable dish, or point out some plant that she had never thought of cooking before. For he was a vegetarian, or ate little or no animal food. If a man was at work with a clumsy tool, he would show him how it might be improved, and often sit down and whittle it into right shape. Constable was of the utilitarian school, and thought more of individual than political reform. He thought that extravagance in one part of the community made want in the other; if all the misspent labor in the fooleries of fashion and useless ornamentation was directed to the creation of something useful or necessary, this change would of itself go far to remove the suffering from want. He lived up to his opinions. As a bachelor, he occupied but two rooms, one for a parlor, the other for a bed-room. In England, it is not the habit to use by day the same room that you sleep in by night. The English bed-room is strictly a private room, never entered, excepting by special invitation; perhaps to see some friend in sickness, incapable of leaving his bed. I do not recollect in all England that I ever saw a bed in a sitting-room. In his parlor were a few chairs, a table, and a shelf of books. On the sill of the window, near to which he usually sat, was a small pulley, over which ran a cord, with a hook at one end. About noon, at the sound of a well-known voice of a boy from a neighboring tavern, he lowered his hook into the street, and pulled up a small basket, containing a loaf of bread, a pint of beer, a slice of butter or cheese, a lettuce, or some vegetable or fruit in season. His simple repast over, as the boy returned, he lowered his basket and empty pewter-pot, both to be filled and drawn up for his next day's dinner. His breakfast and evening meal—a cup of tea and piece of dry toast—he prepared himself at his own fire. Whatever was left of his income at the end of the year, he gave

away, either to relieve individual wants, or to strengthen some benevolent institution. He belonged to no political party, nor to any religious sect; yet was alive to every proposed reform, political or social; this led him to view with interest Harmony, at which he spent some time, at Rapp's exit and Owen's advent.

A few years afterward, Sir Thomas Beevoir and Lady Beevoir of Beevoir Castle, England, made us a visit. Their mode of traveling was by a light phaeton, drawn by a well-matched pair of black ponies. These Sir Thomas drove from Washington City to Albion, and afterward across the state of Illinois to St. Louis, and from thence descended to New Orleans. He was unattended by any servant. He walked to Park House immediately after his arrival at Albion, and introduced himself. At his departure, on his arriving at a very tall white gate, that stood between the lawn and the park, to the surprise of every body, he lightly laid his hands on the top bar, and with the greatest ease sprang over the gate without opening it. On relating the circumstance to a neighbor, a Norfolk man, who formerly lived in the vicinage of the Beevoir family—"Ah!" said he, "it is just like them. The Beevoir family are all muscular and long-limbed." He then related that at the parish church he attended, the living had been given to one of the Beevoir family, who officiated every Sunday. "He was a remarkable man," said he; "his arms were so long that when he stood upright he could with ease button up his own knee-breeches, which are just at the join of the knee and a little below. He delighted in all country sports, but his particular fancy was the ring. A strong man himself, a well-trained pugilist, his great length of arm gave him such an advantage, that but few adversaries dare encounter him; but withal, a well-educated man and a good preacher." This discrepancy of avocations, not unfrequently found in the preachers of the English Episcopal church, may be accounted for by the law of primogeniture, giving to the eldest son the estates, and often the presentation of one or more parochial livings. In these aristocratic families, the younger sons are provided for by appointments in the church, army, and navy.

Those who suppose the aristocracy of England to be a degenerate race are greatly mistaken. They are almost always men of education, and in most of them their physical powers are well developed. The fancy and the clerical characters, united in the same person, is by no means uncommon in England. I was once much struck by the variety of characters assumed and well-performed by a scion of a noble house in a few hours. We had attended in the morning the races in the Park. Lord Frederick rode his own horse in jocky costume. His light weight and rather diminutive stature fitted him for the office. Being his own jockey, secured him from those tricks to which gentlemen of the turf are always exposed. He was a horse-dealer as well as a racer; and by his good judgment in both added to his slender fortune. His friend and patron, at whose house we were, had presented him with the living. So, between the profits of his stable and his clerical salary, he had pocket-money enough to appear in genteel society. The party was large at dinner. Lord Frederick carved the game and did the honors of the table, taking his share, but not immoderately, of wine; and bearing his part in convivial after-dinner conversation. It was about eleven o'clock, Lord Frederick's chair was vacant. "Where is Lord Fred.?" asked one. Our host, pointing to a distant corner, said, "It's Saturday night; he is writing his sermon for tomorrow." Some of the party had the curiosity to go to church to hear the sermon. The usual country congregation assembled, with a few of literary acquirements and good critics. The sermon was faultless, as was its delivery, suited to the plain people, the bulk of the congregation, as well as those of higher culture, from the purity of its diction, with a spirit of fervent piety running through the whole that touched the most devout.

The clock-peddlers of America perhaps have equal ability, and the merit of more mother-wit. They can out-trade the shrewdest, shuffle a pack of cards with any man, and, whenever the occasion requires, can preach a better sermon, and offer a more fervent prayer, than many regular preachers. I think there must have been something original in our Settlement, to attract so many tourists of original and eccentric character, both men and women, as

it did. To portray them all faithfully would take a volume of itself.

Many books were published in England by real and pretended travelers, some of them very defamatory; others of so low and scurrilous a character, that they had but a limited circulation and did us but little harm. No two men have been more freely criticised than Mr. Birkbeck and myself. Of this we did not complain. Neither our actions nor our words were hid under a bushel. If notoriety had been our object, we certainly attained it. Some friends in England, with ourselves, were anxious, for the good of the Settlement, that a public library should exist. Mr. Edward King Fordham of Royston, my uncle, gave several volumes; Mr. Samuel Thompson contributed his works. But the most valuable contribution was from Mr. Liddard—many volumes of the arts and sciences, full of valuable plates. To other gentlemen we were indebted for a variety of volumes, which each donor considered of some peculiar value. One of our first cares was to follow the intentions of the donors and place them in a public library. But to establish an available library in a new settlement, in a wild country, is no easy matter. The chief difficulty lies in the care of the books, no fund being provided for the salary of a librarian. If placed in a public room, they are maltreated, and often borrowed never to be returned. If joined to a reading-room, their fate is no better. The scattered settlers around are too distant for them to be available. The first inhabitants of a young town are too much pressed by active and laborious employments for time or wish to read. Sedentary employments are not the order of the day. All that seems to be wanted, for years, is a ready-reckoner, a pocket-companion, or an interest table; or more than all, a few volumes of law, for reference. Our library soon got dispersed. After a time individuals boldly assumed their ownership. This brought on contentions; legal decision restored them.

The town of Albion, in its early days, was rather belligerent. In 1822, we find it quiet, and only between one hundred, and one hundred and seventy or eighty inhabitants,—rather small to be dignified as a town, and a county-town, too; and it is not a large town now, in 1860, being somewhat under a thousand inhabitants. But

Albion has had, from the first, some peculiar characteristics. In its early days, it had a larger proportion of brick and stone houses than is usual in young American towns. There have been but few, if any, copartnerships in trade. You never see in Albion "Mr. & Co." It is Joel Churchill, George Harris, Matthew Smith, and so on. Every tub stands on its own bottom. Americans, so self-reliant in all other things, seem to want the support of numbers in trade. Mr. Hook would hardly venture his name alone as storekeeper in a new American town. His card would certainly be—Hook, Fish & Co. Mr. Foot would feel diffident of asking an extension of time and amount of the wholesale house; but who would think of refusing any request from that well-known house of "Foot, Fryingpan & Fiddle." One thing may be said in the favor of Albion: No mercantile house ever lost a dollar by an Albion store.

No other county-town, I presume, in the State, has had the singularity to exist for more than thirty years, without a printing-press, a bank, or an attorney's office, if we except about two years' residence of Judge Wattles.

The numerous log-cabins, to be found in all western towns, are now cleared away, and comfortable dwellings stand in their stead. Ten well-stocked stores distribute supplies to the neighboring farmers, in place of two or three small stocks of goods, that could only be disposed of by giving extended credit. The mechanical trades, once feebly practised, are much strengthened and extended. The wagon and plow business, carried on by Charles and William Schofield, and by John Johns, Alexander Stewart, Elijah Chisholm, supply the country, far and wide, with wagons, carts, and plows. The clothing business is carried on with great spirit by Mr. Dalby and Mr. French. The diminutive needle and slender thread, industriously plied for some years, have built one or two good houses, and supplied their owners with sufficient incomes to enjoy them. Mr. French has, I believe, followed the universal instinct of man, by abandoning his sedentary trade, and recreates himself by cultivating a small piece of land, by his own hand, in the neighborhood of town. Both Mr. Dalby and Mr. French have, during their busiest time of life, cultivated their own good

gardens, abounding with fine vegetables, and fruits, and many choice flowers.

The public as well as the private business of the town and county is kept in a satisfactory state. In the first years of the Settlement, the public business of the county was rather loosely conducted, and the county deep in debt. But for the last twenty years, public business has been punctually and promptly performed, and the records of the county kept in order for ready reference. This is due to the good administration of the county affairs by Walter L. Mayo, Esq., who is said to be one of the best, if not the very best, county-clerks to be found in the State. The gatherings of the people from the country are now marked by decorum, quietude, and respectability. There is no display of luxury in town or county, and no destitution. Of the Settlement, as it was once called, there is now no definite bounds; it is intermixed with other settlements. The farmers in the country, and the tradesmen of the town, have exhibited one steady march of progress, slow, continuous, and sure. Absence of speculation, and the solid effect from long-continued industry, is the great feature of the English Settlement. The progress at first was slow, and the swell of improvements kept such even pace with each other, that advance was scarcely perceptible. Comparing the state of things every five years, the advance is very marked. But so gradual has been the process, we can scarcely tell how those who were once the poorest are now the richest. Men, once without a dollar, and many of them owing for their passage across the sea, are now the largest land-owners and property-holders in the county.

But a change is working, and the little peculiarities of the town will soon be obliterated. Under the banking-law of the State, Albion has now a bank—a sort of spiritual affair, but reversing the order of spiritual manifestations—its invisible spirit residing in Albion, its body must be in some other sphere. Its notes may circulate in the moon, but never show their face in Albion; for every such offence would be punished by transmutation into metal.

Two gentlemen of the legal profession have, at length, had the temerity to settle in Albion. The professors of medicine have increased. Of doctors, where there was

once one, there are now four. Mr. Archibald Spring was, for many years, the only medical man, enjoying an extensive practice. Dr. Welshman from Warwickshire, England, a man of experience and skill as physician and surgeon, member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, also settled in Albion. His residence was short; for the same disorder, the erysipelas, carried off Dr. Spring and Dr. Welshman within a few days of each other. Dr. Samuel and Dr. F. B. Thompson then succeeded to the practice of the county, and continue at this time as residents of Albion, and practising physicians. To them is added Dr. Francis Dickson. Dr. Lowe, representing the herbal branch of medicine, is also in full practice, a resident of Albion.

Mr. Joel Churchill is the only one of the three original merchants of Albion now living. He may be said to be the father of the trade. By his liberal dealing, and indulgence to many of the poorest settlers in early days, their path to competence and comfort was rendered easy and smooth. His kindness in this way was at the time appreciated; I recollect hearing poor settlers frequently speak of him as the "poor man's friend." Mr. Churchill held the office of postmaster for many years, to the satisfaction of the whole country. Many a poor farmer, who could not muster his quarter-dollar to pay his foreign letter, was patiently waited on for years, until he was able to discharge his postage-bill. The whole country was accommodated; the postal-department always settled with, no complaint could be made either of incompetency, neglect, or defalcation. Yet, at the commencement of Mr. Pierce's Democratic career, he was displaced, for political considerations alone.

During the first ten years of the Settlement, there was a great deal of cotton grown. I had a cotton-gin, for the accommodation of the country, which was kept in full operation for several seasons. The soil and climate seemed to be pretty good for it, and many fair crops were raised. It was chiefly grown by Southern settlers for their own use. As Southerners grew more scarce, and Northerners more plenty, the cultivation declined, and has ceased now altogether.

In the western part of Wabash County, then a part of

Edwards County, a large tract of land was bought by Mr. Adam Corey, which has since been settled by families from England and Scotland.

The heart of the Settlement, taking Albion for its centre, may be said to extend ten miles north and seven miles south; between the Little Wabash on the west and the Bonpas Creek on the east, a breadth of about twelve miles; within these limits, the great majority are English settlers, but more than as many Europeans beyond these bounds make up for the number of Americans within. The general peace of the Settlement has never been disturbed by quarrels between Englishmen and natives, as such. We were never a close settlement, as the Harmonites or Shakers. We never sought or in any way monopolized the county-offices or the magistracy. But for the period, when Mr. Pickering was in the Legislature, our senators and representatives have all been natives. Peaceable and cordial intercourse has been maintained between the English and American settlers, excepting at the convention times, and for a short time after, when political excitement added virulence to private feud.

In the year 1836, a charter for a railroad, granted by the legislature, from Alton to Mt. Carmel, was accepted by the people, and a company organized. In Indiana, a company was formed to continue the road to New Albany, at the falls of the Ohio. The road was afterward relinquished to the State, and known as the Southern Cross Railroad. The State of Illinois, after expending between three and four hundred thousand dollars, sold out all its interest in this, as well as every other State work. That State interest was bought by Gen. William Pickering, through whose exertions a new company was formed, uniting the two companies into one under the title of the Alton, Mt. Carmel, and New-Albany Railroad. I was president of the Illinois company for its first three years. When the work was commenced by the State, a heavy expenditure was made near Albion, on a deep-cut.

The number of laborers employed, the money expended, and the hope of a speedy termination of the work, made, for a time, everything very lively, and landed property advanced; but not so much so as in more speculative places. The working of the road brought in many set-

tlers. Irish laborers, proverbially turbulent, surrounded as they were by a sober population, were themselves quiet and well behaved. During the year they were at work, I don't recollect a disturbance of any kind. This road, for three years, gave me a considerable expenditure of time and money. An appropriation of land for this road was twice passed in the senate, but lost in the house by six votes; and subsequently in the senate by one vote.

There are few settlements that have enjoyed such solid prosperity; but we had to endure, during the first three years, many serious annoyances from minor causes, then seriously felt, but now unknown. Insects, and particularly mosquitoes, were very numerous and dreadfully annoying. The bite in its effect resembled more the sting of a bee. Our system was inflammatory. The strong English constitution, built up in a cool climate, had not then been reduced from the exhausting effects of the great heat experienced in the American summers. For the first two months after my arrival in the prairies, the mosquito-bites on my legs inflamed and became irritable sores, preventing me from walking, at a time when my utmost activity was needed. Now, the change of constitution is so complete that a mosquito-bite leaves no inflammation. The English constitution seems to last about two years. During that time, the Englishman bears the heat of summer and the cold of winter better than the natives. After that time, a change takes place; we feel heat less, but are much more sensible to cold. The acclimation, or changing of the constitution under change of climate, sometimes culminates in fever, sometimes by the breaking out of many painful boils. This change also assumes another form, in which no decided disease can be traced. It is a long period of listlessness, an indisposition to all action; and this longer probation of weariness and weakness, without any decided pain, accomplished the change as completely as a violent fever or a painful eruption. The Americans have a most expressive word for this indescribable feeling — it is the "tires". "How is such a one?" "Oh! he has got the tires." After these inflictions are over, with moderate and regular living, the human constitution and climate act harmoniously together.

CHAPTER XVI.

Difficulty in Establishing Schools—A certain Density of Population Necessary—In Town or Village of Spontaneous Growth—Oswald Warrington keeps School at Albion in its Earliest Days—Englishmen and New Englanders build a School-House near Albion—A Colored Man Assists, but his Children are not Allowed to go to School—Another School-House—The Scene at a Country School—The Little Urchin at School—The Older Scholars—The Log School-House on the Frontier an Interesting Object—Contrasts with the Crowded City-School—Permanent Brick School-House at Albion—Influences of the School on the Backwoodsmen—The Free-School System in Illinois—Statistics of Education in Edwards County—Agricultural Fair at Albion in 1858—Splendid Display.

In all new countries there is a difficulty in establishing schools. The first inhabitants, the backwoods hunters, whose cabins are five, ten, and twenty miles apart, can have none. Their mode of life requires no education in the scholastic meaning of the term. Their habits are independent of literary acquirements, and their children grow up without knowing how to cast up the most simple sum by the rules of arithmetic, or write a word, or read a sentence. Yet some of these untaught men, by some complex mental process of reason and arithmetic, are capable of arriving at correct results sometimes more speedily than a scholar in figures. Some of the stationary or farming class, generally poor, and settled individually, live long enough to bring up a family without any education. In such cases, it is when the country has not filled up rapidly, and they have been left standing in their solitary situations for a number of years. In settlements of more rapid growth, the school has to bide its time. In a country which, to the eye, is pretty well settled, oftentimes no school-house appears.

Standing in the centre of a moderate-sized prairie, the eye may trace a number of fine farms on the edge of

the timber, with houses perhaps a mile apart, and this line of farms may extend for many miles, and yet the inhabitants not be near enough to reach the benefit of a school. There are many elegible situations in the open prairie, a mile or two from the timber. When these are occupied, then school-houses immediately appear. There must be a certain density of population before schools can exist. No matter what laws may exist on the subject, or what school-fund may lie in the treasury of the State, if there are not children sufficient within a mile of a school-house, there can be no school.

As I have heard, a man of some eminence and ability, from the East, came into the State, to propose to the legislature an efficient system of State education. By the time he had proceeded to the large prairies that lie in the middle of the State, he saw that unless there was some way devised for inducing farmers to live contiguous to each other, there could be no schools. So he at once postponed his plan, and either went or sent to Texas, and procured a considerable quantity of osage-orange seed, and opened a large nursery of osage-orange plants, for hedges. By this means, he thought that he was doing more for the cause of education than by proposing the best educational scheme where it could not be applied.

In a town or village, however humble, a school is soon got up, and is often of spontaneous growth. If there are only a half-score families, a school is easily assembled, and a suitable teacher is often found on the spot. It was so in Albion, in its earliest days. An inhabitant from a populous town in England, with a large family and limited means, opened school. He was one of those persons often found in new settlements, a man of town habits, and unsuited to country life. With him, the boys got a common-school education. In writing he excelled, and there are many men who owe their good and legible writing to their early instruction at the school of Mr. Oswald Warrington, who, I am happy to say, is now living, his head white with age, a respectable tradesman of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The next school was in the country, some three miles

from Albion, built after the manner that schools were then, and are still built in country places. Four or five English farmers and two or three New Englanders, living in what was then close neighborhood, none being more than a mile from the common centre, assembled at an appointed time. Several driving their ox-teams, and more with axes, went to a neighboring wood (congress land, of course), prepared the timber, and laid it in its place. The raising was performed in the usual manner by the voluntary and united labor of neighboring farmers who had families to send to the school. A master was speedily found and installed; a young man of slender frame and town habits, a good penman and good at figures. The school went into immediate operation, was long carried on under different masters, and, I believe, is in existence at this day. This school has been carried on under the simple rules of its original builders, one of which was that those who labored in its first erection, should have a preference in sending their children in case of competition. One little circumstance, connected with this affair should not be omitted, as characteristic of the times we live in. Among those invited to assist in building the school-house, was a neighboring farmer, a colored man, powerful and dexterous in the use of the axe. He cheerfully acceded, and gave his full share of the labor. When the school was built, and the master about to enter on his duties, the colored farmer was politely informed that he must not think of sending any one of his children to school, for they were not of the right complexion. A century hence, perhaps both our prejudice and sense of justice may be open to criticism.

The third school-house built, I think, was a few miles north of Albion, and deeper in the country. In passing along the road, I observed, to my right hand in the woods, a solitary school-house, but no dwellings in sight. I have seen many such and wondered where the scholars came from. On closer observation, I have found these school-houses situated centrally and in the right place. Of the one I had passed, I found there were three farms within a-quarter of a mile, five within a-half-mile, and eight within the radius of a mile. Before the teacher arrives,

children of all ages are found assembled about the house in high exchange. Some are chasing each other round the house; others at hide-and-seek among the trees; another group watching a dog barking at a squirrel up a tree; some sit on the doorstep, cracking nuts. The girls in little groups, chatting confidentially to each other, and one or two, more careful than the rest, conning their lessons in the silent and nearly vacant school-house. On the arrival of the teacher, they rush in, make a slight obeisance to the teacher, and take their places in silence. They are evidently emulous of each other. The favorite exercises seem to be short recitations or spelling. And this they do, the boys especially, in a full, strong voice, not always harmonious. The countenances of all are bright with excitement. Their clean-washed faces and hands, their coarse garments, tidy and neat, give to each individual a self-confidence sufficiently apparent.

A little urchin on the floor seems out of place, and looks different from the others; traces of tears are on his dirty little face, he looks lost and wonderingly around. "What do you do here?" says the teacher, not unkindly. "Oh, sir," says his sister, "he cried so to come; mother said he might this once." Before the morning is out, he is seen trying to make marks on the dust of the floor, with his tiny finger, in imitation of his sister on the slate, and by-and-by laid away in a corner, fast asleep.

A little after school has begun, two tall, stout chaps enter, men grown, take their seats, and begin conning their lessons from their school-books, as the children are doing. Who are they? They are two of that class brought up in the solitude of the wilderness without a chance of learning a letter. They are now endeavoring to regain their lost time at the first school-house within their reach, with equal diligence, but more painful effort, than is given by their young compeers. Masters in our first country-schools have often told me that they have had some scholars older than themselves. The school over, a general gambol ensues, and the children, dividing into two or three groups, take their separate ways. Subdividing again, they follow the scarce-perceptible tracks made by their little naked feet, and individually arrive at their dis-

tant homes. In this way it is that the first school-houses spring up; and as little neighborhoods are formed, so they arise all over the country.

The erecting of a little log-school-house in a frontier settlement is to me a far more interesting object than a Girard College, with all its costly and elaborate domes and columns. They are the seed-beds of knowledge, giving permanence to the growth of our organized and complex system of society. The young children are redeemed from the dulness that must in some degree exist in isolated families, and are brought into social life. With many of their own age, they mingle with children older and younger, of various moods and tempers. An epitome of the world they are destined to live in. Their sympathies are awakened, their manners improved, and a thirst for knowledge is often engendered by the key to its treasures being placed in their hand. The amount of learning may not be much, but the avenues to knowledge are opened, never more to be closed to any, and by some to be followed to the highest sources of light and intelligence. Small as the amount of learning may be, in the fertile soil on which it is sown it is all retained. For these little country children, full of health and strength, accept the little intellectual training in their airy school, as an agreeable occupation, and to some as a positive recreation. What a pleasing contrast this with the children of a crowded city school. There, many of them in feeble health, confined in a fetid atmosphere, with their attention far too severely taxed, their labors too long continued, return to their tasks with reluctance, and feel them as a hated toil.

It was in 1837 or 1838 that the first permanent school-house was erected in Albion. A good two-story brick-building. It has been carried on under various masters, and is now used as a free-school.

When the new country-school has been in operation a single week, its influence is felt, both on parents and children. Occasionally will be seen a boy ten or twelve years old leaning against a door-post, intently gazing in upon the scholars at their lessons; after a time he slowly and moodily goes away. He does not look like the other

children; his dress is less tidy, his hair uncombed, and perhaps his face and hands unwashed. Neither has he the bright and self-confident look of the scholars. He belongs, perhaps, to some farmer's family residing outside the radius of the one-mile school-circle, or what is more likely to some, backwoods hunter within the circle. The solitary boy feels his exclusion from some benefit enjoyed by all the other children, giving to them a bond of fellowship. This feeling soon ripens into an intense desire to go to school, or to quit the neighborhood and go deeper into the wilderness, far away from an odious comparison. A crisis has now arrived in the fate of this backwoods family. All other influences of encroaching civilization it has withstood, but the influence of the school can no longer be resisted. To see all the children of his neighbors advancing in their own self-respect, and in the respect of others, whilst his own family are left on the dead-level of ignorance, on which only a few days before they all rested together, creates a feeling he can not stand. He can no longer say, I am as good as you. He feels that he is a notch below them; and, if he decides to remain, he must send his children to school and join the ranks of civilization. The only other alternative, and the one most usually taken, is to dive deeper into the forest, and in its solitude regain his equanimity.

Thus it was for years that education struggled on. In a few more years the people demanded the distribution of the school-fund. This temporary expedient was soon found insufficient for any permanent good. Within these five years the whole system has been changed, and education is supported by State-and-county tax on property; and this system of free-schools for all seems to have given a new impulse to education all over the State. Imperfect as this law confessedly is, under proper modifications, would reduce by one-half the thirty-five thousand officers now required for its administration; but the people having taken to it with such hearty good-will, the superintendent forbears to ask a hasty repeal of the law. "Scarcely two years have elapsed" says the report, "since the free-school system went into operation in this State, and in that brief period it has nearly swept the entire field of the thousands

of private-schools that then existed. Truly, those who still cling so tenaciously to the old feudal and anti-American system of educating the rich alone, will soon have to abandon their ground for the only just principle, of making the property of the State educate the children of the State, has nearly taken entire possession of the public mind."

I now make an extract from the "Biennial Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Illinois for 1858," which gives the statistics of education in Edwards County, the smallest county in the State:

"Whole number of schools in the County, - - 47
The average number of months taught, - - 6
The number of male teachers, - - - - 36
The number of female teachers, - - - - 23
Average salaries of male teachers, - per month, $25
Average salaries of female teachers, per month, $15
Number of male scholars, - - - - 1166
Number of female scholars, - - - - 896
Number of new school-houses built during the year, 11
Number of school-houses, - - - - - 25
Number of white persons under twenty-one, - 3110
Number of white persons between five and twenty-one, - - - - - - 1762
Amount paid to teachers, - - - - $3447
For building, repairing, and renting school-houses, $1454
Whole amount received for school purposes, - $4529
Whole amount expended for school purposes, $5116
Whole number of colored persons in the County under twenty-one years of age, - - 34
Whole number of colored persons in the County between the ages of five and twenty-one, 21"

There is nothing more than the common-school education existing in the little county of Edwards. The number of children attending school is large in proportion to the population.

There appears to be no mention of any colored scholars.

The very different deportment of the people at their assemblages now, when compared with their behavior at the gatherings on public occasions, mentioned in the early

part of this history, chiefly induces me to mention the annual fair held at Albion, October, 1860, at which I was present. Edwards County was among the first, if not the very first county in the State, to institute a fair for the exhibition of live-stock and farm-produce. I think the first exhibition took place at Albion in the fall of 1838. The show of cattle, sheep, and hogs was then respectable, including several animals of especial merit. A year or two afterward, specimens of the vegetables of the farm and flowers from the garden were added. For several years, it did not increase, and seemed to excite but little interest. It faded away and was discontinued.

In 1858, new life was infused, and a more regular organization effected. A neat little fair-ground, enclosing a pleasant grove of six acres, was well prepared and enclosed, furnished with all the appliances necessary for the exhibition of live-stock, farm and garden products, and specimens in various branches of industry and art. The arrangements for the comfort and refreshment of the spectators were also complete. The list of premiums was varied and numerous. It was immediately sustained by an excellent exhibition in every department, and met by the public with cheerful good-will, and a liberal patronage.

This year, happening to be near, I went to the fair, and was much pleased with the neatness of all the arrangements, and with the spirit in which the whole thing was conducted. To my surprise, I found as good and commodious an amphitheatre, and as well filled with well-dressed ladies as is to be found in any fair in the country. A full band discoursed its music on a stand in front, during the interludes of exhibition. The vegetables, fruits, and farm-productions were of a superior order. The bouquets were numerous, tasteful, and gay, and some living specimens of handsome flowers in pots. Cakes, bread, confectionery, pickles, preserves, and specimens of every household art were abundant, neat, and good. Needle-work, useful and ornamental embroidery, and a great variety of fancy work, equal to anything of the kind. Of penmanship and drawing, much better specimens than I expected the little county could produce.

The supply and arrangements for refreshments were good; coffee, tea, cider, and lemonade in abundance. Dinners, hot and cold, served with an adjunct not always found in like places of more pretension, a clean table-cloth. There were some thousands of people, well mannered, well dressed, and good tempered, rationally enjoying themselves, by encouraging and promoting a common good.

My memory was carried back to the time when whisky was the only cheer, and a rough-and-tumble fight the only excitement. The managers tell me, so well assured are they of countenance and support, that they shall double the area of the enclosed ground, and all other appliances for the fair in time for next year's exhibition.

CHAPTER XVII.

Success of the English Settlement—What Contributed to it—Absence of Land-Speculation—Happy Adaptation of the Country to Settlers—Prairie-Land a Source of National Wealth—Sterling Qualities of the English Laborers and Farmers—Solid Prosperity of the English Settlement in Illinois—The First Annoyances of the Early Settlers—The Prairie-Fires—First-Founders of Settlements rarely attain Material Advantages—What they are Compelled to Do—The Fate of William Penn—The Compensations—Striking Incidents in the History of the State—First-Settlers Accounted for—The Destiny which Befell the First-Founders—The Remains of Morris Birkbeck Repose in the Graveyard at New Harmony, Ind.—What became of his Children—The Pecuniary Difficulties and Disasters of George Flower—Leaves Illinois with his Family in 1849, never to Return to Live—Cross the Great Wabash—Begin the World Anew in New Harmony—Removes to Mt. Vernon, Ind., in 1860—The Last Stage of Life's Journey—Ready to Lie Down to Sleep.

THE success of the English Settlement is not to be attributed to any single cause. The absence of land-speculation in the first-founders of the Settlement and the discouragement they gave to non-resident speculators, were the chief circumstances that preserved its healthy and progressive growth, and secured for many years the vacant lands around us to the class for which they were intended, the farm-laborers and farmers with small capital, who were to occupy the quarter-sections as soon as they purchased them.

As early as 1817, I was solicited to purchase land for persons living in the Eastern cities, and well-wishers to the Settlement. This I was reluctant to do, though regretting to disappoint some valued friends, to whom I owed much obligation. Then an inquiry was made as to whether land was secured (such was the phraseology) for those that might be expected the following year; accompanied by

an offer of any amount of capital, and of giving personal service in recommending our Settlement, and in forwarding newly-arrived emigrants from Europe, with money and without. I have reason to think that similar offers were made to Mr. Birkbeck, for I recollect a short letter of his published, declining to invest any money in land for non-residents. Thus protected, the little-farmer with his slender means, found the quarter-section preserved for his immediate possession, without being compelled to pay an enhanced price to a previous purchaser. A valuable experience was gained in the gradual taking up of land. Of course, the most inviting situations were first secured. The last land, left as refuse, was flat, wet prairie, that had not much thickness of hazle mould, so much sought after by the farmer. The surface wet, but aridly dry in summer, with a subsoil of whitish clay. The Americans said they could not get a living off such land. The English laborers, by a little judicious ditching, which made part of their fencing, found it to be the best soil for small grain and meadow in the country. Some of our best farms are to be found on such land. The character of the Settlement would have been changed if based upon land-speculation, and our characters too. No doubt, with influential partners in the East, who would see every emigrant with capital, and every ship-load of poor emigrants, accredited with our name and the growing fame of our Settlement, a large and promiscuous emigration would have set toward us, and money might have been made by the speculation. But the gains so made would have been mingled with the tears of distress and the sighs of disappointment. The laborer must have remained a laborer for others many more years, before he could have saved enough to have paid the advance that would have satisfied us and our Eastern partners.

The little-farmer, with just money enough to buy land at the Government price and build a small cabin, must have either labored for hire on the Settlement or gone outside into the wilderness, and suffered the privations of a solitary settler. By declining this, as some thought, tempting offer, we may have been blamed by others, but never by ourselves. A considerable land-speculation was

made just before we came into the country, by a Virginian; but when there are no inhabitants it is difficult for a speculator to know where best to make a purchase, and this speculation was so widely scattered, extending into many counties, that it did but little harm. To this early policy, little appreciated, perhaps, because but little known, more than any other act of its founders, the Settlement owes its steady and progressive growth. It was the invisible Ægis, protecting labor and industry, in reaping their sure rewards.

Another favorable circumstance was the happy adaptation of the country to the settlers. Had our European settlers been placed in a heavy-timbered country, they would have desponded, despaired, and died. The cost of denuding a heavy-wooded district of its timber and preparing it for cultivation, is not less than twelve dollars an acre. What a source of national wealth this item is to a state like Illinois with its thirty-six million acres of prairie land. Every individual, thus fortunately placed, is saved a generation of hard and unprofitable labor. This circumstance is not sufficiently appreciated by a pioneer settler.

One element of success may be traced to a happy proportion among the settlers of men of money, men of intelligence, and men of toil. A settlement all of needy laborers would have suffered much, and would probably have dispersed,—as Mr. Slade's settlement did, and as many others have done. It was the men of property that sustained the weight of the Settlement for the first five years, not only by its first supply of food and the building of its first houses, but in hiring the laborers as they came from the old country. This gave to the poor, but hard-working man, some knowledge of the ways of the country, while he was laying up a little store of money for his own independent beginning. The sterling qualities found in the great bulk of the English laborers and little-farmers is another element of success. Their general sobriety, persevering industry, and habitual hard work, carried them through periods of long discouragements to final success. The first-founders gave what they had of ability and money to the very last. All these circumstances working

together have given that solid prosperity, which is characteristic of the English Settlement in Illinois.

There are certain annoyances and losses to the first-settler not set down in the bill, and never thought of. In the first years of a settlement in a new country, the forces of nature are strong and the defences of man are weak. Soon after my first arrival in the Settlement in the month of August, the season proved very rainy—daily thunder-storms, with strong gusts of wind. The storms of wind and rain would drive through and through the unchinked and doorless cabin, drenching every thing within. The first prairie-fires come with terrific force, devouring all before them. I had made some progress in enclosing a thirty-acre field, and had cut a considerable stack of prairie-hay, which stood at the bottom of the field. A prairie-fire approached us from the south; it soon consumed the hay-stack, what there was completed of the fence, and all the timber prepared for it. It crossed the prairie, driven by a furious wind, when stopped by a ditch, which fortunately had been dug, running in front of my cabins, and about twenty-five feet from them, but the flames lashed over into the house, and suddenly went out in dense smoke, almost suffocating us. Although checked in front of the house, the fire continued its course, sweeping by on each flank, in two long columns of flame, consuming prairie and woodland all over the country. This description of losses and annoyances, once overcome, are gone forever; but at a time when he is unprepared, they often inflict suffering and great loss of property.

It is an historical fact, that the discoverers of new countries and the first-founders of settlements in new countries, rarely attain any material advantages. It is those who follow in the track they have beaten, who shelter under the defences they have made, that reap the more solid advantages. There are a run of expenses that the first-founders of settlements must incur. The expenses of their first voyages and journeys, their publications, their return for their own families and other settlers, are among the first of their expenses. Others follow, that for a long series of years can scarcely be avoided. One is called upon to stand first in subscription and personal exertion

to promote measures of public benefit, although of doubtful attainment after long-continued exertion. If a school, or a library, or any other local institution is needed, he is expected to give his time for their advancement and his money for their support. Often at some distant hall of legislation he is induced to remain for weeks and months watching or aiding in the passage of some law that might benefit his place and people, or to ward off some enactment of an injurious character. From habit, as well as inclination, he yields to solicitations, although often abused and maligned for the part he has taken. The article of postage alone is a heavy charge, or rather was so, when letters were from twelve to twenty-five cents each. I have paid many hundred dollars in this way replying to inquiries, and giving information in which I was in no way to be personally benefited. The entertainment of travelers and visitors is an incidental but often a heavy charge, and in many instances absorbs a considerable share of income, however large it may be. His attention otherwise directed, his private business of course suffers. His settlement may be prosperous, but as an individual he must meet pecuniary ruin. The business of a first-founder's life is more of a public than a private character, but not of that description that gives him any pecuniary reward. The assistance he may have given to poor families is seldom, if ever, returned in money. From the unfortunate and dishonest he gets no repayment. From the honest, but poor, he has to take what they have alone to give, their labor, and that perhaps obliged to be taken at periods when not applicable to any beneficial purpose.

"Imprudent," say some; "served him right," say others; "why did not he take care of himself." Wherever prudence greatly prevails as an element of character no explorers or first-founders of settlements will be found.

William Penn, one the most disinterested of men, could not escape the calumnies propagated against him, nor the pecuniary loss entailed on men of his stamp. If any man could have been shielded from the losses and embarassments of all those who found colonies, Penn's favorable position should have saved him. He was possessed of an income of four thousand pounds sterling per annum. His

large territory came to him by grant from the crown, not by purchase. His colony was on the sea-shore. Himself and all who followed him escaped the labor, risk, and expense of a thousand miles of interior travel, yet we see in his letter to his wife a recommendation to be careful of her expenses, by reason of his many debts. In reply to some who accused him of selfish motives, he says: "I am day and night spending my life, my time, my money, and am not sixpence enriched by this greatness. I am to the people of this place in travails, watchings, spendings, and to my servants, every way freely, not like a selfish man." He even found it necessary to return to England to rebut the charges of selfishness and peculation that were raised against him, which for a time checked emigration to Pennsylvania, and prevented personal well-wishers and friends from following him, with his damaged reputation. His enemies, fearing his influence, reported him dead, and that he died a Jesuit—a term of great opprobrium at that day—only to be confuted by his personal appearance in England.

But there are fortunately some compensations in store for those whom the world regards as visionary characters. Their actions have been unselfish. An unselfish life leaves few regrets and no repinings. The first explorer or founder of a settlement in a new and distant country, follows the instincts of his nature and the promptings of his early being. In early manhood the dreamy imaginings of his youth prompt to action. He takes journeys and voyages. He has intercourse with a variety of members of the great human family, living under institutions, language, climate, and a host of other circumstances, all different from his own. From a local and stationary being he becomes a cosmopolite. He has intercourse with all classes, from the gifted, the intellectual, the educated, of every grade of mind and morals, to the lowest specimens of humanity, the dregs of civilization. His local habits become changed, many of his prejudices are swept away, opinions altered or modified, and his mental vision extended. He pierces through civilization, and stands in uninhabited regions. There he sees what none who come after him and fall into the routine of civilized life can ever

see; nature in the plenitude of its perfection; its varied beauties, undisturbed and undistorted by art; the forest in its native grandeur, unscathed by the axe; the prairie, with its verdure and acres of brilliant flowers; the beauties of the prospect varying at every step, and limited in extent only by his power of vision. All these scenes, with their accompanying influences, exhibited under the varying aspects of light and shade, day and night, calm and storm, have surrounded him. His being has received the impress of them all in solitude and silence. Refreshed, strengthened, and purified, he feels, for a time at least, superior to the irritations and annoyances of an imperfect civilization; for there is in the changeful heart of man a deep response to the ever-changing aspects of nature.

Some striking incidents in the history of the State marked the period of our arrival and settlement. These were the exodus of the Indians, the extinction of the buffalo, the elk, and the beaver. Near to where Albion now stands, three years before its commencement, stood the populous village of the Piankeshaw Indians. The year before we arrived, the last buffalo was killed. The year after our arrival, the last elk was killed, as before related. Two or three solitary beavers remained but a few years longer.

Many of those mentioned as first-settlers are now living in independent circumstances, hearty, hale, old men, enjoying themselves in their own way. Their children have grown up and taken their stations in life, mostly as farmers, and many of them rejoice in the sight of the third generation of their offspring—their great-grandchildren. Having accounted for the bulk of the first-settlers in their past and present state, let us see where the two first-founders are, and if their destinies differ from men of their class and kind.

Morris Birkbeck lies neither in his native land nor in the State of his adoption, but dead and buried in the graveyard of New Harmony, Ind. His second daughter, Mrs. Hanks, lies buried in the City of Mexico. Two sons are living far apart from each other in the same republic. The eldest daughter, Mrs. Pell, with her family, are in the

distant land of Australia. One of his sons lives in England. His house at Wanborough (in the English Settlement of Illinois) has long since been pulled down; and, I believe, no property in the Settlement remains to any member of his family. One only of his descendants survives him in the United States—the daughter of his eldest son, Mrs. Prudence Birkbeck Ford of New Harmony, Ind.

The last three years of George Flower's life in Illinois were marked by pecuniary difficulties and disasters. His house, flock, and farm, sold at a low price, passed to the hands of a stranger. In the year 1849, himself and wife, his two youngest sons and youngest daughter, left Illinois, never more to return as residents. They crossed the Great Wabash with household furniture and some family plate, with two dollars and fifty cents in cash, to begin the world anew in the pleasant town of New Harmony, Ind. In 1860, he is residing in the town of Mount Vernon, on the banks of the Ohio, seventy-four years of age, possessed of a sound constitution, and in the enjoyment of good health. From deafness, much increased within the last ten years, deprived thereby of the solace of conversation, he has to draw more largely from the resources offered by book, pen, and pencil. In poverty, but not in destitution, happy in his children, and blest in the companionship of the dear partner of his life,* who has shared with him the toils, anxieties, and happy days of the past, they both enliven the last stage of life's journey by cheerful reminiscences of the past and enjoyment of the present; accepting the prerogative accorded to age, of extracting happiness from a multitude of minor sources, unheeded

* As applied to a happy domestic life, such as that of Mr. and Mrs. George Flower, how true are the following beautiful observations of Chateaubriand, as found in his "Genius of Christianity":

"Habit and long life together are more necessary to happiness, and even love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy with the object of his attachment until he has passed many days, and above all, many days of misfortune with her. The married pair must know each other to the bottom of their souls; the mysterious veil, which covered the two spouses in the primitive church, must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world."

by youth and overlooked by middle-age, they probably gather more flowers in the evening of life than they did in the noon-day of existence. Resting on the shady side of the road, spectators of scenes in which they once took a part, they watch the pilgrims toiling in the path they once so zealously trod, sometimes a little weary of their journey, ready to lie down to sleep.

APPENDIX.

LETTER OF WILLIAM COBBETT TO GEORGE FLOWER.

BOTLEY, *12 May, 1812.*

My Dear Sir: — I have just sent off to New York, and have, therefore, nothing to send thither just now, but am as much obliged to you as if I had. You have my best wishes with you. Prepared, as you are, for a fine country and happy people, the reality will surpass your expectations. Mr. Oldfield and my nephew will, I am sure, be happy to see you at New York. Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse at Cambridge, Massachusetts, will look upon this as a letter of introduction, and so will Messrs. William Duane, and Mr. Mathew Carey of Philadelphia, and also Mr. Niles of Baltimore. I am acquainted with none but literary men, but though there are in America, as here, many who think me a very bad fellow, there are, I believe, very many really good friends of freedom, who would not shake you by the hand the sooner for your having honored with your acquaintance, your sincere friend and most obedient servant,

WM. COBBETT.

To GEORGE FLOWER, Esq., of Marden, Herts.

P. S. Pray remember me very kindly to your father and all our excellent friends in Hertfordshire. You may again see as *good* people, but never will see better.

LETTER OF COUNT DE LASTEYRIE TO GEORGE FLOWER.

[TRANSLATION.]

PARIS, *August 24th, 1814.*

I take the opportunity of Mr. Loudon's return to England to let you hear from me and to thank you for the tokens of *souvenir* you have given me. I have also received with pleasure the information you have sent me concerning the lithographic stones, which Mr. Loudon will forward to me in Paris.

I have seen Mr. Swaine; I have spoken to several owners of flocks about the wool he intends to purchase; I believe he has not yet closed many trades.

Our establishment of schools in France is considerably hampered by circumstances, and if our zeal is not abated, it is, at least, greatly obstructed. You can not form an idea of what is passing in France. The lessons of Bonaparte are marvelously put to profit. They do better still; they surpass him. We are in a complete disorganization; vexations are every day on the increase. In the south, a violent and fearful reaction takes place. You will have heard about the massacre of Protestants. The system which is being set up is far from the liberal ideas with which Europe has been lulled for more than a year. The measures which are being adopted prepare new convulsions in Europe. It is a great mistake to think that order and peace can be secured by such means. But time will unravel all those mysteries, for the annihilation of the press imposes silence. Reasoning is not permitted against the argument of bayonets. It is an excellent system, which Bonaparte has taught us long ago. I would have great many other things to tell you, which are not known in your country!!! A thousand compliments to Mr. Birkbeck. I am sincerely devoted to you both.

C. P. DE LASTEYRIE.

LETTER OF COUNT DE LASTEYRIE TO GEORGE FLOWER.

[TRANSLATION.]

PARIS, *October 8th, 1814.*

Sir:—I take the occasion of Monsieur l'Abbé Gaultier's trip to London to remember myself to your *souvenir* and to recommend to you an estimable author, who has published a great many works upon the education of children, and who has devoted his life to an art which is not, as yet, enough known nor appreciated. Mr. Gaultier, who has resided in England before, returns to that country with the intention of studying the progress which the system of education may have made during his absence. He is curious to know the British and Foreign School Society, and no one is better qualified than yourself to help him to carry out the object of his researches. This is the reason why I take the liberty to direct him to you. I desire very much to see the method employed in England for poor classes established in France also; I shall do all I can to that end, and I hope I shall find men with sufficient zeal to coöperate with me toward so noble a task. But the present time is not very favorable; I hope it may be easier in a few months. I also regret to have but a few moments to devote to it. Other work which I have under-

taken, and which I look upon as of great importance for the cause of humanity, prevents me from giving more time to it.

If anything of the kind is done in France I will let you know; it is right for well-meaning men of all countries to be in complete accord. Let us leave to the miserable and shameful policy of governments their rivalries, the wars, and so many other crimes of which they are guilty, under the cover of order, religion, and the interest of the people.

I regret very much, sir, that your stay in this country has been so short, and that I have been deprived of the sweet satisfaction of seeing you longer, and of manifesting to you the interest which your person and your way of thinking have inspired me, and also the sentiments of affection, with which I have the honor to be, C. P. DE LASTEYRIE.

Please remember me to your estimable friend Mr. Birkbeck.

Mr. GEORGE FLOWER.

LETTER OF LAFAYETTE TO GEORGE FLOWER.

LAGRANGE, *November 3d, 1814.*

Dear Sir:—I have been much obliged to your kind inquiries on a subject most interesting to me. The pleasure of a meeting with Mr. Whitbread would be one of the highest I can enjoy. I hope that it is only postponed.

Your departure for England has prevented my returning our thanks to you and Mr. Birkbeck for the honor of your visit to LaGrange, where it shall ever be affectionately remembered. Be pleased to receive and present to them the best compliments and wishes of the whole family. Our Irish friend has been lately in a dangerous state of health, but is now recovered. This letter goes by Mr. Crawford, who has shared with us the pleasure to receive you at LaGrange. He is bound for Scotland, but means to visit London, and hopes he may be able to wait upon you.

The long expected rain has been with us in time to sow our wheat. My pork is now out of the *claveari*, and more fit to be seen than when it was presented for your inspection.

Accept, my dear sir, the sincere attachment with which I have the honor to be, yours, LAFAYETTE.

G. FLOWER, *Marsden, Hertford, Herts, England.*

LETTER OF THE ABBE GAULTIER TO GEORGE FLOWER.

[TRANSLATION.]

LONDON, *November 30th, 1814.*

Sir:—At the moment I received the letter you have done me the honor to write to me, I was about writing to you to inform you of the happy success of all your recommendations, and to express my deepest thanks to you, as well as to your friend Mr. Birkbeck. Nothing has given me greater satisfaction than to make the acquaintance of two men noted for their virtues and their intelligent zeal—Mr. William Allen and Mr. Fox. We understand each other perfectly well; the latter, particularly, has electrified my soul with his luminous observations, and has encouraged me to undertake in France a work which may, perhaps, be found useful in English establishments. I propose to return to this country in the spring, but for the present I give way to my inclination to go home. I shall leave for Paris Tuesday or Wednesday of next week, and I shall be infinitely flattered to deliver all the messages with which you may desire to entrust me. How I rejoice beforehand to be able to inform my friend Mr. Lasteyrie, how well I have achieved, through you, the principal object of my voyage. If I carry away any regrets, it is not to have been able to go and offer you personally, as well as your father, the assurance of the distinguished sentiments, with which I have the honor to be, sir, your very humble servant,

L'Abbé GAULTIER.*

Mr. GEORGE FLOWER, *Marden, Hertford, Herts.*

LETTER OF COUNT DE LASTEYRIE TO GEORGE FLOWER.

[TRANSLATION.]

PARIS, *January 19th, 1815.*

Dear Sir:—I take the opportunity offered me by Mrs. O'Connor, in order to let you hear from me. I heard from you and from Mr. Birkbeck with much interest, and I rejoice to know

* The Abbé ALOISIUS EDWARD CAMILLE GAULTIER, a celebrated French instructor, who taught in a new method, was born in Piedmont, of French parents, in 1745, and died in 1818, four years after this letter was written. He settled in Paris, and devoted himself to his method of instruction, applying it in many instances gratuitously. He went from Paris to London, where he opened a school for the gratuitous instruction of the children of emigrants. He published many school-books, and was a man respected and beloved of all classes.

that you are in good health. Mr. l'Abbé Gaultier, to whom I had given a note of introduction to you, is very thankful for the kindness he received at the hands of your father. I had specially requested him to examine carefully the Lancaster Schools; he was extremely well pleased with them. Before his departure, I had studied the best means to adopt in order to introduce in Paris that method of popular education. I am, at present, preparing a report on that subject to the Société Philantropique, which will, I hope, recognize the importance of it, and will give it a trial in some of the asylums where there are children; and then we will look for the means to propagate that method. I will keep you informed of what we shall do. L'Abbé Gaultier will serve us with zeal in this enterprise.

There has just arrived here, from London, a gentleman named J. H. O. Moran, who has traveled for seventeen years in order to examine the different methods of instruction in use in Europe. He says he has worked with Lancaster. The French ambassador at London has given him a letter of introduction for our Minister of the Interior in Paris. He intends to present to the Government a plan of schools for the people. I believe he proposes to follow the Lancaster method, with some modifications. He appears to me to have devoted himself entirely to that useful occupation, and I think he will be very useful to us. But, as he is not known here, it would be well, in order to be able to act in concert with him, to know all about his morality, his acquirements, his means; whether his views on education are sound; in a word, what he has done in that direction in England. I will beg of you to take some information about Mr. Moran, in case you are not acquainted with him personally, and to give me an answer to my questions, so that I may help him or find employment for him in the projects of popular education, which I may form with other parties.

Mr. Grégoire has handed me a few pamphlets, which he wants me to transmit to you. I have added a few more, amongst them a report on the extraction of the gelatine of bones, by Mr. Darcet. It is one of the happiest applications for the nourishment of man. They have commenced, in Paris, to make soups and broths with the gelatine of those bones, in several hospitals. They make prepared broths for the navy. Mr. Darcet has made an arrangement with some Englishmen who have taken out a patent for importation in England.

A newspaper of Denmark says, that Mr. Banks has started, jointly with Mr. Barker, at Bath, a lithographic establishment, and that the stone they use for printing is found in great quanti-

ties in the neighborhood of Bath. Having, for several years, devoted myself to the starting of a similar establishment, I am expecting to begin work for the public in two months at the latest. I wish you would be kind enough to send me a sample of the Bath stone used in England for lithographing. I have been obliged, until now, to draw my stones from Germany, as I have not yet been able to find any in France. A sample of the Bath ones would enable me to find out whether we have the same kind in France, and, in case it were impossible to find them in France, I think it would come cheaper for me to get them from Bath, *via* Bristol and Havre, and have them come to Paris by way of the Seine. I am obliged to get those from Germany by land, over a distance of 240 leagues. I beg of you to send me, by the first occasion you have, a small sample of the Bath stone, about four inches square will be large enough. Mr. Banks will certainly let you have some, if you ask it for me. I attach great importance to the lithographic art, which will afford a new medium to facilitate and to propagate useful knowledge; it is in its infancy yet and wants to be improved; I devote a part of my time to that object. Mad. de Lasteyrie, who is in good health, sends you her compliments. I reiterate the expression of my most complete devotion to you.

C. P. DE LASTEYRIE,*

To GEORGE FLOWER. Rue de la Chaise, No. 20.

P. S.—A thousand compliments to the interesting and estimable Mr. Birkbeck. Please tell him that I thank him very much for his little work on France, which I have read with much pleasure. I have distributed, to the proper parties, the copies which he sent me. I have heard that Mr. Sinclair was about to come to Paris. I shall be delighted to see him. Please remember me to him and also to Mr. Banks.

LETTER OF MADAM O'CONNOR TO GEO. FLOWER.

My Dear Sir:—I have just received your letter of the 27th of March, and thank you for your kind inquiry of me. I have

* Count de Lasteyrie, the correspondent of Mr. Flower, a publicist and philanthropist, was born in France in 1759, and died in 1849. In politics, he was an ardent defender of liberal principles, a supporter of the liberty of the press and religious freedom. In these respects, he was naturally in sympathy with George Flower. He had traveled much in Europe and had much studied the art of lithography. He founded the first lithographic establishment in Paris. He was the cousin of Count Adrian Jules Lasteyrie, the grandson of Lafayette, who was well known to me; a republican member of the Chamber of Deputies under the Republic, a great friend of Mr. Thiers, and belonging to the group of the "Centre Left."

had a very severe fit of illness since I came in this country, but I am quite recovered. I have, as yet, done very little in the accomplishment of the business I came upon, so that it is impossible for me to say what time I shall stop here.

I am sure Mr. Lasteyrie will be very happy to hear what you mention respecting the stones, and peculiarly of the way of making use of all stones in France, for the accomplishment of his art. As I above tell you that the period of my return to France is quite uncertain, it would be better for you to write to Mr. Lasteyrie about these stones, as it might save him a journey and many laborious researches, both of which I know he has either undertaken or is about to undertake. If you do not find any good opportunity of sending him the apparatus, before I go through England, I shall be very happy to take charge of it for Mr. Lasteyrie. From the habit of reading English books on scientific subjects, I am confident he will understand very well what you may write to him on the subject.

I dare say you will be glad to hear that I have heard from my family so late as the 27th of March, and that all were well. Everything was quite quiet, though on the emperor's road.

When you see or write Mr. Birkbeck, pray remember me to him, and to Morris. With best wishes for your and family's happiness, I remain, my dear sir, yours sincerely,

C. O'Connor.*

April 6, 1815.

Mr. George Flower,
Marsden, Hertford, Herts., England.

* Madam O'Connor was the only daughter and child of the Marquis de Condorcet, the illustrious philosopher, mathematician, author, politician, member of the French Academy, etc. Her mother, the Marchioness de Condorcet, was the sister of General Grouchy, afterward a marshall of France, and so well known in connection with the battle of Waterloo. The daughter was born nine months after the taking of the Bastile, July 14, 1789. Though a nobleman of rank and distinction, he embraced republican ideas at an early period in the Revolution. He was the friend and associate of Dr. Franklin, when he represented the American Colonies in Paris; and during the French Revolution, Thomas Paine was a frequent visitor to the *salons* of Madam de Condorcet. A member of the National Convention from the Department of the Aisne, he allied himself to the Girondins. Denounced to the Convention by the infamous Chabot, July 8, 1793, he was put in accusation before the Convention, but escaped before he was arrested. Concealed by Madam Vernet, who gave him an asylum for eight months, and where he was a prey to frightful moral torments. The terrible punishments denounced by the Convention against all persons harboring or concealing the proscribed deputies determined him no longer to expose the brave and noble woman, who had so long sheltered him, to further peril. The poor woman

LETTER OF M. TESSIER TO GEORGE FLOWER.

[TRANSLATION.]

PARIS, *August 23, 1815.*

Sir:—I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, through a countryman of yours (Mr. Swaine), who has come to make purchases of fine merino wool. My flock is always very beautiful, but less numerous; because the armies of your nation, who have camped near the place where it is, have eaten one hundred of them, without my getting paid for them. I must stand that loss with courage; unfortunately, it is not the only one. I am much obliged to you for your kind *souvenir*, and beg you to accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

TESSIER,*

Member of the French Institute, and Inspector-General of the Royal Sheepfolds.

I have traded with your countryman; I have sold him my

protested, and said she would run every risk to still further protect him; and so persistent was she, that he was obliged to secretly leave her house. In the disguise of a laborer, he wandered about several days in the suburbs of Paris, and at last, lame and footsore, and dying of hunger, he entered a cabaret and ordered an omelet. This led to his arrest. He was taken to Bourg La Reine and put in prison, where he committed suicide. His daughter, Madam O'Connor, became the correspondent of George Flower in 1815. In 1807, she had married Arthur O'Connor, who was an Irish revolutionist, and, although a protestant, he always espoused the cause of the oppressed catholics in Ireland. Accused of treason, he was imprisoned for five years in Ireland and Scotland. On being released, he went over to France, in 1803, and, in 1809, was appointed a general of division by Napoleon, and given an important command. His service, however, was not of long duration; and, after his retirement, he settled on his domain at Bignon, where he occupied himself with agricultural pursuits. He was naturalized as a French citizen in 1818. History relates a curious incident touching Condorcet and Lafayette, which illustrates the Revolutionary epoch. "I am surprised," said Condorcet to Lafayette, upon seeing him enter the room in the uniform of the National Guard of Paris, of which he had so recently been the commander, "in seeing you, General, in that dress." "Not at all," replied Lafayette, "*I was tired of obeying, and wished to command*, and therefore laid down my general's commission and took a musket on my shoulder."

* Alexander Henri Tessier was born at Augerville in France, in 1741, and died in Paris, in 1837. Studying the natural sciences and medicine at the college of Montaiga, at Paris, he became a member of the medical society in 1776. Becoming a member of the Academy of Sciences, in 1783, he was named sometime afterward director of the "Establishment Rural," at Rambouillet, and he was then placed in charge of a flock of merinos, which had been sent to Louis XVI, from Spain. It was this, probably, which led him to become a producer of wool. Before his death, he reached the highest honor to be obtained by a Frenchman in private life—a member of the French Institute.

wool. If he likes it, I will sell him more another year, provided he is reasonable as to the price.

To Mr. George Flower.

LETTER OF LAFAYETTE TO GEORGE FLOWER.

Paris, *August 28, 1815.*

What will you have thought of me, my dear sir, when Mr. Swain has returned home without my having paid the attention due to him, and to your much valued recommendation. The enclosed apology will, I hope, clear my conduct in your and his estimation. I long to hear you both have received it, and after having waited a few days for a private opportunity, I forwarded it to the care of a French banker, who will send it by you.

The unexpected loss of your illustrious countryman, Mr. Whitbread, has deeply affected me—besides the general fraternity between men engaged in the cause of freedom, and my particular obligations to this great patriot, I had for him an admiration, I did put in him hopes which make me feel on the melancholy event every sentiment that respect and affection can produce.

You have, I dare say, taken an interest in the political catastrophe of France which attended the proceedings of our short-lived House of Representatives, that had in a fortnight's time to defend its existence from two dynasties, the latest of which was supported by the armed forces of Europe. A new and very different assembly is now convened, of which I am a member. I beg you to present my best compliments to Monsieur Birkbeck.

Believe me, my dear sir, your very sincere friend,

Lafayette.

Monsieur George Flower, *Marsden, near Hertford, England.*

LETTER OF LAFAYETTE TO GEORGE FLOWER.

LaGrange, *April 16th, 1816.*

My Dear Sir:—Your letter, directed Rué d'Anjou, has not yet reached me. The one to LaGrange is just received. I hasten to answer it. Sure as I am that you shall be highly pleased with the United States, and that the approbation will be reciprocal, I can not but approve your intended plan. Yet I much lament not to have the pleasure once more to welcome you at LaGrange before your leaving Europe. You would find me in a state of retirement still more rigid than when I was gratified with your and Mr. Birkbeck's visit, but hitherto determined to remain upon this ground. Should I depart from it, America would, of course,

be the direction for me. Happy, indeed, I would be to meet you on that blessed land.

Inclosed is my letter to Mr. Jefferson. I would have added a few more to my friends at Washington and other parts of the United States, had I not reflected that I must first insure the safe arrival of the one you are now expecting.

The post communication not being so regular as might be wished, I shall only send these lines, but if your departure was deferred, will be at your disposition for any thing you may desire. I can not be more agreeably gratified by my friends than in the attention they will pay, the advice and civilities they may offer to you, my dear sir. You will find a great number of French citizens have arrived in the United States; some by proscription, many more from choice. Upon those subjects I refrain from expatiating, as my first object is to convey the introductory lines to Monticello, and to offer the most affectionate wishes for your happy voyage.

My family are much obliged to your kind remembrance, and beg their best regards be presented to you. Be pleased to remember us to our friend Monsieur Birkbeck. Let me know when this answer has reached you, and believe me, with the most sincere attachment, yours, LAFAYETTE.

Our friends in Vignon are well. I shall let them know your kind inquiries about them, and forward your compliments.

Monsieur GEORGE FLOWER, *Marsden, near Hertford, Angleterre.*

LETTER OF ROBERT OWEN TO REV. MR. RAPP.

NEW LANARK, *4 August, 1820.*

The Rev. Mr. RAPP.

Most worthy Sir:—Having heard much of your Society, and feeling a peculiar interest respecting it, I am induced to open a correspondence with you, in the expectation of procuring a correct account of your establishment.

My first attention was called to it by some travels published in America by a Mr. Mellish, who in 1811 visited the original settlement near to Pittsburgh, and who gave many details which, to me, appeared to promise many future advantages. You have since had an opportunity of creating a second settlement, under the full benefit of the experience derived from the first, and the particulars of the result of these two experiments would be of real value to me, in order to ascertain the positive inconveniences which arise from changes to society from a state of private to

public property, under the peculiar circumstances by which your colonies have been surrounded.

If you can furnish me with any authentic, printed or manuscript, statement of the rise, progress, and present state of Harmony, you would confer upon me a very particular obligation.

The gentleman who conveys this letter will perhaps have the goodness to take charge of them and bring them to England. Should this be inconvenient to him, any parcel addressed for me to New Lanark, North Britain, and forwarded to Mr. Quincy Adams, the secretary of state for the American home department, would, I have no doubt, come safe.

There is a colony here of about 2400 persons, whom I have already placed under new circumstances, preparatory to a still more improved arrangement, from which incalculable advantages to all classes may be expected. I am now in the midst of preparing a further development of the system I have in view, and it will give me pleasure to send you a copy of it, the earliest opportunity after it shall be ready. In the mean time I send you copies of such works as I have already published, which I request you to accept. I am, sir, your most obedient

ROBERT OWEN.

LETTER OF WILLIAM OWEN TO GEORGE FLOWER.

My Dear Sir:—I am happy to say that my father arrived here safe and well this morning from Mount Vernon, where he arrived late last night per steamer *Wm. Penn*, which has gone on with a load to Nashville. My father being anxious to lose as little time as possible, has determined, as you will perceive by the enclosed notice, to hold a meeting this day week. Will you give it all the publicity you conveniently can. Three gentlemen, who are, I believe, forming an establishment at Cincinnati, arrived with him, and we expect several here with whom he settled while on his tour. I have given the bearer a note for Mr. Birkbeck, enclosing a notice of the proposed meeting; as I understand he has never been at Wanborough, I will trouble you to forward the note thither, if convenient, with the least possible delay.

I hope Mrs. G. F. is quite well; also your father, and our other friends. My father begs to be remembered to you all.

In haste, truly yours,

WM. OWEN.

Harmony, Wednesday.

LETTER OF D. MACDONALD.

NEW HARMONY, *12th May, 1824.*

My Dear Sir:—Several of your neighbors came here to join the Society during Mr. Owen's absence, but the committee determined not to receive any more persons for a few days, that they might have time to arrange such as had already joined. We, however, promised to let them know after Mr. Owen's return, whether they were accepted. Mr. Owen returned last evening, and now takes the opportunity of Dr. Spring, to request you will, if convenient, and if you think the following persons, or any of them, would be good and useful members, to inform them that they may join:

Mrs. OLIVE JOHNSON.
Mr. and Mrs. CRADOCK.
Capt. HUSTON.
Mr. PHILIP B. MILES (is his lameness not objectionable).
Mr. BONHLEY.
Mr. and Mrs. WARRINGTON (after four months of sober life).
Mr. WILLIAM WILKINSON, bricklayer.

As we have a number of families offering their services, and many not very effective, it is not advisable to take any of the foregoing, unless you consider them likely to be immediately useful and valuable members. Of course, you will consider this letter private, and such as you can not recommend I trust you will inform, that at present we have so many applicants that we are obliged to postpone their reception till a future opportunity.

I hope Mrs. Gregory, your children, Mr. and Mrs. Flower, and the rest of your family are well. Pray give my best respects to them, and believe me, sincerely yours, D. MACDONALD.*

* The captivating theories of Mr. Robert Owen attracted many distinguished people, not only from Europe, but all parts of the United States, to New Harmony. Among these was the Scotchman, D. Macdonald, who, on his return to his own country, became Lord of the Isles and Earl of Skye.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

BY

REV. HENRY CLAY KINNEY.

A.

PAGE.

Abington, Virginia, ... 38
Academy of Sciences, French, ... 282
Acclimation, ... 256
Achilles, ship, ... 78
African Colonization, ... 17, 204
Africans, ... 170–2, 200, 209
Alabama, ... 145
Albemarle County, Virginia, ... 39
Albion, 11, 15, 17, 30, 81, 83, 93, 95, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 121, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 133, 134, 135, 136, 145, 146, 165, 190, 203, 207, 213, 217, 221, 222, 224, 231, 232, 235, 242, 243, 244, 249, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 258, 259, 261, 264, 272.
  Court-house at, ... 106, 138
  Peculiarities of, ... 252
  in 1812 and 1860, ... 251
  Vote on Convention, ... 190
Alleghanies, ... 74, 75, 84
Alton, ... 161
America, ... 25, 29, 43, 58, 95, 129, 148, 151, 198, 275
America, ship, ... 26
Atlantic Ocean, ... 70, 72, 85, 96
Augerville, ... 282
Australia, ... 26, 43, 95, 273
Ave Maria, ship, ... 75, 83
Avignon, ... 24

B.

Backwoodsmen leave the country, ... 144
Ball-Hill Prairie, ... 190
Baltimore, ... 122, 208, 231, 275
Bamstead, ... 117
Baptist services, ... 137
Barrens of Ohio, ... 32
Bastile, ... 281
Batavia, Illinois, ... 158
Bath, England, ... 279, 280
Bears, ... 235
Beaver, ... 51, 272
Bignon, ... 282
Birk's Prairie, ... 55, 123
Birmingham, England, ... 103
Birkbeck, Morris, Jr. (see Personal Index), agrees to enter land, ... 61–2

PAGE.
Anti-Slavery services (see Letters on Slavery), . . . 16–7
appointed Secretary-of-State of Illinois, but is not confirmed, 25, 191
burial-place of, ... 272
death of, ... 93, 197–8
descendants of, ... 272–3
early life of, ... 21–6
education and mental taste, ... 21–5
embarks for America, ... 26
erects temporary buildings for settlers, ... 82
family, ... 42
farm at Wanborough, England, ... 22
" " " given up, ... 80
" " " profits of, ... 80
father, ... 21
at fifty, ... 22
founds Wanborough, Illinois, ... 93, 104
Illinois' indebtedness to, ... 14
letter to Mr. Pope concerning extension of time of payment on lands, 68–9
letters on Slavery, ... 163–90
lives in Princeton, Indiana, ... 49, 61, 70
man of great ability, ... 14
meets Mr. Flower at Richmond, ... 42
mentioned in letters addressed to George Flower, 276, 277, 278, 280, 281, 282, 284.
non-residents, unwilling to invest for, ... 366–7
Pope's, Gov., reply to a letter from, ... 67–8
portrait of 18
proposes to Miss Andrews, ... 48–9
receives funds from England, ... 79–81
receives visit from Edward Coles, ... 24
publishes "Notes of a Journey in America," . . . 75–6
" "Notes of a Journey through France," . . 24
" with George Flower, pamphlet to emigrants, . . 152
" "Supplementary letter to British emigrants," . 140
religious sentiments, ... 25, 26, 140
religious training, ... 21
Birkbeck, Morris, Jr., remains in America, ... 62
searches for Illinois prairies with Mr. Flower, . . 52
subscription toward founding the English Settlement, . . 81
temperate habits, ... 22
variance with Mr. Flower, ... 89, 90–1
visits France with Mr. Flower, ... 23–4
widower, a 22
Blacks, free, outrages upon in Illinois, ... 193–4, 200–5
" no educational advantages for in Illinois, . . 259
" outrages upon in New Orleans, ... 207
Black laws of Illinois, ... 15
Black soldiers in War of 1812, ... 205
Blooded stock, ... 82, 126, 214, 233, 242–3
Bois-brulé, ... 51
Boltenhouse Prairie, ... 54, 62, 63, 81, 99, 100, 125
Bond County, ... 154
Bonpas Creek, ... 13, 100, 106, 205, 255
Boone County, ... 13, 134

PAGE.
Boston, ... 244
Botanical Gardens at Avignon, ... 24
Botley, England, ... 275
Bourg La Reine, ... 282
Brick-kiln, ... 106
Bristol, England, ... 78, 81, 83, 117, 149, 280
British and Foreign School Society, ... 276
Government discourages emigration, ... 153
prejudices against the, ... 58
Buckinghamshire, ... 242
Buffalo, the, ... 51, 272
Busro, Ind., Shaker Settlement at, ... 49, 50
Butter, five cents a pound, ... 228

C.

California, ... 130, 134, 147
Cambridge, Massachusetts, ... 275
Cambridgeshire, England, ... 83
Campbellite's services, ... 135
Camp-meeting, ... 137
Canada, ... 12, 13, 26, 245
Canadian French, ... 61
Cane in its natural state, ... 53
Cape of Good Hope, ... 26
Carlyle, town of, ... 129
Carmi, . . 88, 96, 112, 113, 146, 195, 200, 204, 222, 223, 224
Carolina, ... 145, 149, 178
Carroll County, ... 134
Castor-oil, manufacture of, ... 108
Cattinet, the French Settlement, ... 50–1, 89
Chambersburgh, ... 74, 84
Champaign County, ... 13
Channel, the 75
Isles, ... 77
Charleston, S. C., ... 149
Chicago, ... 13
fire, ... 7, 9, 16, 77
Historical Society, ... 7, 9, 16, 17, 18, 64, 67
Chickasaw nation, ... 36
Chillicothe, ... 32, 33
Choctaw nation, ... 36
Cincinnati, . . 32, 33, 45, 83, 87, 88, 121, 124, 125, 258, 285
Clark County, ... 13, 154
Clay County, ... 13
Clergymen of English Church, ... 249–50
Clock-peddler, ... 250
Cochocton, ... 32
Coffee Island, ... 61
Coles County, ... 13
Coles, Edward (see Personal Index), appoints Mr. Birkbeck secretary-of-state, ... 25, 191
emancipates his slaves, its consequences, ... 193
father and brothers, ... 39
governor of Illinois, ... 25, 191

PAGE.
Coles, Edward, letter to Mr. Birkbeck, ... 191
minister to Russia, ... 24
pardons a murderer, ... 110–12
signs free papers for black emigrants, ... 205
"Sketch of Edward Coles," 160
Columbia, ship, ... 117
Communities retain characteristics of founders, ... 20
Congress, . . . 50, 64, 65, 67, 68, 129, 134, 146, 223
land, price of, ... 222
Cook County, ... 13, 14
Connecticut, ... 144
Cornwall, England, ... 61, 77, 122, 129, 130
Cotton growing, ... 254
Court, first, at Albion, ... 112
Court-house and jail, ... 116
Courts and circuit-court riding, ... 224
Crawford County, ... 13, 147, 154
Crops, Illinois, ... 232
Cumberland County, ... 13
Cutthroats and robbers, ... 37–8

D.

Dead Man's Shoal, ... 86
Deer, ... 51, 96
DeKalb County, ... 13
Delaware, ... 162, 169
Denmark, ... 279
Derbyshire, England, ... 122, 125
Devonshire, England, ... 128, 130, 131
DeWitt County, ... 13
Dick's River, ... 34
Discovers and founders of settlements, fate of, . . 210–11, 269
Ditching, advantages of 131, 267
DuPage County, ... 13

E.

Eastern cities, ... 121, 133, 213
settlers, ... 147–8, 200
States, ... 46, 145, 258
trip, 1818, time and expense of 231
Edgar County, ... 13
Edgeworth Institute, ... 108
Edwards County, 11, 12, 14, 92, 110, 126, 133, 154, 158, 161, 253, 263–5
agricultural fairs, ... 264–5
counties formed out of, ... 12
county-seat moved to Albion, ... 110
educational statistics, 1858, ... 263
representative, ... 126
state of county affairs, ... 253
Edwardsville, ... 161, 191, 192, 193
Effingham County, ... 13
Egyptian bondage, ... 66
Electra, ship, ... 119
Elk, ... 51, 224–5, 272

PAGE.
Emerald Isle, ... 77
Emigrants, first parties, ... 78–9, 81–3
Emigration, blessings of, ... 66
England, 25, 43, 66, 69, 70, 75, 76, 77, 83, 91, 95, 117, 118, 123, 124, 126, 127, 130, 149, 153, 198, 211, 214, 242, 243, 246, 248, 249, 250, 251, 254, 255, 258, 271, 273, 275, 276, 277, 279, 280, 281, 283, 284.
English, ... 15, 58, 148, 165, 204
English Channel, ... 75
farmers, ... 65
farm-laborers, success of 222, 240
Settlement in Edwards County, attacks upon . . 133, 150–3
Mr. Birkbeck's subscription to 81
blooded stock in 82, 126, 214, 233, 243
books referring to 243–4, 251
cotton raised in 254
county-fairs in 264–5
court and court-house in 110–112
discomforts of settlers in . . 82, 89–90, 97, 99–100
distance between cabins in 224
emigration recommences to 220–1
extent of 255
farming profits in 232, 240
founding 15, 93, 104
off highways of travel, ... 150
land in, gradually taken up, ... 267
lawyers who visited 222–3
manuscript history of 3
marriage certificates, early 239
mechanics, early 103
murders in 110–3, 213
outrages upon blacks in 200–3
peach raising in 233
peculiarities of 252
physicians in, early 253–4
pork raised in 242–3
public library in 251
religious teachers in, early 132–40
schools and school-houses in . . . 337–61
settlers, characteristics of 114–31
" classes of 220–2, 240
" earliest 78, 88, 103, 110
" early 113–31, 144–9, 242–3
" places of nativity, . 78, 84, 96, 121–2, 148–50, 242–3
" ports at which they arrived, . . . 148
site determined upon, ... 61–2
temperate habits of settlers in 256
tradesmen, early 108–9
visited by tourists, ... 243–51
vote in, upon convention question, . . . 190
wolves and panthers in 231–2
social life, ... 23
unable to picture to themselves Illinois life, truly . . 76–7
Enniscorthy, ... 39
"Establishment, Rural" 282

PAGE.
Episcopal services, ... 134–6
Essex, England, ... 43
Europe, ... 90, 129, 276
Evansville, Indiana, ... 83, 115, 128, 146

F.

Falls of the Big Wabash, ... 13
Far West, ... 51
Farming in America, profits of 239–40
in England, profits of 80–1
Fayette County, ... 13, 154
Fleet prison, ... 211
Flower, George (see Index of Persons), African colonization scheme, 16, 204–8
age in 1817, ... 42
ancestors, ... 241
and Miss Eliza Andrews, afterward Mrs. Flower, . . 42
at seventy-four, ... 273
attends inauguration of President Monroe, . . . 40
builds cabins for settlers, ... 99
burial place of 12
Chicago Tribune, extract from 14
correspondents of (see letters) 3, 16
crosses the Wabash, ... 53
death of 3–12, 16–7
death of his brother William, ... 105
descends Ohio River in an "Ark," 86–7
determines with Mr. Birkbeck upon place for settlement, . 61–2
describes camp-meetings, ... 137–40
drives from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh in carriage, . . 84
embarks for America, ... 29, 82
" " England, ... 75
established at Princeton, Indiana. 49
evening of his life, ... 16, 273–4
father of (see Flower, Richard) 26
finds Capt. Birk's at last, ... 55–6
finds Mrs. Flower a noble woman, ... 98
first experiences in new home, ... 89–90, 98
foray with pro-slavery mob, ... 203
gets to Big-Prairie, ... 55
goes half-a-mile for water, ... 89
hears from Mr. Birkbeck, ... 89
horseback rides into interior of Illinois, . . . 227–230
" trip eastward, ... 71–5
hospitality of 15
hospitality of Mrs. Gen. Harrison to 45
husbandry upon improved scale, ... 15
Illinois, indebtedness of, to services in slavery struggle of 1823, 3, 14, 15
joined by Mr. Fordham, ... 88
joins Mr. Birkbeck at Richmond, Va., ... 42
journeying westward, first time, with party, . . . 43–60
invited to visit Monticello, ... 30
lays out the town of Albion, ... 100–4
leaves Mrs. Flower at Chambersburgh. 74
leaves Settlement in 1849, ... 98, 273

PAGE.
Flower, George, legal difficulties with neighbors, -- -- -- 211
letter from William Cobbett to -- -- -- -- 275
" Count de Lasteyrie, -- -- 275, 276, 278–9
" Abbé Gaultier to -- -- -- -- 278
" Gen. Lafayette to -- -- -- 277, 283–4
" D. Macdonald to -- -- -- -- 286
" Madam O'Connor to -- -- -- 280–1
" William Owen to -- -- -- -- 285
" A. H. Tessier to -- -- -- 282–3
life imperilled, -- -- -- 33, 34, 37–8, 75, 202
log-cabin and first meals of -- -- -- -- 89–90
lost in the rain, -- -- -- -- -- 227
lost on his way to Pittsburgh, -- -- -- -- 31
makes a comfortable house for father. -- -- -- 105–6
makes a will, -- -- -- -- -- -- 69
man of great ability, a -- -- -- -- -- 14
marries Miss Andrews, -- -- -- -- -- 48–9
mediates between Mr. and Mrs. Hanks, -- -- -- 93–4
meets, for the first time, Edward Coles, -- -- -- 40
" Mrs. Flower with babe at Chambersburgh, -- -- 84–5
" Gen. Jackson, -- -- -- -- -- 36
" Gen. Ripley, -- -- -- -- -- 36
" President Madison, -- -- -- -- -- 40
mother of -- -- -- -- -- -- 241
motives for immigration, -- -- -- -- -- 15
moves to Mount Vernon, Indiana. -- -- -- 93, 273
murder of his son Richard, -- -- -- -- -- 213
non-residents, unwilling to invest for -- -- -- 266
outrages upon, on account of friendship toward blacks, -- 200–4
passes through Cattinet, -- -- -- -- 50–1
pays just wages, -- -- -- -- -- -- 129
pecuniary difficulties of -- -- -- -- -- 16, 273
portrait of -- -- -- -- -- -- 18
president of railway, -- -- -- -- -- 255
provisions with difficulty obtained by -- -- -- -- 98
published, with Mr. Birkbeck, a pamphlet "To Emigrants," 152
publishes "Errors of Emigrants," -- -- -- -- 142
" letter in *Lowell Courier*, -- -- -- 142
puts Mr. Birkbeck's "Notes upon a Journey to America" in hands of publishers, -- -- -- -- -- 75–6
reaches Long-Prairie, -- -- -- -- -- 61
resides at Princeton, Indiana, -- -- -- -- 51, 70
returns, for a time, to England, -- -- -- -- 62
returns to Princeton, -- -- -- -- -- 61
rides to Lexington, -- -- -- -- -- 105
searches for the prairies, with Mr. Birkbeck, -- -- 52
sees Indians, -- -- -- -- -- -- 46
sends colony to Hayti, -- -- -- -- -- 204–8
sickness of -- -- -- -- -- 98, 202
and Mr. Sloo, -- -- -- -- -- 45
social life in Illinois of -- -- -- -- 233–4
" " Philadelphia of -- -- -- -- 30
spends a day at Busro, -- -- -- -- -- 49
stops at Shawneetown, -- -- -- -- 88

PAGE.
Flower, George, stops at Vincennes, .. -- -- -- 46
suffers from sea-sickness, -- -- -- -- 75
takes Mrs. Flower East with him, -- -- -- -- 70
temperate habits of -- -- -- -- -- 212
thought a visionary, -- -- -- -- -- 232
tribute to memory of, by Rev. William Barry, -- -- 15-7
" " by Chicago Historical Society, -- -- 17-8
variance with Mr. Birkbeck, at, cause, -- -- -- 89, 90-3
visits Cincinnati, -- -- -- -- -- -- 33
" Coles family, -- -- -- -- -- 39
" Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, -- -- -- 38-9
" " at Poplar Forest, -- -- -- 38
" France with Mr. Birkbeck, -- -- -- -- 23-4
" Neave family, -- -- -- -- -- 33
" New Harmony, -- -- -- -- -- 52-3
" Dr. Priestly, -- -- -- -- -- 31
" Gov. Shelby, -- -- -- -- -- 34-5
" mammoth cave, -- -- -- -- -- 35
visited by distinguished travelers, -- -- -- 243-9
writes history of the English Settlement in Edwards County, 11, 16
writes to Jefferson concerning land-grant, gets reply, -- 64-6
Flower, Mrs. George (see Personal Index) adventure with panther, 235-6
accompanies Mr. Flower on journeys in Illinois, -- 227-9, 230
aids in rescuing child from well, -- -- -- -- 122
babe born to, at Chambersburgh, -- -- -- -- 84
burial-place of -- -- -- -- -- 12
characteristics of -- -- -- -- -- 98-9
death of -- -- -- -- -- -- 11-12
decides at first to remain at Princeton, -- -- -- 69
disliked by a woman because English born, -- -- 58
evening of life of -- -- -- -- -- 273-4
goes East with husband, -- -- -- -- 70-4
life imperilled, -- -- -- -- -- -- 74
maiden name of -- -- -- -- -- 42
mentioned in letters addressed to husband, -- -- 285-6
nurses sick, -- -- -- -- -- -- 98-9
portrait of -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 18
resides at Chambersburgh during husband's visit to England, 74
refuses Morris Birkbeck, -- -- -- -- -- 48
visits Busro, -- -- -- -- -- -- 49
Flower, Richard (see Personal Index), -- -- -- -- 26
an anti-slavery man, -- -- -- -- -- 25
builds tavern and other buildings at Albion, -- -- 107-8
characteristics of -- -- -- -- -- 240-1
death of -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 240
hospitality at Park House of -- -- -- -- 106
house attacked by pro-slavery mob, -- -- -- 203
Illinois indebtedness to -- -- -- -- 14
interest in Albion, -- -- -- -- -- -- 144
lives at Lexington, Kentucky, -- -- -- -- 83, 105
Marden his English estate, -- -- -- -- -- 26
" " " sold, -- -- -- -- 85
moves to Albion, -- -- -- -- -- 106, 126
negotiates the sale of New Harmony, -- -- 52-3, 214

PAGE.
Flower, Richard, Park House, the Illinois residence of -- 105-6
preaches at Albion, -- -- -- -- -- -- 135
wife of -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 241-2
Fort Madison, Iowa, -- -- -- -- -- 134
Snelling, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 245
St. Anthony, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 245
Founders of colonies, losses and gains of -- -- -- 269-72
Fox River, -- -- -- -- -- -- 93
Fox-River Township, -- -- -- -- -- -- 175
Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," -- -- -- -- -- 241
France, -- 23-4, 26, 27, 50-1, 66, 275, 276-7, 278, 280, 281, 282
Frederickstown, Mo., -- -- -- -- -- 12
Free-school system, advantages of -- -- -- 262-3
Free-states, -- -- -- -- -- -- 162
Free-thinking christians, -- -- -- -- -- 245
French, -- -- -- -- 50-1, 65, 112, 128, 282, 283
Canadians, -- -- -- -- -- 61, 89
Creek Prairie, -- -- -- -- -- 235
Institute, -- -- -- -- -- -- 282
Settlement on Tombigbee, -- -- -- -- -- 65
Friends, the -- -- -- -- 20, 21, 25, 33, 117, 118
Fulton County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 161

G.

Galena, -- -- -- -- -- -- 134, 147
Congressional District, -- -- -- -- -- 147
lead mines, -- -- -- -- -- -- 245
Gallatin County, -- -- -- -- 12, 13, 134, 195, 223
saline, -- -- -- -- -- -- 155-6, 174
Georgia, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 169, 178
Germans, -- -- -- -- 53, 65, 109, 214, 215, 242
Germany, -- -- -- -- -- -- 132
Gibson County, Indiana, -- -- -- -- -- 49
Girondins, -- -- -- -- -- -- 281
Glamorganshire, Wales, -- -- -- -- -- 149
Grayville, -- -- -- 11, 12, 81, 109, 123, 124, 205
Great Britain, -- -- 26, 27, 53, 63, 64, 182, 183, 184, 190
uneasiness felt by the agriculturalists of -- -- -- 26-7
Great Wabash, -- -- -- 13, 32, 46, 61, 104, 110, 214
Greene County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 154
Grundy County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
Guernsey, island of -- -- -- -- -- 134
Gulf of Mexico, -- -- -- -- -- -- 148
Gwathway's Hotel, Louisville, -- -- -- -- 244

H.

Hammersmith, England, -- -- -- -- -- 81
Harmonie (see New Harmony), -- -- -- -- 52
Harmony, Pa., -- -- -- -- -- 32, 52
Hatton Garden, London, -- -- -- -- -- 79
Havre, France, -- -- -- -- -- -- 280
Hayti, Island of -- -- -- -- 16, 204, 206, 208, 209
colonization scheme, -- -- -- -- 16, 204-9
" " discouraged, -- -- -- 209

PAGE.
Hazle Hill, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 81
Hebrews, -- -- -- -- -- -- 172
Hertford, England, -- -- -- -- 26, 277, 278, 281, 283
Hertfordshire, England, -- -- -- 15, 26, 124, 151, 241, 275
Horseback traveling, -- -- -- 71-2, 225-6, 230
House of Commons, England, -- -- -- -- 182
Hudson-Bay Company, -- -- -- -- -- 245
Hunter-class, disappearance of -- -- -- -- 144
Hunting (see also elk, buffalo, deer, etc.), -- -- 235-7

I.

Illinois, 3, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 35, 43, 45, 46, 49, 51, 52, 53, 54, 60, 61, 65, 67, 70, 76, 77, 78, 81, 82, 84, 86, 88, 93, 113, 125, 128, 134, 140, 142, 147, 148, 150, 153, 155, 156, 159, 160, 161, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 170, 182, 185, 189, 197, 201, 202, 207, 221, 222, 223. 226, 231, 255, 263, 268, 269, 273.
admitted as free state, -- -- -- -- -- 176-7
congressman's district, -- -- -- -- -- 97
efforts to introduce slavery into -- -- -- 15-6, 154-97
Gazette, -- -- -- 161, 163, 168, 173, 175, 182, 188
Governors, -- -- -- -- -- 147, 159-60, 191
in 1812, -- -- -- -- -- -- 96-7
Intelligencer, -- -- -- -- -- 174, 175, 188
judges of U. S. court in -- -- -- -- -- 67
legislative council in 1816-18, -- -- -- -- 134
legislature in 1820-22, -- -- -- -- 145, 158-60
and Michigan Canal, -- -- -- -- -- 161
"Monthly Magazine," -- -- -- -- -- 223
northern, -- -- -- -- -- -- 154-5
northwestern circuit in 1841-42, -- -- -- -- -- 134
southern, -- -- -- -- -- -- 63
prairies, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 142
" ignorance of, -- -- -- -- 33, 35, 53
Republican, -- -- -- -- -- -- 170
slavery in -- -- -- -- -- 153-97, 195-6
supreme court, -- -- -- -- -- -- 157
territorial delegate, -- -- -- -- -- 67
U. S. senator, -- -- -- -- -- -- 160
India, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 84
Indiana, 13, 16, 43, 44, 45, 46, 63, 100, 133, 150, 163, 201, 202, 207
Indian mound, -- -- -- -- -- -- 59
Indians, -- -- -- 32, 46, 51-2, 54, 55, 58, 61, 202, 272
as wrestlers, -- -- -- -- -- -- 225
Intemperance among pioneers (see also temperate habits of English settlers) 60, 111, 113, 194, 195, 204, 212, 265
Iowa, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 134
Ireland, -- -- -- -- -- 75, 77, 125, 282
Iroquois County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
Israelites and slavery, -- -- -- -- -- 171-2

J.

Jamaica, island of -- -- -- -- -- 109, 125
Jasper County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
Jefferson County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
town of -- -- -- -- -- -- 32
Joe Daviess County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 134

PAGE.

K.

Kane County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
Kankakee County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
Kaskaskia, -- -- -- -- -- -- 96, 145
River, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 129
Kelshall, England, -- -- -- -- -- 241
Kendall County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
Ohio, -- -- -- -- -- -- 32
Kennebec County, Maine, -- -- -- -- -- 133
Kent, England, -- -- -- -- -- -- 114, 115
Kentucky, -- 34, 35, 50, 63, 136, 155, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 223

L.

LaGrange, France, -- -- -- -- -- 277
Lake County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
Lanark, Scotland, -- -- -- -- -- 214
Land, government, price of -- -- -- -- -- 165
" unable to get extension of time of payment for, 63, 67
office, Shawneetown, recently opened, 1818, -- -- -- 45
advantages in gradual taking up of -- -- -- 267
LaSalle County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
LaVillette's Ferry, -- -- -- -- 59, 61, 62
Lawrence County, -- -- -- -- -- 13, 154
Lawrenceville, -- -- -- -- -- -- 228
Lee County, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 134
Leicestershire, England, -- -- -- -- -- 114
Lexington, Ky., -- -- -- 34, 83, 84, 105, 126, 214
Lincoln County, Ky., -- -- -- -- -- 34
Lincolnshire, England, -- -- -- -- 128, 131, 221
Litchfield, Maine, -- -- -- -- -- 133
Little Wabash River, -- -- -- 59, 60, 100, 104, 118, 204, 255
Lithographic establishment, -- -- -- -- 279-80
Liverpool, England, -- -- -- -- 29, 75, 82, 124
Livingston County, -- -- -- -- -- 13
Log-cabins, description and price of -- -- -- -- 104
disappearance of -- -- -- -- -- 252
London, England, 24, 47, 68, 76, 77, 79, 81, 82, 85, 98, 108, 109, 119, 124, 125, 148, 221, 232, 245, 276, 278, 279.
Long-Prairie, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 61
Lost child, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 234-5
Louisville, Ky., -- -- -- -- 79, 88, 157, 244
Lowell Courier, -- -- -- -- -- -- 142

M.

Macon County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
Madison County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13, 154
Mail, interruption of -- -- -- -- -- -- 68
Mammoth Cave, -- -- -- -- -- -- 35
Marden, England, -- -- -- -- 26, 85, 277, 281, 284
Marion County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
Market for farmers' produce, -- -- -- -- -- 239-40
house, -- -- -- -- -- -- 106
Marriage licenses and fees, early -- -- -- 238-9
Martinsburgh, Va., -- -- -- -- -- 112, 232

PAGE.
Maysville, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 115
McHenry County, -- -- -- -- -- 13
McLean County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
Mercer County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 134
Methodist camp-meeting, -- -- -- -- -- 137
church, -- -- -- -- -- -- 137
settlement, -- -- -- -- -- -- 158
Mexico, -- -- -- -- -- 43, 95, 196, 223, 272
city of -- -- -- -- -- -- 272
Mill, -- -- -- -- -- -- 107
Mississippi River, -- -- -- -- 35, 96, 97, 240, 245
State of -- -- -- -- -- -- 36
Missouri, State of -- -- -- -- -- 36, 46, 168
Montgomery County, -- -- -- -- -- 154
Monticello, Va., -- -- -- -- -- 24, 30, 284
1816 and 1882, -- -- -- -- -- 40
Mosquitoes, -- -- -- -- -- -- 256
Mount Carmel, -- -- -- -- -- 107, 110, 137, 146
Mount Vernon, Ind., -- -- -- -- 11, 12, 98, 285
Murders, -- -- -- -- -- -- 110, 213
Mushanon Creek, -- -- -- -- -- -- 31

N.

Nashville, Tenn., -- -- -- -- -- -- 35
Nantucket, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 32
National Road, -- -- -- -- -- -- 228
Negroes, American hatred of -- -- -- -- -- 200
New England, -- -- -- -- -- 20, 146, 259
New Harmony, Ind., 30, 52, 53, 55, 92, 93, 96, 109, 126, 127, 130, 196, 197, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 221, 249, 272, 273, 285, 286.
New Lanark, Scotland, -- -- -- -- 53, 284
New Orleans, 36, 117, 125, 130, 149, 164, 180, 206, 207, 208, 240, 242, 249
New-York City, 29, 30, 75, 84, 95, 118, 133, 145, 152, 208, 209, 232, 275
State of -- -- -- -- -- 152, 162, 168, 176
Niagara, Falls of -- -- -- -- -- -- 87
North-Bend, Ohio, -- -- -- -- -- -- 45
North-Britain, -- -- -- -- -- -- 285
North Carolina, -- -- -- -- -- 166, 169
North-western Company, -- -- -- -- -- 245
States, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 137
Territory, -- -- -- -- -- -- 244
Norfolk, England, -- -- -- -- -- -- 118
Virginia, -- -- -- -- -- -- 26
Nottinghamshire, England, -- -- -- -- 82, 115
Norway, -- -- -- -- -- -- 142

O.

Ogle County, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 134
Ohio River, 13, 35, 43, 44, 65, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 98, 115, 118, 155, 245
dangerous crossing, -- -- -- -- -- 34
navigating the -- -- -- -- -- 86-7
State of -- -- -- -- -- 44, 130, 150, 163, 168
Olney, Illinois, -- -- -- -- -- -- 123, 231

PAGE.
Oppelousas, ... 36
Opossum, ... 51
Oxfordshire, England, ... 87

P.

Pacific Ocean, ... 70, 96
Palestine, Illinois, ... 147
Palmyra, Illinois, ... 13, 110, 201
Panthers, ... 230-1
Paris, ... 275, 276, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283
Park House, ... 81, 106, 121, 126, 130, 131, 213, 230, 241, 249
Pau, France, ... 245
Peasants of France, artistic taste of 24
Pennsylvania, ... 20, 31, 145, 152, 162, 168, 185, 210
Peoria, ... 230
Petersburg, Ind., ... 133
Philadelphia, 20, 30, 33, 40, 51, 71, 75, 76, 81, 84, 114, 115, 119, 121, 133, 135, 208, 209, 231, 275.
Piankeshaw Indians, ... 99, 272
Piatt County, ... 13
Pickaway Indians, ... 32
plains, ... 33
Pigeon Creek, Ind., ... 128
Pike County, ... 154, 161
Pioneer life, ... 57-61
" unlike English, ... 76-7
specimen of 55-6
reflections on 59-60
Pittsburgh, 31, 32, 44, 45, 74, 81, 83, 84, 85, 86, 108, 115, 119, 124, 128, 150, 213, 231, 245, 284.
"Pittsburgh Navigator," 86
Plymouth, England, ... 108
Poplar Forest, ... 35, 38, 39, 64
Pork of Albion, high price received for 242-3
Port-au-Prince, ... 206
Posey County, Indiana, ... 11
Postage rates, ... 254
Prairie ignorance, ... 53-4
changing appearance of 141-2
fire, ... 141-2, 269
flies, ... 55-6
Princeton, Ind., ... 49, 50, 51, 56, 61, 68, 69, 70, 85, 91, 93
Produce, price of 214

Q.

Quakers (see Friends), ... 20, 21, 25, 33, 188, 196

R.

Racoon, ... 51
Railroad building, ... 255-6
Ramsey's Station, ... 224
Randolph County, ... 155
Red-River Colony, ... 245
of the North, ... 245

PAGE.
Religious sentiment in the Settlement, -- -- -- 132-43
Republican Advocate, -- -- -- -- -- 170
Richland County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
Richmond, Va., -- -- -- -- -- -- 40, 42
River Raisin, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 58
Rivers, dangerous crossing of -- -- 34, 44, 73-4, 226, 229
Road making, -- -- -- -- -- 53, 106, 239
from Chambersburgh to Pittsburgh, -- -- -- 84
Roads, American and English -- -- -- -- -- 84
Roads, early (see Trace) -- -- -- -- -- 53, 54
Robert Burns, ship, -- -- -- -- -- -- 29
Rochester, Illinois, -- -- -- -- -- 61
Rock-Island County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 134
Rock Spring, Illinois, -- -- -- -- -- 161
Roman Catholics, -- -- -- -- -- -- 137
church, -- -- -- -- -- -- 209
Russia, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 24

S.

Saline District, -- -- -- -- -- -- 155
Sandon, England, -- -- -- -- -- -- 241
San Francisco, Cal., -- -- -- -- -- 134
Sangamon County, -- -- -- -- -- 154, 161
Schools in France, -- -- -- -- -- 276, 279
difficulties in sustaining in Illinois, -- -- -- -- 258
Lancastrian, -- -- -- -- -- -- 279
price of tuition in Illinois, -- -- -- -- -- 146
and school-houses, early -- -- -- -- 257-63
Scioto River, -- -- -- -- -- -- 33
Scotland, -- -- -- -- 77, 136, 214, 277, 282, 286
Sea voyages, dangerous and tedious -- -- -- 75, 83
Seine River, France, -- -- -- -- -- 280
Settlers (see English Settlement), losses of -- -- -- 269
from different localities, characteristics of -- -- -- 144-7
Severn, River -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 149
Shakers, -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 49, 200
Shawneetown, 35, 45, 63, 81, 88, 98, 102, 130, 133, 135, 155, 156, 176, 195, 201, 206-7, 213, 223, 224, 225, 242.
Shawneetown Gazette, -- -- -- 163, 176, 181, 195, 206
Spectator, -- -- -- -- -- -- 223
Shelby County, -- -- -- -- -- -- 13
Ship voyage, dismal nature of -- -- -- -- 75-6
Siberia -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 142
Skye, Isle of -- -- -- -- -- -- 11, 286
Slave-states, settlers from (see also Southerners), -- -- -- 60
Slave-trade declared piracy, -- -- -- -- 184
Slavery (see Birkbeck's letters), 163, 167, 168, 170, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 182, 186, 188, 189.
a curse to Western Virginia, -- -- -- -- 40
efforts to introduce into Illinois, -- -- 24-5, 154-97
" " " incident in struggles, -- 134
English efforts to modify, -- -- -- -- 182-5
extension in U. S. of -- -- -- -- -- 184
Snow storm, lost in -- -- -- -- -- -- 229

PAGE.
Société Philantropique, 279
Southerners as settlers, 147-8, 158, 168, 190, 200
Southern States, 128, 245-6, 158
Spain, 24, 136
Speculators, 133
attacks of 152-3
discouraged, 266-7
fear of 63-4, 67
Springfield, Illinois, 13, 147, 222
St. Clair County, 161
St. Domingo, Hayti, 178, 206
St. Lawrence, Gulf of 148
St. Louis, Mo., 46, 96, 103, 157, 245, 249
Stephenson County, 134
Succotash, 51
Sunbury, England, 31
Surrey, England, 21, 78, 106, 117, 118
Susquehanna River, 31
Supplies, from whence drawn, 213-4
Sweden, 142
Swiss Settlement on Ohio, 65

T.

Tartary, 142
Temperate habits in Settlement, 256
Tennessee, 36, 60, 149, 155, 166
mountains, 36
Terre Haute, Ind., 46
Texas, State of 258
Therfield, England, 241
Timber-land avoided by English, 268
Time and expense of average trip from East, in 1818-23, 231
Tippecanoe, Battle of 46
Trace across Illinois, 46
blind, 97
from Vincennes to St. Louis, 227
Traveling in 1818 and 1860, 231
by stage, boat, and on horseback, 43-62
Trinidad, Island of 183
Tombigbee River, 65
Town-meetings, 144
Turkey, wild 51, 90
Tuscar Lighthouse, 75

U.

United States, 27, 90, 136, 149, 184, 242, 245, 283, 284
ignorance in England of the 148
Land Court, California, 147
reflection on the 26-8

V.

Vandalia, 97, 111, 145, 157, 160, 164, 174, 187, 188, 191, 194, 195, 224, 225, 226.
Venison, price of 96

PAGE.
Vermillion County, ... 13
Vermont, State of 162, 168
Verona, Italy, ... 180
Vignon, France, ... 284
Village-chime, charm of the 135-6
Prairie, ... 99, 100, 102, 121, 123, 126
Vincennes, Ind., 45, 46, 49, 83, 103, 107, 108, 150, 201, 202, 231
Virginia, State of 20, 35, 36, 38, 39, 40, 76, 162, 168

W.

Wabash County, ... 13
River, 46, 51, 52, 61, 83, 88, 97, 115, 128, 147, 161, 165, 205, 206, 273
ferries, ... 45, 51, 53, 55, 61
fording of (see also Great Wabash and Little Wabash), .. 63
valley, ... 52, 53, 134
Wales, ... 33, 77, 149
Wanborough, England, ... 21, 24, 43, 80
Illinois, 55, 82, 93, 100, 104, 117, 118, 125, 134, 136, 188, 189, 273, 285
Washington City, ... 67, 69, 225, 249, 284
County, ... 155
Pennsylvania, ... 123
Warwickshire, England, ... 126, 214
War of 1812, ... 50, 205
of the Rebellion, ... 12
Water, difficulty of obtaining 96, 104-5, 107
Waterloo, ... 281
Wayne County, Ind., ... 13, 14, 154
Wealth, production of 180-1
Well, child in 131
digging, dangers of 122, 123
Western States, ... 143
West Indies, ... 77, 183
Wheeling, Va., ... 123
Whipping-post, ... 112
White County, ... 11, 88, 113, 156, 175, 195, 222
White River, ... 202
Indians, ... 202
Whitesides County, ... 134
Wild animals, ... 236-7
Will County, ... 13
Williams' Ferry, ... 55
Winnebago County, ... 134
Wisconsin, ... 14
William Penn, steamer, ... 285
Wolves, ... 236-7

Y.

Yankees, ... 133
Yeatley, Surrey, England, ... 78
York, City of 126
Factory, ... 245
Yorkshire, England, ... 114, 126, 242

Z.

Zacatecas, Mexico, ... 197

INDEX OF PERSONS.

BY

HENRY CLAY KINNEY.

A.

Adams, John, 27.
Adams, John Quincy, 68, 247, 285.
Agniel, *Mrs.*, 11.
Alfred the Great, 242.
Allen, William, 278.
"Americanus," 187, 188.
Anderson, John, 59.
Anderson, *Mr.*, 142.
Andrews, Eliza Julia, 42, 47, 48. *(See* Flower, *Mrs.* George.*)*
Andrews, Mordicah, 43.
Applegath, Joseph, 221, 231.
Arnold, Isaac Newton, 3.
Arthur, *Mr.*, 201.
Arthur, Samuel, 129, 130.
Ayres, Thomas, 119.

B.

Bakewell, Thomas, 32.
Balwin, *Rev. Mr.*, 135.
Ballard, Jeremiah, 239.
Banks, *Mr.*, 279, 280.
Bankson, Andrew, 155.
Barker, *Mr.*, 279.
Barney, Eliza, 239.
Barry, William, 15.
Beevoir, *Lady*, 249.
Beevoir, Thomas, 249.
Bennett, David, 83.
Birk, *Capt.*, 55, 56, 60, 96, 99.
Birk, *Mrs.*, 57, 58.
Birkbeck, Bradford, 42, 44, 45, 52, 69, 95, 196, 197.
Birkbeck, Charles, 42, 196.
Birkbeck, Eliza, 42, 46, 69. *(See* Pell, *Mrs.* Eliza.*)*
Birkbeck, Morris, *Sr.*, 21.
Birkbeck, Morris, *Jr. (see Subject Index)*, 3, 11, 13, 15, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 40, 42, 43, 48, 49, 51, 52, 53, 61, 63, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 75, 76, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 85, 88, 89, 90–1, 92, 93, 95, 96, 99, 104, 133, 140, 142, 151, 152, 161, 187, 188, 189, 191, 196, 197, 244, 267, 272, 276, 277, 278, 280, 281, 282, 284
Birkbeck, Prudence, 47, 72, 93, 125. *(See* Hanks, *Mrs.)*
Birkett, Henry, 125, 203.
Blackwell, David, 25.
Blake, *Judge*, 49.
Bonaparte, Napoleon, 23, 276.
Bond, Shadrach, 134, 190.
Bonhley, *Mr.*, 286.
Boucher, *Rev. Mr.*, 134.
Bowman, Henry, 124.
Bowman, *Mrs.* Henry (Simkins), 124.
Boyer, *President*, 16, 204.
Brenchly, John, 121.
Brenchly, *Mrs.* John, 121.
Brissenden, John, 114, 115, 148.
Brissenden, *Mrs.* John (Mea), 114, 115.
Brown, Basil, 51.
Brown, Thomas, 133.
Brown, *Mrs.* Thomas, 133.
Browne, Jesse B., 134, 135, 190.
Browne, Thomas C., 134, 195, 224.
Bumbery, Samuel, 239.
Buntin, James, 242.
Burris, Gilbert, 200.
Butler, Joseph, 115.

C.

Calhoon, *Mr.*, 85.
Calhoon, *Mrs.*, 85.
Calvin, Neptune, 200.
Campbell, Thompson, 147.
Candolle, Augustin Pyrame de, 24.
Canning, George, 183.
Carey, Matthew, 275.
Carter, James, 109, 124, 230.
Carter, *Mrs.* James, 124, 125.
Cave, William, 130.
Cave, *Mrs.* William, 130.
Chabot, *M.*, 281.
Charles II., 20.
Chase, Philander, 136.
Chateaubriand, *Vicomte de*, 273.
Chetlain, Augustus L., 245.
Chisholm, Elijah, 252.
Churchill, Charles, 109.

Churchill, James, 109.
Churchill, Joel, 108, 109, 252, 254.
Clark, *the murderer*, 110.
Clark, William, 118.
Clay, Henry, 222.
Clem, Thomas, 123.
Coad, Edward, 61, 129, 130.
Coad, *Mrs.* Edward, 129.
Cobbett, William, 11, 16, 140, 151, 152, 275.
Coles, Edward *(see Subject Index)*, 3, 24, 25, 39, 40, 110, 111, 112, 134, 160, 191, 194, 195, 205.
Coles, Isaac, 39.
Coles, John, 39.
Coles, *Miss*, 39.
Coles, *Mr.*, 124.
Coles, *Mrs.* 124.
Coles, Walter, 39.
Columbus, Christopher, 210.
Condorcet, *Marchioness* de, 281.
Condorcet, *Marquis* de, 16, 281–2.
Constable, D., 246–9.
Coombs, Matthew, 122, 128.
Cook, Daniel P., 190.
Corey, Adam, 255.
Corrie, Adam, 82.
Cowling, George, 128.
Cowling, Henry, 128.
Cowling, John, 61, 128.
Crackles, Joseph, 130, 221.
Crackles, Kelsey, 130, 221.
Crackles, Thomas, 130, 221.
Cradock, *Mr.*, 286.
Cradock, *Mrs.*, 286.
Crawford, *Mr.*, 278.
Cromwell, Oliver, 241.
Curtis, William, 136.

D.

Dalby, *Mr.*, 253.
Darcet, *Mr.*, 279.
Davidson, William H., 113, 223.
Dement, Henry Dodge, 12, 14.
Dewese, *Dr.*, 31.
Dickson, Francis, 108, 254.
Donaldson, *Mr.* 33.
Drake, *Dr.*, 33.
Dransfield, *Mr.*, 234.
Drummond, Thomas, 67.
Duane, William, 275.
Duncan, Joseph, 191.
DuVasty, *M.*, 178.

E.

Eddy, Henry, 223, 225.
Edwards, Ninian, 161, 223.
Ellis, Jack, 111–2.
Ellis, *Mrs.*, 129.

F.

Fearon, Henry Bradshaw, 153, 244.
Ferryman, George, 109.
Field, Richard, 128.
Field, *Mrs.* Richard (Ellis), 129.
Filder, *Mr.*, 82, 84, 150–1.
Fitch, John, 210.
Flack, James, 75.
Flower, Alfred, 11, 243.
Flower, Camillus, 243.
Flower, Edward Fordham, 82, 126, 214, 234, 242, 243.
Flower, Geo. *(see Index of Subjects)* 3, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 24, 25, 26, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40–1, 42, 43, 44, 45–62, 63–5, 66–8, 69–75, 76–7, 80–1, 82–101, 102–3, 104–5, 106–9, 112–3, 114–7, 119, 122–3, 124, 126–31, 135, 137–40, 142–3, 144, 146–50, 152–3, 154, 157, 160, 161, 190–1, 195, 199–212, 213–4, 217, 221–2, 224–6, 227–37, 240–8, 250, 252, 254–6, 258–65, 266, 273–4, 275–86.
Flower, *Mrs.* George (Andrews), 11, 12, 17, 43, 48, 49, 58, 69–70, 84–5, 88, 98–9, 116, 122, 227–9, 230, 231, 273–4, 285, 286.
Flower, Martha, 126.
(See Pickering, *Mrs.* William.*)*
Flower, Mary Catherine, 81.
(See Ronalds, *Mrs.* Hugh.*)*
Flower, Richard *(see Index of Subjects)* 14, 25, 26, 52, 83, 84, 105, 106, 107, 108, 126, 135, 144, 214, 240.
Flower, *Mrs.* Richard (Fordham), 241.
Flower, Richard, *Jr.*, 87, 213.
Flower, Richard, *Jr. (4th son)*, 12.
Flower, William, 82, 86, 88, 105, 241.
Flower, *a babe*, 84, 99.
Ford, *Mrs.* Prudence (Birkbeck), 273.
Ford, Thomas, 147, 159, 160.
Fordham, Edward King, 251.
Fordham, Elias P., 42, 49, 88, 89, 100, 102, 108.
Fordham, Maria, 82, 84, 88, 98.
Fox, Charles James, 248.
Fox, *Mr.*, 278.

Franklin, Benjamin, 27, 281.
Frederick, *Lord*, 250–1.
French, Augustus C., 147.
French, *Mr.*, 252.
Fulton, Robert, 210.

G.

Gahee, David, 239.
Ganaway, John, 229.
Gard, Seth, 239.
Garton, Elizabeth, 43.
Gaultier, Aloisius Edouard Camille, 11, 276, 278, 279.
Gilbert, *Mr.*, 119, 207.
Gillard, *Mr.*, 42, 43.
Granville, *Citizen*, 209.
Graves, John, 151.
Grayham, Robert, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208.
Grégoire, Henri, 279.
Gregory, *Mrs.*, 286.
Griscom, John, 209.
Grouchy, Emmanuel, 281.
Grutt, Benjamin, 103.

H.

Hall, Edward, 120–1.
Hall, Robert, 120–1.
Hall, James, 223.
Hall, William, 118–9, 120–1.
Hall, *Mrs.* William, 118.
Hall, *Mr.*, 196, 231.
Hallum, William, 125.
Hamilton, Alexander, 247.
Hanks, Francis, 93–5, 125.
Hanks, *Mrs.* Francis (Birkbeck), 93–5, 272. (*See* Birkbeck, Prudence.)
Hansen, Nicholas, 155, 159, 160.
Harding, Thomas, 203.
Hargrave, Willis, 113, 156, 174, 195.
Harp, *Mr.*, 37.
Harris, George, 252.
Harris, Gibson, 108, 109.
Harris, *Mr.*, 59–60, 71.
Harris, William, 116, 224.
Harrison, William Henry, 5, 45, 46, 133, 205.
Harrison, *Mrs.* William H., 45.
Harwick, Henry, 109.
Hawkins, *Capt.*, 119.
Hay, Daniel, 113.
Hayes, Samuel Snowdon, 113.
Hayward, *Mr.*, 87, 88.
Henshaw, *Mr.*, 109.
Heth, *Capt.*, 26.
Hettick, *Mrs.*, 74.
Hibert, *Mr.*, 119.
Hibert, *Mrs.*, 119.
Hobson, *Mr.*, 110.
Hoge, Joseph P., 134.
Hornbrook, *Mr.*, 128.
Hulme, *Mr.*, 231, 243.
Husband, Richard, 128–30.
Huston, Henry, 55, 286.
Hutchins, Benjamin, 135.

I.

Imlay, George, 33.
Ingle, John, *Sr.*, 83, 105.
Ingle, John, *Jr.*, 83.

J.

Jackson, Andrew, 36.
Jackson, *Mr.*, 117.
Jackson, *Mrs.*, 117.
Jefferson, Thomas, 11, 16, 24, 28, 30, 35, 38, 39, 40, 64–7, 69, 248, 284.
"John Rifle," 163, 165, 167.
Johns, John, 252.
Johnson, *Dr.*, 152.
Johnson, J. B., 125.
Johnson, Olive, 286.
"Jonathan Freeman," 163, 165, 166, 167, 168–70, 172–3, 175–6, 177–88, 197.
Jones, Mary, 239.
Jones *family (colored)*, 205.

K.

Kane, Elias Kent, 223.
Kean, John, 61.
Kearney, Stephen Watts, 134.
Kearsum, David, 118.
Kearsum, George, 118.
Kenton, *Mr.*, 124.
Kenyon, *Capt.*, 84.
Kidd, *Mr.*, 119.
Kidd, *Mrs.*, 119.
King, Rufus, 27.
Kleinworth, *Mr.*, 232.
Kniffer, Richard, 123.

L.

Lafayette, *Gen.*, 11, 30, 277, 280, 282, 283, 284.
LaSalle, *Col.*, 46, 49.
Lasteyrie, Adrien Jules, 280.
Lasteyrie, *Count de*, 11, 16, 275, 276, 277, 278, 280, 281.
Lasteyrie, *Madam de*, 280.

LaVallett, Auguste, 59, 61, 62.
LaVallett, François, 61.
Lawrence, James, 79, 81, 88, 99, 100, 102, 103, 123.
Leiter, Levi Z., 3, 18.
LeSeur, *Mr.*, 30.
Lewis, Mary, 121.
Lewis, John, 107, 121, 223.
Lewis, *Mrs.* John, 107, 121.
Liddard, *Mr.*, 251.
Lincoln, Abraham, 126.
Lockwood, Samuel D., 158, 226.
Loudon, *Mr.*, 275.
Louis XVI, 282.
Lowe, *Col.*, 12.
Lowe, *Dr.*, 254.
Luther, Mathew, 200.

M.

McClure, William, 296.
McDonald, *Judge*, 201.
McGahee, David, 239.
McLean, John, 201, 223.
Macdonald, D., 11, 286.
Madison, James, 39, 40.
Marter, John, 120.
Mason, Edward Gay, 18.
Mather, Thomas, 155.
May, John, 131.
Mayo, Walter L., 253.
Mayo, *Mrs.*, 119.
Mazere, *M.*, 178.
Mea, *Miss*, 114.
Mellish, *Mr.*, 284.
Michaels, George, 144–5, 148.
Michaels, John, 144, 148.
Michaels, Moses, 144, 148, 201, 239.
Miller, *Mr.*, 35.
Mills, Henry J., 190.
Mirabeau, *Comte de*, 247.
Monroe, James, 40.
Montesquieu, *Baron de*, 128.
Moran, J. H. O., 279.
Moses, 172, 173, 186.
Morgan, John, 213.
Mummonie, Jean, 90.

N.

Nailor, *Mr.*, 242.
Neave, Jeremiah, 33, 45.
Niles, Hezekiah, 275.

O.

O'Connor, Arthur, 282.
O'Connor, *Madam*, 11, 16, 280, 281–2.
Oldfield, *Mr.*, 275.
Oliver, *Mr.*, 131.
Orange, Daniel, 125, 135.
Orange, *Mrs.*, 125.
Owen, David Dale, 53.
Owen, Robert, 53, 92, 93, 126, 196, 214–9, 221, 249, 284–5, 286.
Owen, Robert Dale, 53, 218.

P.

Paine, Thomas, 247, 281.
Parsons, *Capt.*, 29.
Paul, *Mr.*, 119.
Paul, *Mrs.*, 119.
Payne, David, 239.
Peck, John Mason, 161.
Pell, Gilbert T., 25, 94, 95, 133.
Pell, *Mrs.* Eliza (Birkbeck), 93, 94, 95, 272.
Penfold, Abraham, 103.
Penfold, Isaac, 103.
Penfold, Jacob, 103.
Penn, William, 20, 211, 270–1.
Perry, *Mr.*, 110–2.
Peters, *Mr.*, 124.
Phillips, *Mr.*, 31.
Phillips, Joseph, 134.
Pickering, Mathew, 126.
Pickering, William, 126, 135, 144, 243, 255. [Died April 22, 1873.]
Pickering, *Mrs.* W. (Flower), 126.
Pitcher, Henry, 103.
Pitcher, John, 103, 107, 124.
Pitt, William, 247.
Plough, Samuel, 239.
Plough, Sare, 239.
Plummer, J. B., 12.
Pope, John, 67.
Pope, Nathaniel, 67, 68.
Priestly, Joseph, 31.
Pritchard, Edward, 117.
Pritchard, *Miss*, 123.
Pritchard, Samuel, 117.
Pritchard, *Mrs.* Samuel, 117.
Pritchard, Thomas, 117.
Proffitt, George H., 134.
Pugsley, C., 83, 123.
Pugsley, *Mrs.* C., 83.

R.

Randolph, *Misses*, 39.
Rapp, Frederick, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217–9.
Rapp, George, 32, 52–3, 214–9, 249, 284–5.

Rapp, Gertrude, 217.
Raynal, *Abbé*, 36.
Reynolds, John, 160.
Ripley, *Gen.*, 36.
Robinson, John M., 113, 223.
Ronalds, Hugh, 81, 100, 102, 144, 203, 229.
Ronalds, *Mrs.* Hugh (Flower), 81. (*See* Flower, Mary.)
Rotch, Francis, 82, 83.
Rotch, Thomas, 32, 82, 83.
Rotch, *Mrs.* Thomas, 32.
Rousseau, Jean Jaques, 247.

S.

Saunders, *Mr.* 34.
Scavington, John, 115–6, 189.
Schofield, Charles, 243, 252.
Schofield, William, 243, 252.
Scudmore, Philip, 239.
Selkirk, *Lord*, 244–5.
Shaw, John, 155, 159–60.
Shelby, Isaac, 34–6.
Shelby, *Mr.*, 36.
Shepherd, Betsy, 115.
Shepherd, Thomas, 126–8.
Shepherd, *Mrs.* Thomas, 126–8.
Shepherd, Thomas, *Jr.*, 127.
Short, *Dr.*, 34.
Simkins, *Misses*, 124.
Simkins, Thomas, 124.
Simkins, *Mrs.* Thomas, 124.
Simpson, *Mr.*, 118.
Sinclair, *Mr.*, 280.
Skye, *Lord of*, 11, 286.
Slade, Charles, 129, 268.
Sloo, John Roe, 45, 49, 54, 56.
Smith, G. M., 239.
Smith, Isaac, 125.
Smith, John, 109.
Smith, Matthew, 252.
Smith, Moses, 109.
Smith, William, 239.
Sorgenfrey, *Mr.*, 204.
Spence, W., 237.
Spring, Archibald, 122-3, 130, 254, 286.
Spring, Henry, 123.
Spring, John, 123.
Spring, Sydney, 123.
Spring, *Mrs.* Sydney (Pritchard), 123.
Spring, Thomas, 122–3.
Spring, *Mrs.* Thomas, 122.
Stanhope, *Mr.*, 125, 242.
Stevenson, Andrew, 39.
Stevenson, John White, 39.
Stevenson, Sarah (Coles), 39.
Stewart, Alexander, 109, 246, 252.
Stewart, Margaret, 239.
Stone, Ann, 239.
Stone, Captain, 83.
Stout, Elihu, 49.
Swaine, *Mr.*, 275, 282, 283.
Swale, Thomas, 126.

T.

Tessier, Alexander Henri, 282.
Tewks, William, 114, 115.
Thiers, Louis Adolphe, 280.
Thomas, Jesse Barton, 160, 223.
Thompson, F. B., 246, 254.
Thompson, Jeff, 12.
Thompson, Samuel, 243, 245, 246, 251, 254.
Thompson, Samuel, *Jr.*, 246.
Thread, James, 125.
Thread, Robert, 125.
Tribe, John, 117.
Trimmer, Charles, 78, 79, 81, 88, 99, 103, 116, 123.
Trotter, *Mr.*, 34.
Truscott, William, *Sr.*, 122, 129.
Truscott, William, *Jr.*, 129.

V.

Vaughan, John, 30.
Vernet, *Madam*, 281.
Victoria, *Queen*, 118.
Voltaire, François Marie Arouet de, 247.

W.

Waite, Isaac, 75.
Walford, Robert, 79.
Walker, Brian, 114.
Warder, Jeremiah, 30, 209.
Washburne, Elihu B., 13, 160.
Warrington, Oswald, 124, 258, 286.
Warrington, *Mrs.* Oswald, 124, 286.
Waterhouse, Benjamin, 275.
Wattles, James O., 125–6, 252.
Weaver, Elias, 109.
Webb, Edwin B., 113, 222–3.
Welby, Adlard, 124, 243.
Wellington, *Duke of*, 128.
Welshman, *Dr.*, 123, 254
Whitbread, *Mr.*, 277, 283.
White, Leonard, 113.
White, *Mr.*, 83, 98.
Whitehouse, Henry J., 231.
Whitney, Eli, 210.

Wieden, Raphael, 155.
Wiley, C., & Co. *(firm)*, 152.
Wilkinson, William, 286.
William I., 118.
Williams, *Mr.*, 55. 149.
Wilson, William, 112 3, 195, 222, 225–6.
Wister, *Dr.*, 30.
Wood, *Mrs.* Betsy (Shepherd), 115.
Wood, *Mrs.* (Carter), 128.
Wood, John, 82–3, 107, 115, 148.
Wood, *Mrs.* John (Ellis), 115, 128.
Wood, Joseph, 114–5.
Wood, William, 114–5.
Woodham, George, 116.
Woods, John, 107.
Woods, John, *Jr.*, 107.
"W. K.," 170, 171, 172, 186, 187.

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